THE REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

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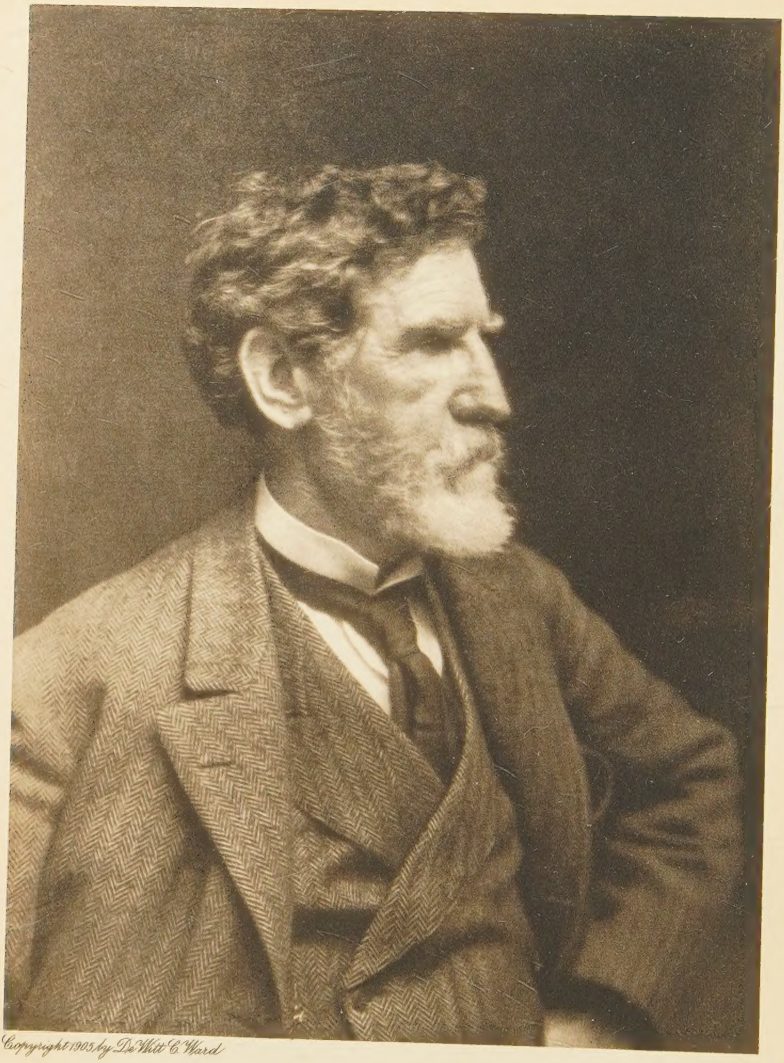
The Reminiscences *of* Augustus Saint-Gaudens

Volume I.



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Augustus Saint Gaudens

THE REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

EDITED AND AMPLIFIED BY
HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

VOLUME ONE

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TO MY MOTHER

UNTIRING IN HER ENERGY AND AFFECTION

UPON WHOM MY FATHER LEANED IN HOURS OF ANXIETY

DEVOTED IN HER EFFORT TO FURTHER

WHAT REMAINED TO BE DONE AFTER HIS DEATH

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

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PREFACE

During his last years my father was frequently urged to write his reminiscences; but recognizing the difficulties of the professional in his own sphere of art, he was reluctant to appear as the amateur seeking to establish himself among those who held rank in literature. Therefore he refused to make any attempt at a biography until, during the early spring of 1906, while recovering from a surgical operation in the Corey Hill Hospital at Brookline, Massachusetts, the dictation of an account of his life was pressed upon him as a means of passing the hours.

The work once begun, after his return to Cornish it became easy for him to continue with the help of a phonograph. He thought to rewrite the whole with me later, adding and changing as seemed necessary, for he was a careful man about his manuscript, giving much thought even to unimportant letter-writing; but from August, 1906, when he finished his rough dictation, pain never left him until his death, so our plan of revision came to naught.

The details of those parts of his text which form the pith of the book I have left almost intact; only the order of thought and anecdote, somewhat tangled for lack of revision, I have shifted back and forth into a methodical orderliness.

In one way the autobiography offers more than might

be expected. Sick as he was, the energy of my father's thoughts threw off that pessimism which might easily have crept into his last days. His unfailing sense of humor and his dislike of morbid introspection left in his writing that air of health, wide sympathy, and belief in the world that was so characteristic of his life. He well understood where his work was lacking; he was wisely happy where it was good.

In other directions, however, his autobiography fails to awaken an interest beyond that of the more outward events of his life, since, because of his horror of "art talk," he has given few opinions on art and sculpture, which frequently seemed good or bad to him only though the presence or absence of a peculiar power exceeding the reach of definition. Often he would say, "I could not answer that man, but I know he is wrong." So with a faith founded more on intuition than on theory or reason, he became reluctant to discuss even answerable questions.

Accordingly I have done my best to supply what is missing concerning his attiude toward art and artists past and present, as well as to illuminate portions of his life by what his friends have told me, by various personal recollections, and by letters.

Indeed, it is with deep gratitude that I speak of these friends who have courteously assisted me. Two men in especial whose devotion and generosity of time and labor proved their affection for my father and for me were Mr. Royal Cortissoz and Mr. Witter Bynner. Mr. Cortissoz, for years my father's intimate friend and admirer, an art critic, and a biographer of keen insight and charm, advised me materially in the selection and

arrangement of what was fitting, in the elimination of what seemed beside the point. It has been a task of characteristic generosity for him to leave the crowded demands of his own work to give this manuscript the benefit of his penetrating understanding. Mr. Bynner is my closest friend, a poet, an editor, a man to whom my father loved to turn in those last days of his renewed youth here in Cornish. Through Mr. Bynner's experience in revising many books, he has developed a clear understanding of literary detail, and out of this knowledge he has offered both constructive and affectionate criticism.

I am under the deepest obligations, also, to the many others who have offered their earnest coöperation, placing at my disposal such valuable information, papers, and anecdotes as were in their possession. Without their help my task would have been seriously handicapped. My mother, of course, with her clear recollection of the past, has been invaluable. It is to be lamented that virtually the entire collection of the most vital letters—those between my father and my mother—were lost in the destruction of the studio by fire in 1904. My uncle, Mr. Louis Saint-Gaudens, probably possessed a more intimate understanding than any one else of my father's outlook on life; therefore he remained all-important in supplying details, revising, and recalling the intimate sides of my father's attitude toward the world. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder proved untiring in the aid he rendered both through his own definite memories and through much gleaned from letters which my father wrote him. Mr. James Earle Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hering, Miss Frances Grimes, Mr.

Charles Keck, and Mr. Adolph Weinman, who had assisted my father from time to time, contributed, with many others, an undimmed point of view of his state of mind when actually at work. Mr. Keck, Mr. and Mrs. Hering, and Miss Lucy Perkins were fortunate in having worked under him as pupils in the Art Students' League of New York, and, therefore, could speak with ready knowledge of his attitude while teaching. Many others, too, were able to illuminate this or that period of my father's life: Mr. Thomas Moore, who was with him when he first attended night school in New York; M. Alfred Garnier, whose long and charming letters vividly describe his student days in Paris; Mrs. John Merryless, who knew the young sculptor well during his struggles in Rome; my aunt, Mrs. Oliver Emerson, who saw much of him after he had made his active start in Paris.

Moreover, I should make my most grateful acknowledgments to those who have provided me with invaluable letters; as have Mr. Henry Adams, Mrs. Stanford White, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (for permission to use letters of Robert Louis Stevenson), Mr. William A. Coffin, Mr. John La Farge, Mr. Will H. Low, and Miss Helen Mears. I quote largely, too, from my father's correspondence with his niece, Miss Rose S. Nichols. Indeed, to every one mentioned in the text I express my sincerest thanks for courteous assistance. Nor is that all: many others have given me a word here, a paragraph there, that tell much of my father's character in the years I did not know him. Without the generous aid of such cordial friends, the outcome would have seemed hopeless.

Yet when all is written, the best biography of my father remains to be found in his art; for if work ever typified the man, his did. "Strength with elegance," refinement of ideals, a single devotedness toward clarifying the sculpture of his land—all this he stamped into his bronze

HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS.

Cornish, New Hampshire.
July 2, 1913.

The Reminiscences *of* Augustus Saint-Gaudens

Volume I.

The reader will note that this book is set in two kinds of type, differentiating the autobiographical from the biographical portions of the text. This device was necessary to obviate confusion in the reader's mind as Augustus Saint-Gaudens and Homer Saint-Gaudens—his son and biographer—have both written in the first person.

The Reminiscences *of* Augustus Saint-Gaudens

I

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

1848-1857

The Name Legend—Parentage—Emigration—Many Homes—Lispenard Street—Bernard Saint-Gaudens as a New York Shoemaker—First Memories—The North Moore Street School—Outings—Staten Island—The Furor Æsthetic—The Big-nosed Boy.

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS constantly used to speak of his father's "Gascon imagination"; and the phrase suits a gift which that same Bernard Saint-Gaudens may well be said to have handed untarnished to his son, Augustus. For, observing always the larger truth, Augustus Saint-Gaudens was yet ready and happy, on occasion, to point a moral or adorn a tale with adapted circumstance. Even in the opening paragraphs of the reminiscences where he tells of his ancestry, he seems to have thought the larger truth of a man's descent to be of more importance than the exact order of his coming. Therefore, lest those who read these pages take amiss such trifling with what is usually regarded as gospel, I have tried to order my father's text, in so far as I may, with literal truth. If here and there, contrary to my purpose, I too am to be suspected of "Gascon imagination" I shall not quarrel with the heritage.

I begin, after the fashion of all good historians, with mythology, taking up the legendary origin of the Saint-

Gaudens family. Briefly, it was settled in this wise by Bernard Saint-Gaudens: Gaudens, the architect of the Roman Coliseum, celebrated the completion of it by becoming its first Christian martyr. Whereupon he was canonized, and a town in France named in his honor.

To this beautiful tradition Bernard clung until finally he came to believe in it himself. But as the old shoemaker's "Gascon imagination" was, in this case, even more than usually inexact, I will amend it with a popular form of the legend by giving an adaptation of a small portion of Felix Regnault's "Geographie de la Haute-Garonne."

"During the Fifth Century, the Saracens of the Spanish Pyrenees frequently crossed the mountains to kill those of Christian faith in France. One day, on riding over the passes, a number of these Mussulmans met a young shepherd who, while guarding his flock, was repeating his prayers. The soldiers scoffed at his devotion, and insisted that he renounce his belief, which they regarded as an insult. Instead of obeying, however, the child declared that his heart knew but a single fear, the dread of displeasing God and of disobeying his mother. At that a Saracen drew his scimitar and, with a blow, cut off the head of the shepherd. But the boy, instead of falling to the ground, at once picked up his head and ran with it towards the door of a small church not far away.

"The soldier who had struck the blow stood petrified for a moment. Then he leaped upon his horse, and pursued the child so swiftly that the boy had no more than time to enter the church door and to close it before the Saracen drove his animal so violently against the wood that the prints of the iron hoofs have ever since remained marked upon the panel.

"The child was called 'Gaudens,' and, after his martyrization, the town received his name."

From the time of this legend the name has been common enough. For instance, in addition to being identified with a

bit of French soil, it was also connected, according to Augustus Saint-Gaudens' statement, with one of the murderers of the Duc de Guise. Alexandre Dumas uses the name in the "Dame aux Camélias." Also our old friend Mme. Alfred Garnier, at one time an actress upon the French stage, has told us that, in her day, Saint-Gaudens was a pseudonym often adopted by players. Why the name ever attached itself to our family I do not know. No other group of persons seems to bear it.

Now let me turn to somewhat more definite information. Augustus Saint-Gaudens' paternal grandfather was called André Saint-Gaudens. In his birthplace, the comfortable French town of Aspet, set at the head of a winding road which climbs into the barren Pyrenees, André took to himself a wife whose maiden name was Boy. Tradition has it that she sold butter and eggs in the market-place at Aspet, and that she became a miser, upon her death leaving under her bed the conventional box crammed with gold pieces. The resulting children were a single daughter and four sons.

The daughter married the village apothecary, one Labarthe. The first son, Jean, remained a shoemaker in his native town. Of his two children, Hector and Ulysses, the former is still alive, a mail-carrier in Aspet. Bertrand, the second son, became first a shoemaker on a large scale, and later a contractor in Paris. He had four children. Francis, the third son, though educated for the church, remained in the army until he developed into a minor politician, living in a country house at Lieusaint. He had three children: a boy, André, and two girls, Pauline and Clorinda. Bernard, the fourth son, and the youngest, was Augustus Saint-Gaudens' father.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens' mother, Mary McGuiness, came from Bally Mahon, County Longford, Ireland. She was the daughter of Arthur McGuiness, who worked in the Dublin plaster-mills and married a girl by the name of Daly. Plaster, as well as shoes, seems to have run in the family. Her

first children were George, who died at the age of six, and Louis, who lived but a few weeks.

So it was as the third son that Augustus was born. He was not destined to remain long in Ireland, however, for, when but only six months old, "red-headed, whopper-jawed, and hopeful," as he often explained, the famine in Ireland compelled his parents to emigrate with him to America, setting out from Liverpool in the sailing ship *Desdemona.*

With such a prefatory elucidation of my father's own reference to his forebears, fragmentary in the unrevised condition of the text, I take up his reminiscences. He begins them thus:

Reminiscences are more likely to be tiresome than otherwise to the readers of later generations, but among the consoling pleasures that appear over the horizon as years advance is that of rambling away about one's past. So, if what I tell amuses or interests some dreamy grandchild of mine to read, half as much as I believe now that it will entertain me to write, it will have served its purpose.

Like every one else, were I to set down everything about myself, as well as everything I know of others, I could a tale unfold that would make what follows appear like candle-light in sunshine; but various considerations, conventional and otherwise, bar the way vexatiously. If the reader hopes to find herein a disquisition on art or the production of artists, it will be well to close the book at once. There is nothing of that in these pages. Moreover, I will not indulge in any acrimonious opinions, delightful as it is to do so, because I have few. And even where they do exist I should hesitate, since, for instance, nothing biting that I might say about the

STREET IN ASPET, FRANCE

policeman who put me in prison when I was nineteen could be strong enough to satisfy me.

I was born March 1, 1848, in Dublin, Ireland, near 35 Charlemount Street. If that is not the house, no doubt the record in the nearest Catholic church would give the number.

My mother's maiden name was Mary McGuiness. Of her ancestry I know nothing except that her mother was married twice, the second time to a veteran of the Napoleonic wars. The only member of my mother's family of whom I ever had a glimpse was her brother, George McGuiness, whom I saw in Forsyth Street. I have a daguerreotype of his delightfully kind and extremely homely face, a face like a benediction, as I have heard some one describe it. He, of all men, became the owner of two slaves in the South; and, judging from the daguerreotype, married an equally homely and kindly-looking woman. He was in some way connected with the navy-yard at Pensacola. The war cut off all further communication with him.

My father's full name was Bernard Paul Ernest Saint-Gaudens; "Bernard Paul Honeste, if you please," he called it later in life. It sounded nicer. He was born in the little village of Aspet, about fifty miles from Toulouse, at the foot of the Pyrenees, five miles south of the town of Saint-Gaudens, in the arrondissement of Saint-Gaudens, in the department of the Haute-Garonne, a most beautiful country, as the many searchers for health at the baths of Bagnères-de-Luchon must realize. Of his ancestry I am as ignorant

as of my mother's, knowing only that his father, a soldier under Napoleon, died comparatively young and suddenly after what I suspect was a gorgeous spree.

At a very early age my father, with his family, left his native village, and went to the little town of Salies du Salat about five miles to the east. From there they moved to Carcassonne where he learned his trade of shoemaker in the employment of his elder brother, Bertrand, who had quite a large establishment of thirty or forty workmen. When through with his apprenticeship, following the custom of the time, he moved northward from his native village as a journeyman shoemaker, a member of the "Compagnons du Tour de France." This was a popular organization of that period, which facilitated the traveling of workmen from town to town, the members being pledged to procure employment for one another as they arrived. They each had some affectionate sobriquet; my father's was "Saint-Gaudens la Constance," of which he was very proud.

Three years my father passed in London and, later, seven years in Dublin where he met my mother in the shoe-store for which he made shoes and where she did the binding of slippers.

Father told me that an overcrowded passenger-list prevented his leaving Dublin with my mother, with me at her breast, in a ship named *Star of the West* that burned at sea during the trip. But because he told me this does not mean that it was so. His Gascon imagination could give character or make beauty when-

ever these qualities were necessary to add interest to what he was saying.

I do know, however, that they landed at Boston town, probably in September, 1848; he a short, stocky, bullet-headed, enthusiastic young man of about thirty, with dark hair of reddish tendencies and a light-red mustache; she of his height, possessed of the typical, long, generous, loving Irish face, with wavy black hair, a few years his junior, and "the most beautiful girl in the world," as he used to say.

Leaving mother in Boston,—where, by the way, I am beginning this account in the hospital fifty-six years afterward,—he started to find work in New York. In six weeks he sent for her. He said we first lived in Duane Street. Of this I knew nothing.

From there we went to a house on the west side of Forsyth Street, probably near Houston Street, where now is the bronze foundry in which the statue of Peter Cooper that I modeled was cast forty-five years later. There my brother Andrew was born on Hallowe'en, in 1850 or 1851, and there I made the beginnings of my conscious life.

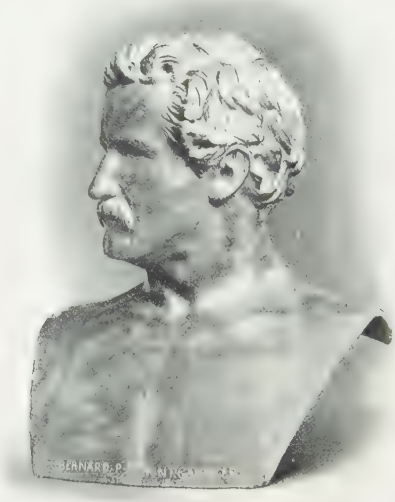
Ecstatic, dreamlike playing, and the picking of flowers in the twilight among the graves of an old burying-ground just over the fence from the first house I have any vision of, blended with similar ecstatic enjoyment of the red wheels of the locomotive in some journey out of New York, are my first impressions, vaguely discerned in the gray, filmy cobwebs of the past. But soon we went to the Bowery, whence delightful re-

miniscences of the smell of cake in the bakery at the corner of the street, and of the stewed peaches of the German family in the same house, have followed me through life.

From the Bowery we moved to 41 Lispenard Street. Here father branched out for himself, hiring a whole building, and subletting it to one or two tenants, among them a Dr. Martinache, one of whose daughters subsequently married Mr. Olin Warner, the sculptor. I believe Dr. Martinache was a French political refugee, and I have a recollection of others coming to father's home at that time, among them an enormous man by the name of Cossidierre, who held Falstaffian court in the wine-shop down-stairs.

The beginnings of my father's business were peculiar, since what interested him infinitely more than his store were the two or three societies to which he belonged and of which he generally became "The Grand Panjandrum." The principal organization was the "Union Fraternelle Française," a mutual-benefit affair of which he was one of the founders and for many years the leading figure. Of course such work necessitated frequent meetings of committees and subcommittees when there were not general ones. As a result, in the daytime, notwithstanding mother's gentle pleadings, instead of preparing work, he was ever writing letters about these societies, all naturally to the serious detriment of his affairs.

This confused condition of things he complicated to a still greater extent by his remarkable theories as to how



A BUST OF THE FATHER OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

This bust was modeled by the son shortly before he left home for his first trip abroad, at the time that he made the drawing of his mother

Copr. DeW. C. Ward

shoes should be made, which he propounded and carried out with the greatest insistence in the face of the protests and tortures of his customers. It is a mystery to me how any ever returned to him, and that he did not lose them all. His idea was that the toes should have plenty of room to spread to prevent suffering. To insure this it was necessary that the foot be squeezed about two inches behind them. "Naturally, if you compress the foot in this manner, the toes will open out like a fan, thus," he would say, squeezing his hand and extending his fingers to prove his contention. "It is mechanical, you see, and cannot but be successful in securing comfort, incidentally adding to the beauty of the foot by giving the long, narrow appearance." Consequently, misfits resulted in the majority of cases. It was rarely that his shoes satisfied at first, since they were all tight, and had to be made over two or three times after interminable waitings. The result was that the stock of the store actually became made up of misfits. But father did not mind this, for he had a supreme contempt for shoes manufactured for sale, and he refused to indulge in that lowering occupation! The only time that the shoes were properly completed in his establishment was during a six-weeks' absence abroad, when he came to see me, and mother had charge of the store. There were no complaints during that period; but on his return the less prosaic conditions were resumed.

Nevertheless, for so small an establishment, father had an extraordinary clientele, embracing the names of most of the principal families in New York, Governor

Morgan, General Dix, some of the Astors, Belmonts, and so on. Among his first customers, I recall distinctly the wife of General Daniel E. Sickles, who ordered a large number of white satin slippers to be used at some functions in Washington. She seemed very beautiful to me, and she it was who led to the tragedy of the shooting of Key, an admirer of hers, by General Sickles in the streets of Washington.

No doubt those who came were attracted by my father's picturesque personality, by the fact that at that time everything French was the fashion, and by the steadiness of his assurance as to the superiority and beauty of his productions. His sign, "French Ladies' Boots and Shoes," must have been irresistible, when taken together with the wonderfully complex mixture of his fierce French accent and Irish brogue. This bewildering language remained just as bad at the end of fifty years as when he first landed. In the family he spoke English to mother, and French to me and to my two younger brothers, Andrew and Louis; we spoke English to mother and French to him; mother spoke English to all of us.

Moreover, further to adorn his discourse, Bernard Saint-Gaudens constantly embroidered his remarks with fantastic proverbs of uncertain and international origin. "As much use as a mustard plaster on a wooden leg," he would say, or "Sorry as a dog at his father's funeral," or "As handy with his hands as a pig with his tail," or "A cross before a dead man," or this, which Augustus Saint-Gaudens repeated after him through all his life, "What you are saying and nothing at all is the same thing." Also Bernard Saint-Gaudens re-

mained steadfastly enamored of Greek mythology, Virgil, Rabelais, and the plays of Voltaire, and enjoyed the making of speeches at Irish festivals where he would round off his conclusions with spirited perorations in the Gaelic tongue. To support this excitable state of mind, especially as he had been brought up in the country, he indulged in the usual rustic's love of bright colors, a fancy which caused untold annoyance to his more soberly-dressed city-bred children. Then during the Civil War he became an abolitionist, a "Black Republican." And finally, to cap the whole, he set himself up as a white Freemason, who would insist on associating with the negro Freemasons and presiding at their initiations. The other white Freemasons accordingly blacklisted him. So he told them to go elsewhere, and, in the future, never attended any but negro lodge meetings, though he always explained to his children that Freemasonry was a sublime and impressive order.

Perhaps it was this interesting succession of paradoxes that induced Horace Greeley, in addition to those other customers already named, to become a steady purchaser at Bernard Saint-Gaudens' store, for Greeley must have delighted to wrangle with this argumentative shoemaker upon the philosophy of footwear. He alone stuck to his point that the Saint-Gaudens method of constructing shoes was essentially wrong, and therefore had special lasts made for his daughters of a shape utterly at variance with those employed in the store, though from the conventional point of view quite as radical in still a different direction.

It was not Greeley, however, but yet another customer, appearing in the early days, who became the most important of them all to Augustus Saint-Gaudens. This man, Dr. Cornelius Rea Agnew, first noticed my father drawing pictures in pen and ink of the shoemakers at work, and instantly added his word to the boy's desire that his life be turned into artistic channels.

But I am drawing ahead of my father's text. He writes:

My brother Louis was born in this Lispenard Street House, and that occurrence, together with the arrival of a comet and a prayer which puzzled me profoundly, dominates my memory of this period. The prayer was the "Hail Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women"; and so on. Mother, with her sweet Irish brogue, pronounced "grace," "grease." That Mary should be full of "grease" was very strange. "Amongst women" was either "a monk swimming," as I imagined a cowled monk, or "a monkey swimming" across a dark river. Which of the two latter possibilities was correct perplexed me, as I knelt at her knee in the dimly lighted room. The comet, which I must be forgiven for returning to, traversed a great piece of the Western sky, and, at the hours when I saw it, was low down on the horizon. Its head touched the houses on the south side of the street, its tail brushed those on the north side, the spire of St. John's Church standing in relief against it. None of the comets I have since seen can begin to compare with this extraordinary spectacle. Donati's, I believe, was its name.

My recollections here still farther enlarge and spread out from the graveyard and red wheels of Forsyth Street, and the bake-shop and stewed peaches of the Bowery, to the playing with the fantastic shadows in the moonlight on the sidewalks, intermixed with the knocking off of men's hats in the night by stretching

strings from the stoops to the wagons standing in the streets. The trick was not meant for policemen, however, but for beings much humbler, and the terror and flight to our various homes or hiding-places on seeing a policeman go under the string, with the resulting loss of head-gear and dignity, any man who has been a boy will appreciate and enjoy. I stole much butter and sugar also,—putting a layer an inch thick of each on a piece of bread the size of one's hand,—as well as sweet potatoes, which we baked in the street in furnaces made of cobblestones. Another delight was the penny's worth of round hearts bought at the little candy-store kept by Billy McGee's mother in Church Street. Then it was that the sight of the target companies passing down Broadway on their march to the country in the morning, with the gaudy negro carrying the target following, and their return in the afternoon with the battered target and, hung on their warlike breasts, their prizes of silver cups and things, gave visions of a heaven to which I dared not aspire and was simply happy in admiring. Here, also, comes the horror of seeing, with a file of other children, burning horses being led out of a stable on fire, and of kissing a dead man in a room over the corner grocery-store; the widow, in her grief, having gathered us in from the street. This was during the period of the Crimean War, which we learned about in the news bureaus on the northeast corner of Canal Street and Broadway. At that time also my mother's cousin, John Daly, a marine on one of the United States government ships, paid us a visit. He read to

us in papers brought from Honolulu, and showed us great walrus teeth that had come from the Pacific. And finally I can see myself among the other children who attended the Sunday-school of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Elizabeth Street, and I can recall the terrible gloom of the recital of some prayer ending with the words, "through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault," all the children bending forward in unison and striking their breasts as they uttered these dismal words. What the fault could have been caused deep perplexity in my innocent mind.

Following this period, a dreamlike recollection of a few school-days in Chrystie Street, near Forsyth, is overpowered by the horror of being dragged to the North Moore Street School, when we went to live in Lispenard Street. Here my real male pugnacity put in an appearance; for I was unusually combative and morose. The street fights began with the enemies of West Broadway, who ran with Fire-Engine Company Number Sixteen, the "Gotham," and with those of Greene Street and other distant territories, who ran with other engines. Showers of stones, isolated personal struggles, and one solitary encounter with a negro boy, stand out conspicuously, while heroic charges and countercharges up and down Lispenard Street, bold forays into the enemy's ground to defend the honor of "Lady Washington's White Ghost," Engine Number Forty, which "lay" in Elm Street, dominated life then as much as anything has since. The running of races around the block and the jumping over the fence of the

Brandreth's Pill building, follow in my memory. The first dog, a yellow one; the first sled; lickings galore in school and out, those in school being received from "Pop" Beldon, whom I recollect mainly because of the mass of dandruff on his shoulders, also appear. There were about fifteen of us bad ones who were collected every afternoon and lined against the wall of what was called the private classroom for our daily punishment. "Pop" would begin at one end of the line and administer the rod to the extended hands of the boys, who would receive the blows without other sound than perhaps a low whine, but with much squeezing of fingers under armpits, so that by the time he had finished there were fifteen or twenty squirming boys. Occasionally a youngster would withdraw his palm before the blow came down, and then he would receive a double dose.

Here is the story of one of my typical crimes. The boy by my side in the classroom whispered to me, "Say!" As I turned to him, his extended forefinger, which was meant to hit my nose, found itself at the level of my mouth. I bit it. He howled. I was "stood up" with my back to the class and my face close against the blackboard, immediately behind the teacher who, turned toward the class, could not see me. To relieve the monotony of the view, I took the rubber, covered my features with white chalk, and grinned around at the class. The resulting uproar can be imagined. I was taken by the scruff of the neck and sent to the private classroom, where I had the honor of a solitary and

tremendous caning on parts of my body other than my hands. The hatred and the feeling of injustice produced in me by this event were as profound as any that have occurred in later years.

In fact, my life at the North Moore Street School, with the exception of the playing at recesses, when I occasionally indulged in a fight with my pet enemy, Harry Dupignac, was one long misery, one long imprisonment; for, besides the beatings, I was "kept in," with a few other evil spirits, for an hour or so every day after all the others had gained the open air and freedom. I recall the sinking of my heart as I saw the white clouds floating by the window in the patch of blue sky, and the unattainable liberty they revealed to me in that awful place.

One relief to the unhappy school memories of this Lispenard Street period comes, however, with the recollections of the delights of the Sunday outings, when I and my brother Andrew crossed the North River on the Canal Street Ferry and walked along the Jersey shore to the Elysian Fields. Elysian Fields they really seemed to my mind at that time, and they certainly were, in comparison with the awful waste of smoke, docks, stone sidewalks, cinders, brick, mortar, soot, chimneys, trolleys, foul-smelling asphalt, and all the other delights of the advancement of modern civilization which now occupy the place of those idyllic groves. The roaming about under the trees, and the going to and fro on the river, seated with a line of other boys on the front of the boat, our legs dangling over

the edge, was untold enjoyment. These were great days, for on Sundays father gave us each five cents, two to pay the ferry over, two back, and one to spend.

Also, in the midst of this period, after an attack of typhoid fever, came the pleasure of sleeping in a country home. This was on Staten Island, in a building owned by a friend of Garibaldi's, which Garibaldi himself had honored by occupying. At that time he was off on his Sicilian campaign. Or am I out in my history? At any rate, it was one of his noble adventures in South America or Italy. In front of the house was a bare hill. The going to that hill was a thing looked forward to for days, and its climbing one afternoon, to find that there were hills still farther away, was my first feeling of the ever-mysterious beyond.

There seems to be no end to these recollections, for at this time came the wonderful trials of skill between the volunteer fire-engines at the liberty-pole on the corner of West Broadway and Varick Street, the contest being over which engine could throw a stream of water the highest, and, if possible, above the pole. The screaming delight of the boys, as they ran out of the adjoining school at three o'clock and witnessed this contest, may be judged. The broom which decorated the triumphant engine remains in my memory. No doubt it was a survival of the Dutch traditions of New York, founded on the story of Admiral Van Tromp's victory over the English in the North Sea, when he nailed a broom to his masthead in token of having swept

the seas clear of the enemy. Memories of a broken marble statue of William Pitt, on the stoop of a saloon on the southwest corner of West Broadway and near the liberty-pole, also survive in connection with this.

Now, too, the delights of the first story, the reading of "Robinson Crusoe," entered my life, together with the Hallowe'en sports of ducking for apples in tubs, or biting at those hung by strings from the ceiling. Soon after, Mrs. Southworth's "Hidden Hand" and Ulrich's "The Gun-Maker of Moscow," with the short stories of Fanny Fern, made Thursday, when the *New York Ledger* appeared with those wonderful tales, a day to be looked forward to with indescribable expectations.

During this period also come dim visions of Rachel playing "Virginia" at Niblo's Garden, of Edwin Forrest playing "Coriolanus" in old Wallack's Theater, on the corner of Broome Street and Broadway, of the great procession celebrating the laying of the Atlantic Cable, and of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, driving down Broadway in 1860. I was struck with his being what I would now call a comely youth, and by the singular sensation of watching all the people on the streets take their hats off to him.

In addition, of course, at this time there developed the first heart-beats of an intense passion for a curly-headed angel named Rose. She must have been seven, for I was about nine. I confess to being at the same time as intensely in love with another angel who lived farther down the street, the daughter of a shoemaker.

Finally and naturally, with my growing self-con-

Copr. Augusta H. Saint-Gaudens

THE MOTHER OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, FROM THE DRAWING BY THE SON

This was made by Augustus Saint-Gaudens shortly before he left for his first trip abroad

sciousness, my "fureur esthétique" began. First I drew upon a slate in the North Moore Street School a representation of two regiments of soldiers lined in perspective, shooting straight into one another's face, with the smoke issuing from the guns in great clouds. Joyously I rubbed the chalk over them in the confusion of battle, and covered all with oblivion. Then I scrawled things with bits of charcoal upon the walls of some white-painted house in the country, to the angry protest of the hostess. And at last I created a much more ambitious painting, on the fence in the back yard, of a negro boy with a hole in his trousers, through which the bare knee was seen. The joy derived from that knee! He carried a target at which I shot with a cross-bow and arrow, thus combining the delights of the chase and of the artist. The production of this work, however, resulted in an appalling attack of "colly wobbles," caused by the use of saliva instead of water in the mixing of colors.

So it went, and such memories as these and many others pass across the field of my vision like ships that appear through a mist for a moment and disappear.

What Augustus Saint-Gaudens has related here brings to my mind two memories of my own younger days, and to my hand a portion of an account of himself as a child, which my father sent me in instalments when I was a boy of four.

The first of these memories is of a winter evening when, after listening to certain of my own school troubles, he replied with an account of a few of his North Moore Street experiences. In those years James Haddon and Lawrence Hutton were his especial cronies, and not long after the day of that exceptional

caning of which he has written, the three organized a deep and never-to-be-renounced plot to murder the teacher when they grew up. Another of my father's most bitter irritations here arrived in the person of a young aristocrat,—aristocrat from my father's point of view,—who took advantage of the paper currency, then issued for even small change, by bringing a number of such "shin plaster" bills to class each morning and tearing them up before his poorer schoolmates' faces, purely for the joy he derived from their resulting expressions. This ingenious method of torture ended in disaster to the inventor at my father's hands, since, as he has already explained, he was an adept with his fists.

My second memory harks back to one spring evening when I, still a youngster, shot with an air-gun at a sorry target upon the back fence, until my father came home from the studio and stood watching me.

"Is n't that bull's-eye crooked?" he asked, after a few pellets had gone astray.

I admitted the design to be impromptu.

"If you 'll wait, I 'll draw you another. I know just how to do it," he said.

I agreed, and fetched a bit of charcoal.

Thereupon, until it became quite dark, he created again just such a target as he has described, held by just such a negro boy, with just such a bare knee. I recollect the smile on his face as he worked, while his silence through the proceeding caused me no end of boy-wonder.

Finally, the letter he sent me explains itself, a fitting enlargement to his reminiscences of that time:

Dear Homer:

I will tell you a story about a sculptor. There was once a little boy who had a long nose, and the first thing he can recollect about is when he went up to Morrisania

in a shu-shu car with red wheels. His father held him in his arms and he had a splendid lot of fun. The trees were beautiful green, and the sun was bright, and the train went Ooo Ooo Ooo Ooo Ooó.

Well, the next thing that the sculptor with a big nose recollects is when he was playing in his Mama's room, and a great big man with a black beard came upstairs. Mama was so glad that she went and put her arms around him and kissed him and hugged him. She was so glad because he was her brother whom she had not seen for a great many years. . . .

This uncle came from Pensacola. He was a soldier. He was a very good man, and he had a lot of niggers who had little nigger children that they called Pickaninnies, and they used to play with oranges and alligators. But when the little Pickaninnies did n't take care, the alligators swallowed the Pickaninnies and oranges and all together. When the Pickaninnies came in from the fun they would sit down at the table with the big people, and were so quiet and good that the big people thought the Pickaninnies were big people too. So the little boy with the big nose did as the little Pickaninnies, and sat and was quiet like the big people. . . .

Well, after the uncle had gone, the little boy's father moved away. . . .

Then sometimes the big-nosed little boy used to go out with the other boys. Some had small noses, some had big feet, others had big ears, and they used to go by a bake-shop, and it used to smell nice and soft.

There used to be a gold eagle in front of the house opposite where he lived that he liked to look at very much. The street where this was was Broome Street. They called it so because a broom was never seen in it. When you come to New York I will show you Broome Street.

But the little boy grew bigger and bigger, and one day he did what his mother told him not to do. He bought a banana of an old woman in the street, and it made him so sick that his mother thought he was going to die. And one night he woke up while he was sick, and he saw his mother and his mother's friend kneeling and praying by the bed. It was very quiet, and in the little light he saw his good mother had big tears in her eyes. And all he recollects of the sickness after that was his friend Jimmy Haddon. He was very fond of Jimmy Haddon. His father was a gold-beater, and he used to have four or five men with big, strong, bare arms with big veins on them, and they used to beat gold in a basement until it was so thin you could blow it away, and there was a sign over the door, of an arm just like the men's arms, and it was gold. Well, he recollects Jimmy Haddon coming into the room and holding his mother's hand. But they would n't let him go near the bed, as he might get sick too. And then, the next thing, Nosey was brought to the country, just as you are now, and it seemed so beautiful and green. . . .

After that Nosey lived in Lispenard Street, and there, when he woke up one morning, he found a little

baby in a cradle in the room, and he went and kissed it, and it had lots of dimples. It was a pretty little baby, and they kept it in the house, and he grew very fond of it. Then one day he found a red dog in the street and brought him home, and he was very fond of the red dog, but he did n't have him long. One day he was gone, and then he had to play with something else.

Not long after that a pretty little boy who lived in the next house back, leaned out of the window and said to Nosey: "I am going to die. Don't you want my things, my top, my sled and kite?" He said it so sweetly that Nosey recollected all his life the pale little boy with the golden hair leaning out of the window. Well, he died, and Nosey was given the boy's sled. It was a strong, good sled, and Nosey was very fond of it and of dogs too. So he went and painted a dog's head on the sled and called that sled "Mastiff." That 's a fine, good-natured dog's name.

In fact the big-nosed boy liked dogs so much that when he grew up he had a dog with long hair, whose name was Ariadne, and it was a very funny dog. She used to go and get the newspaper every morning, and she used to carry the keys of the little boy with the big nose's father, and stand up on her hind legs, and when the little boy used to say, "Ready! Aim! Fire! Bang!" she would fall down and close her eyes and play she was shot. Was n't that funny?

Good-by, old boy. Sometimes I go to Washington Square to see where you used to play, and sometimes I don't.

II

A NEW YORK DECADE

1857-1867

American Art Previous to 1848—The Fork in the Road—The Merit in Rigorous Training—Apprenticed to Avet—The First Appreciation of Country—New York in Wartime—Discharged by Avet—A Kinder Master—Hard Work in the Cooper Institute—The Night in the Cell—The National Academy of Design—The Draft Riots—Lincoln's Assassination—More Lady Loves—Preparations for Europe.

IN his autobiography, Augustus Saint-Gaudens continues to speak of his boyhood, but, from the opening of the chapter, his attitude toward his surroundings alters. His school-days end, and the engrossing work of his life begins with his apprenticeship to the cameo-cutter, Avet.

The impulse which caused him to seek such an occupation sprang from the very center of his being. Often in after years he would say that no one ever succeeded in art unless born with an uncontrollable instinct toward it. This instinct in him must have been of the strongest to survive its surroundings, since his family lacked artistic leanings, and the young Republic to which he had been brought was only slowly feeling its way along paths of artistic development.

Painting formed the basis of the arts of design yet, from the years of its first real activity, it had scarcely fallen to a lower ebb than in 1848, when it had broken away from the ideals and methods borrowed from English models by such men as Copley and Stuart in the Colonial period, and yet had not come to its own truly national expression through the "Hudson River School" of landscape artists.

If a depressing condition of affairs was characteristic of painting, the outlook for sculptors proved still more thoroughly unsatisfactory, with its difficult medium and fewer practitioners. For though Copley and West and Stuart made their names known abroad, no sculptor appeared in this land to parallel their efforts. True, about 1812, William Rush of Philadelphia turned from the carving of ship figure-heads to the designing of an occasional fountain or bust, with Hezekiah Augur from New Haven, Connecticut, and John Frazee of Rahway, New Jersey, following close on his heels. Yet, even when in 1834 the Boston Athenæum boasted of seven busts from the hand of Frazee, there remained a timidity and isolation about the results that makes it obvious that sculpture did not attain a crude form of its own until after the latter date. Then, at last, scarcely fifteen years before my father's birth, we find the first small group of men who devoted themselves to their art as professionals from the very outset, who went abroad for serious study and never turned back from sculpture as their life-work. It was composed of Horatio Greenough, who began his extraordinary semi-nude statue of Washington in Rome; Thomas Crawford, who had joined him in the Eternal City; Hiram Powers, who was seeking funds to follow them; Ball Hughes, and H. K. Brown, now developing their first earnest efforts in the United States. But these men can scarcely be said to have founded any American School. One and all they sought Italy as soon as they had means to get there. That was a natural quest. At home they could neither be taught nor learn from example. Moreover, materials for their tasks were conspicuous by their absence. No good marble could be obtained, and bronze foundries did not exist. Where these men were at fault was not in going to Rome or Florence, but in lingering there when their student days were over, and working after the fashion of the Italians in preference to meeting the crude conditions of their native land.

With the few painters scattered from New York to Cincinnati, in a day when Boston was virtually as far from New York as Chicago is now, with the sculptors remaining in Rome on their æsthetic pedestals, and with the Puritan blue-stockings still frowning upon life-classes, the beginnings of societies to encourage young men to work at painting or sculpture are worth recognition only to show how small was their effect. New York took the first step when, in 1802, it founded the Academy of Fine Arts. Three years later Philadelphia followed suit. Twenty years then elapsed before the Boston Athenæum exhibited a few casts and marbles which made it a place to be marveled at. And indeed not until 1825 did F. S. Agate, T. S. Cummings, and S. F. B. Morse at last rouse art circles to some activity by organizing the New York Drawing Association, a society which later developed into the National Academy of Design.

Nevertheless, despite such depressing conditions, Saint-Gaudens was impelled toward sculpture from the very first, and, when the time came, entered upon the work under the greatest difficulties, profiting by a beneficently vigorous training which he constantly discussed in after life. For while now and again he would say: "Be happy while you are young; I regret I did not get more enjoyment when I had youth and health," he still more frequently repeated, with even greater emphasis, his opinion that the production of good results in art, or literature, or anything else comes only at the cost of training our minds and bodies to perform what is uncongenial. Some one compared the evolution of a work of art to the pregnancy and pain of childbirth. This he thought very true, and that the younger a man received his training for this production the better his work through life. He believed that the rigors of his own apprenticeship from thirteen to twenty were what made him accomplish all he did. Indeed, the details of that drill must have been severe. Once in Washington, for example, I heard him tell Mr. Henry Adams and the

GEORGIAN HOUSE IN DUBLIN, IRELAND, IN WHICH AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS WAS BORN IN 1848

Honorable John Hay how, as a boy, he had cut such a number of lion's head cameos that when, twenty years later, he started to assist his brother, Louis Saint-Gaudens, in modeling the lions for the Boston Public Library, he found that his hands still worked at the task automatically.

Here, then, let us take up the reminiscences:

About the time of these romantic revelations I have made concerning Rose and the other angel, I reached what I call the end of the first period in my progress. For directly after this, probably in May, 1860, my father opened his shop at 268 Fourth Avenue, next door to the corner of Twenty-first Street, and hired a little apartment for us to live in above a grocery store in Twenty-first Street, between Second and Third Avenues. Thence I was sent to the Twentieth Street School, presided over by Mr. David B. Scott, a writer of one of the text-book histories of the United States. What little time I stayed there sufficed to show a marked contrast with the previous North Moore Street experience. Here I was never punished, and consequently I dearly loved my teacher. I did not remain long, however, as I had reached the fork of the road in my life which led to the one I am still traveling.

Up to this time, after school, my free hours had been occupied in carrying the shoes, first to father's workmen to have them made, and later to the customers by whom they were ordered; an exciting occupation, as in some of these trips I had to pass through the enemy's country, frequently at the cost of a piece of shoe-last

or leather findings lost in the fray. But now, since I was just thirteen, my father said to me one day: "My boy, you must go to work. What would you like to do?"

"I don't care," I replied, "but I should like it if I could do something which would help me to be an artist."

Consequently father apprenticed me to a man named Avet, a Savoyard, dark, with a mustache which extended down along the side of the cheek and jaw. When he was not scolding me he sang continuously. I believe that I am not wrong in stating that he was the first stone cameo-cutter in America, though stone seal-engravers there were already in New York, as well as shell cameo-engravers, at which occupation Palmer and Launt Thompson were adepts in the early periods of their careers. For it was the fashion at that time for men to wear stone scarf-pins with heads of dogs, horses and lions, cut in amethyst, malachite and other stones. I was Avet's first apprentice, and the stones which I prepared for him he would finish, occasionally allowing me to complete one myself. He was employed principally by Messrs. Ball, Black & Company, who had their store on the corner of Spring Street and Broadway, and now and then by Tiffany, to both of which shops I took the cameos when completed, always with a profound impression of the extraordinary splendor of those places.

Avet was certainly an old-time, hard task-master, so I can only describe my years with him as composing a

miserable slavery. To this training, nevertheless, I attribute a habit of work which, although it has been of the greatest benefit, has at the same time contributed to my struggle for health as well as limited my vision to what was immediately in my surroundings, and made me oblivious to what lay beyond the four walls of my studio.

For a time Avet hired a room just north of Eleventh Street on the east side of Broadway. Later he moved down to the corner of John Street and Broadway, where he remained for some little while, before returning up town to Bleecker Street and Broadway. I had to be at work every morning at seven o'clock, so the journey to John Street from Twenty-third Street was a heroic undertaking on foot for a boy who disliked walking as mortally as all boys do. Those were the days of "omnibuses" and great four-horse sleighs on Broadway, the delights of which could only be legally obtained by paying ten cents. As I was never rich enough to indulge, I would have had to imagine their charm from afar on the sidewalk, had I obeyed the law. I did n't. I solved the question of transportation by "cuttin' behind," as the boys called it, on the step at the back of these vehicles, which were the one means of public communication between down-town and up-town, up-town then being limited by Forty-second Street. The solution would frequently be enlivened by a fight with some "feller" who tried to crowd me off, or with one that I tried to crowd off, or by the switch of some cross driver's whip.

Avet's was a singular nature, for, between his fits of rage, he would take me to the country on shooting excursions. During these trips my keen appreciation of the beauty and wonders of the landscape was so intense that no subsequent experience has ever come up to it. I can only compare my feelings to those in Jean Jacques Rousseau's description of his similar enjoyment in his walking trip from Geneva to Paris. The memory of the first lying on the grass under the trees and the first looking through the branches at the flying clouds, will stay by me if I live to be as old as ten Methuselahs. It will even eclipse my visions of fishing on the docks, of catching eels with Avet off the sandy beach near Fort Hamilton, Staten Island, of learning to swim among the rocks at the foot of Sixtieth Street and North River, and of the visit of the Great Eastern to New York.

Such gentle thoughts, however, were the exception to the steady run of excitement which held upon these hunting trips. For during them we would constantly pass through narrow lanes in the woods, Avet in front of me, with the gun thrown over his shoulder. At such times, the two muzzles pointing directly at me, the hammers cocked, and the percussion caps seen along the edge of the barrels, did not contribute to my enjoyment of these adventures. Yet, on the contrary, I can recall my devilish glee when, in jumping down from the stone fence behind him, with my gun held upright, and my fingers on the triggers, I accidentally discharged both barrels within three feet of his head, and sent him leap-

ing into the air in a paroxysm of fright, curses, and shouts.

Then came great visions and great remembrances; the political meetings; the processions before the Presidential election, with carts bearing rail-fences in honor of "Honest Abe, the Rail-Splitter"; in Madison Square the assembling of the cavalry squadrons, with the horses parked together and tied to the trees; the camping of regiments about City Hall; the barracks there; the recruiting tent near the statue of Washington in Union Square, where the green and the trees were still inclosed by a high iron fence. At this time the windows of Avet's little place looked out from the first floor of the Broadway house just north of Eleventh Street. His lathe was at one window, mine at another, and from my window I saw virtually the entire contingent of New England volunteers on their way to the Civil War, a spectacle profoundly impressive, even to my youthful imagination. The troops arrived at Twenty-seventh Street and Fourth Avenue, where the Grand Central Station then stood on the present site of the Madison Square Garden. They marched down Broadway to Cortland Street, and from there took the ferry south. They all sang "John Brown's Body," as they tramped by.

Now followed the years of the war, with their intense excitement; the crowds reading the bulletins, in front of Brentano's on the east side of Broadway, somewhere near Washington Place; the mob before the newspaper offices down-town, particularly at the time of the

first battle of Bull Run; the temporary hospitals, the legless and armless men from the battle-fields; the constant extras of victories, victories, victories; finally, the delight over the real ones by Grant; a vision of General Grant himself on horseback, with his slouch hat, during some great parade in New York City (his face I liked because of its kindliness); and a glimpse of General Sickles, minus a leg, reviewing the troops in front of Niblo's Garden. Also I recall distinctly the departure of Ellsworth's Zouaves, and the news of his death by shooting in Alexandria a few days after. But, above all, what remains in my mind is seeing in a procession the figure of a tall and very dark man, seeming entirely out of proportion in his height with the carriage in which he was driven, bowing to the crowds on each side. This was on the corner of Twentieth or Twenty-first Street and Fifth Avenue, and the man was Abraham Lincoln on his way to Washington.

Perhaps it is the flight of time that makes this and all the rest seem much more heroic and romantic than the extraordinary events of our age. When our present day is in the sunset it will no doubt take on the same romantic glow to the grandchildren who may read this.

I have spoken of Avet's scoldings. They were so wonderful that I can find nothing better to compare with these fits of anger than the storms in Rossini's "William Tell" or Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." During the last years I was with him our lathes adjoined each other. We ran them very much as sewing-

machines are run, only on an infinitely more delicate scale, the light hum of the wheels pervading the room. As he raged, the rapidity of his pedaling increased with oaths, that rose from a low "Nom de Dieu, de Nom de Dieu, de Nom de Dieu, de Nom de Dieu," in an ascending scale as his paroxysm gathered force, then passing down and up again like thunder in the distance, until at the third or fourth climax he would pound his fist upon the table with a terrible "Nom de Dieu!" and a blow so violent that all the little tools lying around on our lathes jumped and fell in unison. Whatever his fury was about, I grew cooler as he grew hotter, and I looked forward to the jumping of those implements with keen interest, if not delight. But, at last, one day, on coming into the shop in an exceptionally violent state of anger, he suddenly discharged me because I had forgotten to sweep up the crumbs I had dropped on the floor while lunching.

I took off my overalls, wrapped them up, went to father's store, and explained the story to my parents, feeling that the end of the world had arrived. Within half an hour Avet appeared. I was sent on some errand, and on returning was told that he wanted me back at an advance of five dollars a week on my wages. Although I felt that I might not be able to obtain other work of that sort, and that three and a half years of my life had been lost together with my hopes of an artistic career, and in fact of everything in life, I replied that I would not return under any condition. This was no doubt the most heroic act of my existence, if not the

only one having real style. I recall father's proud smile concealed in his mustache as I made my speech.

Nevertheless the incident, as will presently appear, opened the second by-road in my career which led to my being a sculptor. At this time there lived in New York a man entirely the reverse of my first employer, Mr. Jules LeBrethon, a shell-cameo cutter, who earned his living by making the large shell-cameo portraits in vogue during this period of big hoop-skirts. He was very dark, and possessed a mass of bushy black hair that stood out like that of a South Sea Islander. He had his place in the building where Wallack's Theater stood on the corner of Broome Street and Broadway. As the greater included the less, I had learned very easily with Avet the cutting of shell-cameos, this being a far simpler affair. Therefore I applied to LeBrethon for employment, though feeling that I was lowering myself by engaging to cut shell-cameos. To my delight, I discovered that he had a stone-cameo lathe, which he could not use. I began work at once, and the three years or so with him were as day is to night in comparison with my previous experience. The only thing that he had in common with Avet was that he also sang from morning to night. He, however, never scolded or showed anything but consideration in my affairs. Indeed, because of this interest, he even allowed me an extra hour every day, beside my dinner period, in which to model, and gave me instruction at that time. My ardor almost doubled the hour by devoting three-quarters of my lunch-time to the modeling.

Now to go back for the moment, it was during those opening two or three years of my apprenticeship to Avet that my earliest definite aspirations and ambitions had made themselves felt. For immediately after my first employment I applied for admission to the drawing school of the Cooper Institute. There every evening, upon my return from work at six o'clock and my hasty tea I went. And there my artistic education began. The feeling of profound gratitude for the help which I have had from that school abides with me to this day. Even at the time I realized it strongly, for so young a boy. I can go so far as to recall the kindly impression produced on me by Abram S. Hewitt as he glanced at me during some function. Father, at that time, was making shoes for the Cooper family, and I suppose that that is why he looked in my direction.

With such an incentive I became a terrific worker, toiling every night until eleven o'clock after the class was over, in the conviction that in me another heaven-born genius had been given to the world. I can remember thinking in public conveyances, that if the men standing on the platform around me could realize how great a genius was rubbing elbows with them in the quiet-looking boy by their side, they would be profoundly impressed. Indeed I became so exhausted with the confining work of cameo-cutting by day and drawing at night that, in the morning, mother literally dragged me out of bed, pushed me over to the washstand, where I gave myself a cat's lick somehow or other, drove me to the seat at the table, administered my breakfast, which

consisted of tea and large quantities of long French loaves of bread with butter, and tumbled me down stairs out into the street, where I awoke.

Because of these late hours, also, I had my first jostle with the law in the shape of the Cooper Institute policeman. He was a "cross duck," stationed to keep order in a building where there was never any disorder. For some trifling reason we became bitter enemies. One night about eleven o'clock, as I was going through the long corridor with a German comrade, Gortelmeyer, who with me had the fever for working late, we passed by a room where a debating society was fiercely raging on the usual topic of the negro and slavery. The meeting had spilled over into the hall, and we were laughing as we skirted it. Mr. Policeman told us to "Behave!" I retorted, "Do so yourself!" whereupon he yelled a "Clear out!" And then as I replied with "When I please," he escorted me into a cell in the Mercer Street Station, somewhere near Washington Place.

The horror of that night I shall never forget. To those who do not know what imprisonment is, I cannot possibly describe the form of misery that overwhelmed me. To take the iron bars in my hands and feel that I could not get out, was awful. Of course I did not sleep a wink, but all night long lay watching men and women of varying degrees of debasement, drunken, snoring, and cursing, being placed in the other cells of the row. When they removed me in the morning I was covered with whitewash. Then Mr. "Sweetness and Light" came for me again, and took me to the Jef-

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS AT HIS CAMEO LATHE

ferson Market Police Court, traversing Washington Square in the clear sunlight. At court I was herded in a pen with thirty or forty of the riffraff of both sexes, broken-headed, black-eyed, and stupefied with drink, that had been centralized there. And in that pen they held me until father arrived. Then I was bound over in one dollar to keep the peace. I can remember both the judge's holding up his hand in a gesture of deprecation upon the policeman's description of my utter degeneracy, and the policeman's indignation at the judge's leniency.

For that experience I could have murdered Mr. Policeman, had opportunity offered, at any time during the next twenty years. But my wish was never realized, since about this time, which was shortly after my beginning with LeBrethon, I went from the Cooper Union to the National Academy of Design, the picturesque Italian Doge's palace on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. My father's store adjoined it, he having moved there just before my admission. His place was torn down to give room for the Lyceum Theater, and that, with the Academy of Design, has in turn disappeared before the enormous Metropolitan Life Insurance Building.

This studying in the Academy of nights was very dreamlike, and there, in the surrounding quiet, broken only by the little shrill whistle of an ill-burning gas-jet, I first felt my god-like indifference and scorn of all other would-be artists. Here, too, came my appreciation of the antique and my earliest attempt to draw

from the nude with the advice of Mr. Huntington and Mr. Leutze, the latter being the painter of the popular "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and the "Westward the Star of Empire Takes its Way," on the walls of the Capitol in Washington.

In thinking of these and other artistic notables of that generation, I remember chiefly how during this period when the Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street was in the heyday of its popularity, on rare occasions I indulged in the delights of listening, from the top gallery, to Clara Louise Kellogg and Brignoli in the, to me, divine Italian operas then in the full height of their glory. Also I made a call on Launt Thompson, whose beautiful busts of William Cullen Bryant and Edwin Booth placed him, to my thinking, high on the top of Mount Olympus. I remember only his amiability during the visit. Two other lasting æsthetic impressions of the time I received upon seeing Ward's "Indian Hunter" in plaster in the back of some picture store on Broadway, and Gérôme's painting of "The Death of Cæsar," exhibited in the window of Goupil's, then on the northeast corner of Tenth Street and Broadway, the location now occupied by Wanamaker.

While with LeBrethon, too, I underwent a memorable and weird experience, that of the Draft Riots. Leaving my work because LeBrethon, in some excitement, had told me to go home one afternoon at an early hour, I noticed the strange appearance of the absolutely deserted streets; no omnibuses on Broadway, which was always crowded at that hour, and not a soul,

wagon, car, or anything that seemed alive on Third Avenue as I turned into it. A moment later men with guns, running in the distance, gave the only signs that the city was not dead. Then I vividly recollect my pounding upstairs, and my mother taking me wildly into her arms. She had been in a paroxysm of fear as to what had become of me, the others of the brood already resting safe at home. Later on, as the storm lessened, it was strange to see two cannon posted in Twenty-first Street at the corner of Gramercy Park, pointing due east in the direction of the rioters.

Then came the news of Lincoln's assassination. I recall father and mother weeping, as he read of it to us in the morning at breakfast, before starting for work. Later, after joining the interminable line that formed somewhere down Chatham Street and led up by the bier at the head of the staircase, I saw Lincoln lying in state in the City Hall, and I went back to the end of the line to look at him again. This completed my vision of the big man, though the funeral, which I viewed from the roof of the old Wallack's Theater on Broome Street, deepened the profound solemnity of my impression, as I noticed every one uncover while the funeral car went by. Finally the boyish "watching out" among the crowds, to try and detect anybody who looked like the assassin, John Wilkes Booth, who seemed the perfection of manly beauty in his pictures, closes my impressions of that extraordinary period.

In one other direction, however, was the steadiness of my work with LeBrethon diversified. I had two

more love affairs, one with Mary F——, who worked in the button factory upstairs, and the other with a most scrumptious Irish girl in the employ of the housekeeper. The latter also appeared the most beautiful girl in the world, and a luscious peach is as worthy a comparison as I can make of her beauty, after all these years.

Of Mary F—— I was terribly afraid. However, I took her to see "Never Too Late to Mend," and that, with the two plates of ice-cream that followed, made a big hole in my weekly income. I also cut a cameo, and, for sixteen dollars, had a mounting made for it by some workmen I knew in Tiffany's. Then the night before I sailed for Europe I called at her house,—she lived over a grocery store; grocery stores seem to pervade events in this part of my life,—and, suddenly presenting her with the box containing the pin, I told her that I was going away the next day, said good-by, shook hands, and there was an end to that.

This first trip to Europe, which was another turning-point in my life, came about when, at the beginning of the year 1867, Father asked me if I would like to see the coming Paris Exposition. To my enthusiastic assent he said, "We will arrange that," since I had, of course, been giving my wages, which were ample for a boy of that age at that time, to help the running of the family.

Between that date and the moment upon which my steamer sailed, three incidents alone hold their place in my memory. The first of them concerns one of the

HOUSE ON FOURTH AVENUE, NEAR THE CORNER OF TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK, WHERE BERNARD SAINT-GAUDENS HAD HIS SHOE-STORE

large and hilarious dinners interspersed through our lives which, on this occasion, father planned in honor of my departure. The second deals with another banquet furnished by good-hearted LeBrethon the night before I left, at which, as I picked up my napkin, I found under the plate one hundred francs in gold, "To pay for a trip to father's village in France." But most of all I recall how, during those last nights and Sunday, I made a bust of father and a drawing of mother. The latter, being perhaps the possession I treasured most in the world, was destroyed in the fire that a year ago burnt down my studio.

III

THE BEAUX ARTS

1867-1869

The New York Art of Saint-Gaudens' Boyhood—Optimism—Lupi, the Cameo Cutter—Paris—French Relatives—Poverty and many Lodgings—Modeling at the Petite École—"The Marseillaise" in English—Three Friendships—Amusements and Activities—Walking Trips—The Tramp through the Juras.

BY way of a preface to the previous chapter I attempted to describe the artistic conditions in America when Augustus Saint-Gaudens was brought here in 1848. In that chapter also my father dwelt upon his earliest efforts, which covered the years before his trip abroad. From his description it can be seen how rapidly American art was advancing beyond the state of affairs first mentioned; a school in the Cooper Institute as well as the National Academy of Design, Huntington and Leutze as painters, Launt Thompson and J. Q. A. Ward as sculptors of reputation, all this had arisen in the ensuing nineteen years.

Nevertheless, the opportunities for an artistic education still appeared bitterly circumscribed. The first equestrian statue in America, Jackson by Clark Mills, in Washington, was not unveiled until 1853, just fifty years before my father's Sherman was erected in New York. Greenough, Crawford, and Powers still stood as the masters. To produce any real art it is as needful that the creator have something to say as that he be able to say it. Yet, possibly excepting Greenough, these earlier sculptors remained mostly craftsmen rather than thinkers. With the passing of the influence of this group, however, competent workmanship and national thought began to show

themselves. More and more did the sculptors return home to their tasks after they had learned all that Europe could profitably give them. Once back, they deserted their brothers overseas in their homage to the Greeks and Romans in order to strive with their own sculptural translation of American life. What was real, what was vital crept from beneath their hands while classic notions faded into the past. Then the blast of the Civil War swept over the land. None could live in such days unstirred by new emotions. None with the power to express such emotions could any longer feel timidity in putting forth their expressions. Within those four years captive slaves, wounded warriors vanished. In their place came new heroes to glorify, men of flesh and blood at the sight of whom the sculptors themselves had thrilled.

As this wave gathered strength eight fresh names appeared, the names which dominated sculptural circles during the final years of Saint-Gaudens' New York adolescence. They were Henry Kirke Brown, Erastus D. Palmer, William Wetmore Story, Thomas Ball, Launt Thompson, Randolph and John Rogers, and J. Q. A. Ward.

Brown's best work alone antedated the Civil War. It was his Washington, begun one month after the unveiling of Mills' General Jackson and erected in New York in 1856. Yet no two objects could be further from one another in merit than these equestrian monuments. Brown placed before his public a group dignified, truthful, potent; not only the best art of its own time, but strong sculpture for any generation.

Palmer follows in company with Brown, a vivid contrast to William Wetmore Story, his contemporary. For while Palmer never obtained an opportunity to study abroad, and showed scant patience with diluted imitations of Roman copies of Greek ideas, Story remained in Rome almost his whole life, a close follower of Canova's art. Palmer's greatest success, his "White Captive," set before the world in 1858, still remains one of the most naïvely charming nudes in American art; and

what is more, for long after nothing from Europe appeared before us so sympathetically human. Story's chief work came four years later, "Cleopatra" it was called, and developed in a wholly cold and opposite vein.

Thomas Ball stood between the two men, notable chiefly for his "Washington," erected in 1864 in the public gardens in Boston, a statue of dignified, conscientious workmanship. With him should be mentioned Launt Thompson, of whom my father has already spoken, and whose reputation in these years rested solely on his busts; Randolph Rogers, with two important statues of Lincoln and Seward; and John Rogers, remembered to this day for his "groups."

J. Q. A. Ward, though the youngest, I have purposely left to the last, since the public to-day recognizes him as a modern in every sense of the word. Ward, indeed, was only twelve years my father's senior; but those twelve years made his age twenty-seven when his "Indian Hunter" came before the public and Saint-Gaudens' youthful admiration. Truly the group remains a work which justifies the instant attention given it, vividly convincing, more to be acknowledged than any ideal figure conceived up to that time, or long after it.

It can be seen then that, through this second period, sculpture had at last earned its right to exist as more than an afterthought of painting. Also the general spirit of those years had swung nearer the monumental field of art than the pictorial one. The deep emotions of the war were fitter for expression in stone or bronze than on canvas. Nevertheless the stir of those days brought with it an indirect effect on the latter art. For interest could not be aroused in the one division without showing its influence in the other until the prosperity of painting became no longer open to question. The population was increasing faster than its demands could be satisfied in the day of undeveloped photography, inane wood cuts, and an absolute lack of art magazines as we understand them. Moreover, the painters, like the sculptors,

were the travelers, the cultured group in the busy trade city. They formed the circle to which the merchant, with even the slightest thought for the æsthetic sides of life, might turn of an afternoon for an hour or two of surreptitious education.

The chief movement so fostered among these artists was that of landscape painting. A. B. Durand and Thomas Cole were really the pioneers, but those who won a more established place for themselves were William Bradford, Samuel Coleman, William T. Richards, Homer D. Martin and Thomas Moran. For the most part they, and many of those who joined with them, formed what is now known as the Hudson River School. They believed in the out of doors, in nature, in American nature. All of them studied in Europe, yet most of them were mature before they went abroad, were men who, by that time, understood their own desires and what they needed to satisfy them. Therefore when, having acquired the technique they needed, they returned to this their land, they devoted their lives to expressing what they considered the keynote of this nation's character, its landscapes. Patriotism, at last, was in their very bones, a true patriotism which drove them forth with the explorers and naturalists to return with their reproductions of the beauties of their mother country.

Such, then, was the spirit of art in the United States at the time my father reached his nineteenth year and turned to Europe for study. At first glance it might be thought that, if all this activity was aroused, there surely could be no vital need for Saint-Gaudens to leave this land at such an age and at the cost of such sacrifices in order to make sufficient progress. But on a little consideration it becomes obvious that, though there were then so many who were learning, as yet no capable men had arrived at that stage where they either cared to teach, or were able to do so. Consequently, unless a youth was willing to take his chances at learning hit or miss, which was never the philosophy of my father's studious mind, Europe alone offered any proper training. It should be noticed,

also, that in going to France for his earliest instruction Saint-Gaudens followed a program quite different from that of the usual run of student sculptors. I do not believe that his action was thought out at the time. He visited Paris both because of the exhibition there, which he has mentioned, because he had relatives in that land, and because his father was a Frenchman. But his unconscious choice proved his salvation. Paris was a vitalizing influence where Rome would have been a deadening one, since it is not hard to fancy what an unfortunate distortion Rome might have given him in those younger days. Even later, when he studied there, the tendencies of the "Eternal City" acquired a prompt grip upon the individuality of his conceptions which luckily his strength in his craft, manifest by then, allowed him to cast aside.

In the reminiscences that follow, my father turns to his attempt to support himself while studying art in Paris. His account, however, requires a foreword; since, while he gives some description of the straits he was put to, it is necessary to remember the optimism of his nature to realize beneath his words the depths of his poverty. This cheerful facing of hard times in the cause of art was consistent through all his student days. Indeed he ever insisted that the manner in which to meet material difficulties was with a sense of their small importance compared to the outcome. "Try not to dwell on the ugly side of things," he would say. "Make the best of everything. Of course discontent is what creates progress, but harping on conditions is unwise. If it is possible, I would grin at troubles. There is no doubt about that. GRIN!"

The certainty that in this early time he practised what later he preached lies in the fact that every friend testifies of him as a happy youth. Mr. Thomas Moore, who knew him in the New York student days, has written: "I often think of the old times when we four, Gus, Herzog, Gortelmeyer, and myself, after class hours at the Cooper Institute on Saturday nights, took long walks arm in arm to Central

Park shouting airs from 'Martha,' the Marseillaise, and the like, in which Gus was always the leader with his voice and magnetic presence." Of the period now especially to be dealt with, M. Alfred Garnier has said: "In Jouffroy's class, when Gus became a senior, he was one of the most turbulent of the lot, singing and whistling to split your ears. All of which did not hinder him from working with his whole soul and thinking of the future."

Before recurrence to my father's text I should mention also the kind attitude of the third cameo-cutter for whom he worked, M. Lupi, a man who, realizing the worth of Saint-Gaudens' nature, gave every possible effort to aid in the young man's advancement. The most constantly repeated of his employer's precepts needs a reference here, since this advice, my father ever after insisted, contributed as much as anything else to his later success in relief modeling.

"Beware of the 'boule de suif!'" Lupi would say.

"Boule de suif" is translated as a "drop of grease." What Lupi meant by his warning was that the sculptor should be certain to give character to the outlines of relief surfaces by a method of accenting which involved a technical principle, elementary, but seldom practised.

The reminiscences now take up these early Paris days:

Father paid for my passage abroad, and gave me one hundred dollars which he had saved out of my wages. In February, 1867, I sailed for Europe on *The City of Boston* which was subsequently lost at sea. This is not one of my parent's gasconades, my experience differing from his in that I did not intend to sail on *The City of Boston* on the trip when she disappeared. At that time I was just nineteen. I went over in the steerage, where I was sicker than a

regiment of dogs. The experience was just as horrible as the night in the cell only more prolonged. Somehow or other I got from Liverpool to Paris. I can recall nothing but the cursed misery of crossing the channel from Folkestone to Dieppe.

The arrival in Paris, however, was extraordinarily impressive. I walked with my heavy carpet bag from the Gare du Havre down to the Place de la Concorde, where I stood bewildered with the lights of that square and of the Avenue des Champs Élysées bursting upon me. Between the glory of it all and the terrible weight of the bag, which increased as I made my way up the interminable Avenue des Champs Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe, I arrived in a mixed state of collapse and enthusiasm where my uncle François Saint-Gaudens lived on the Avenue de la Grand-Armée. Here I was welcomed, with thorough-going French emotion for the strange "Cousin d'Amérique," by my uncle, a nervous man who had been a great gymnast in his youth, and by his two daughters, Pauline and Clorinda. François was what the French call an "entrepreneur de demolition," with his affairs in an ugly condition, never having recovered from some bad contracts for the removal of public buildings.

For the most part during my stay, however, I saw my relatives only occasionally. My uncle, who was in bad straits, I left as soon as my hundred dollars had gone through his fingers. Besides, I became thoroughly engrossed in my work and they were far off. Now and then, however, I visited one of these cousins

who had married a wealthy iron-master and lived at a place called Lieusaint, a short distance from the scene of the robbery of the Lyons Mail, an event which has been dramatized with tremendous success in French, translated and acted, as we all know, in a wonderful way by Sir Henry Irving. But these trips to the country bored me beyond measure and in consequence were few, although with this cousin I had perhaps more in common than with any other member of the family. Her husband, M. Maritz, came from Strasburg, being a nephew of a French General of Engineers who married the other sister.

A day or two after my arrival I went about in search of employment at cameo cutting and of admission to the School of Fine Arts. The cameo cutting I obtained at once from an Italian, Lupi, who lived in the Rue des Trois Frères in the picturesque quarter near the top of Montmartre. When I left my uncle's house I lived first in a room adjoining Lupi's, attending a modeling school in the mornings and nights, and supporting myself on what I earned by the cameos I cut in the afternoon. But I worked so much at the school and so little at the cameos that I became miserably poor, barely earning enough for my living.

As far as I can recall there was nothing here of amorous adventure, other than a letter from Mary F—— asking me whether I still meant to "keep company" with her. I fear that the new life made me forget to reply to this note, for I was busy moving from place to place, to cheaper and cheaper lodgings. As

the journey twice a day to my school from Montmartre, ten miles in all, became very fatiguing, I took a room in the Rue Jacob in the Latin Quarter quite near the school. From the Latin Quarter I went to some distant street in the Vaugirard Quarter, where I stayed with the son of an old shoemaking friend of my father's. After that I lived elsewhere, I have forgotten upon what street, in the same Quarter. From the Vaugirard Quarter I moved to Truman Bartlett's studio near the Arc de Triomphe, sleeping on a mattress on the floor. What stands out in my memory of this time is the reading of Plutarch's Lives, as I walked each morning down the Champs Élysées from the Arc de Triomphe to the School of Fine Arts. The things he wrote of Germanicus and of the beauty of his character caused me to make a great resolve to be the most lovable man that ever was. Next, with an old-time Cooper Union chum, I took my belongings over to the very dirty, though interesting St. Jacques Quarter. This place I found drenched with the odor from the perfume manufactory downstairs. Accordingly, in process of time, I and my friend Herzog occupied two small bedrooms in the attic of a fine apartment-house opposite the College of France.

While I am on the subject of this house I must tell of the moving there from the St. Jacques Quarter. This transfer we made by hiring a hand-cart for five cents an hour, in which we stowed Herzog's and my possessions. Our treasures consisted of two cot beds, two pitchers, two basins, a lot of books and a modeling

C. H. Augusta H. Saint-Gaudens

STUDIES FOR A FOUNTAIN

From Augustus Saint Gaudens's student sketch-book

stand, besides some clothes and bedding. Limited as they were, they piled up more than the cart could conveniently carry. So, when we dragged it through the streets with the aid of a third friend, we lost a good quarter of them, in spite of the fact that one of us ran behind to gather the driblets that were dropped along the road. Another reason why this method of transportation failed was that, in order to conceal the Spartan simplicity of our household, we foxily undertook our moving in the night.

Here in our latest abode, in addition to our other troubles, I attempted for some little time to give sleeping space to an enthusiastic friend. He was a young Englishman of French origin, George Thierry, the son of a wealthy shoe-dealer. He had run away from home because his father wished him to declare himself a French citizen and to submit to the French conscription. He had no money and led a miserable dog's life in Paris. When he started from his father's he had purchased a handsome rifle, powder, and shot, his idea being that he would go to Africa and hunt lions, but the merciless and suspicious French Custom House took away his shooting material and his romance. By the time I knew him he was in a miserable condition.

This my first attempt at hospitality did not last long, however. At the outset we attempted to sleep together on my cot which measured two and one-half feet across. In order not to spill over on the sides we had to stick to one another as tight as two spoons. To save space Thierry lay with his head on my arm. In

the middle of the night we turned over and I put my head on his arm. This left us the next morning in a condition which forbade a repetition of the experiment. I then laid the mattress on the floor for him, while I slept on the canvas bottom of the bed. But I suffered so with cold coming from below, notwithstanding the fact that I dragged all my clothes over me from the rack at my feet, that even this arrangement had to be abandoned.

To turn now to my studies, my entrance into the Beaux Arts I found a formidable business. But after much running around, I saw at last M. Guillaume, the Director of the School of Fine Arts, who, to my thinking, received me with unusual affability for so wonderful a man. I recall his smile as I told him that I expected to learn sculpture during the nine months I proposed to remain in Paris, the limit to which I had expected my fortune of one hundred dollars would extend. From him I gathered that I could enter only through the formal application of the American Minister. I thereupon called on Mr. Washburne, then occupying that post. He also seemed kind, smiled as I related my little story, and said that I would be informed when the application had been accepted. This notification I received exactly nine months after handing it in.

In the meantime, fortunately, I not only earned a good living by cutting cameos, but also entered a smaller school, though an excellent one, in the Rue de l'École de Médecine, and began my Parisian studies,

probably in March or April, 1868. We worked in a stuffy, overcrowded, absolutely unventilated theater, with two rows of students, perhaps twenty-five in each row, seated in a semicircle before the model who stood against the wall. Behind those who drew were about fifteen sculptors and I look back with admiration upon the powers of youth to live, work, and be joyful in an atmosphere that must have been almost asphyxiating. Here I modeled my first figures from the nude, and laid an excellent foundation for the future.

The work in the little "École de Médecine," as they called it, was enlivened by many amusing incidents, the result of the radical difference in the characters of the two professors who taught, one on Wednesdays and the other on Saturdays. Jacquot, a short, loud-spoken, good-natured professor came on Wednesday. He was entirely democratic, saying the most amusing things to the pupils, in which exuberant conversation he let drops of saliva fly from his mouth into his listeners' faces. Although merry and good-hearted, he was a terror, from the fact that he indicated our errors with very thick charcoal; so to those of us who had learned to work rather delicately and firmly his marks were only bearable because of the jollity with which he made them. While he taught, the boys raised as much noise as the uniformed and ill-natured "gardien" at the doorway would permit.

On Saturdays Laemelin criticized, a man of a totally different type. When he appeared, the class remained silent. He was austere, taking the greatest

care to apply his suggestions with light touches, always certain and correct. Jacquot talked with a strange kind of mixed-up lisp as if he had a marble in his mouth, whereas Laemelin spoke with a deliberate nasal tone. Jacquot maintained that you must draw freely and with no fear of the paper, while Laemelin's advice was to the effect that you should draw lightly, carefully, and firmly, and not with sloppiness as do those who pretend to work with vigor. The result of this weekly divergence of views upon the boys can be imagined.

One Saturday evening Laemelin came as usual and began criticizing in his peaceful way. He was half around the lower tier, and the customary quiet prevailed in his presence, when a noise was heard in the corridor. To our surprise and delight, Jacquot tumbled in, sat down, and proceeded to correct the boys who had already been corrected by Laemelin. Thoroughly absorbed in what he was doing, Laemelin did not observe Jacquot's entrance, and only became aware that something unusual was going on by the uproar Jacquot made and by the undertone of confusion the students slyly added.

"Well, well, my boy, let us shee! Let us shee!" said Jacquot, the particles of saliva being shot over the drawings. "Let us shee, um-m-m! Well, your head 's too big, too big. Your legsh are too short." Then bang! bang! would come the black marks over the drawing. "There you are! Fixsh that, my boy, fixsh that!"

Laemelin by this time had raised his head and, looking over his spectacles in the direction of the noise, had uttered a long "Sh-h-h!" Jacquot, making his own disturbance, did not hear Laemelin. Neither saw the other in their deep absorption. Therefore the second time Laemelin added to his "Sh-h-h!" a "What is the trouble? Are you ever going to stop that noise over there?"

"Whatsh that? Whatsh that?" spat Jacquot. "Whatsh the matter anyway?"

Laemelin, not recognizing Jacquot, continued: "You 're making an awful lot of noise over there. Behave yourself!"

Jacquot looked up. "Whatsh that? Whatsh that? Why, ish that you, Laemelin? Hello! Why, what day ish this?"

"To-day is Saturday," drawled Laemelin, slowly and emphatically.

"Mon Dieu! Ish that so! I thought it wash Wednesday. Is n't that funny? Thunder, is n't that funny!" Jacquot roared.

By this time he was so amused at the incident that his voice had become a shout. The pupils naturally joined in until the disturbance reached such a pitch that the "gardien" ejected a number into the night. Finally Jacquot left in a storm of sputtering and hilarity, and the theater resumed its placid and serene quiet.

Any artist tends to make his drawings of a nude resemble his own figure, and our friend Jacquot was twisted, distorted, and gnarled in every member of his

body, but vigorously, like a great root. In especial he must have had the most remarkably knotty thighs; for, though I have spoken of the energy of his corrections, I could not attempt to describe his particularly persistent criticism that the thighs of the drawings of the pupils were never big enough. To overcome this I one day made the thighs on my study enormously large.

"Very good, very good, very good, my boy!" he said in his criticism, turning around to look at me. Then he slowly surveyed the model over his spectacles. "But perhapsh I would add just a little bit on the thighs, eh?" And here fell his merciless marks!

I repeated this at his next visit, drawing my thighs in still more exaggeration. He was high and loud and unusually sputtering in his praise at this, and, after some minor remarks, was for getting up, when I said:

"M. Jacquot, do you think that I have the thighs big enough?"

"Yesh. Yesh." Then he hesitated and looked at the model. "Sthill, perhaps I would add justh a shade, justh a shade, more." And again came his inevitable marks.

Finally on the third occasion, when I had the thighs resembling balloons, he repeated the enthusiastic approval of the previous visit, and I impertinently repeated my question as to their size. He surveyed the drawing, and then, evidently recollecting what had passed before, although it had been dispersed over

three weeks, turned to me with a strange look in his wide-spread, crooked, china eyes and said:

"It sheems to me you are trying to make a damned fool of me!"

All this, of course, added to the delight of the surrounding scamps, for he delivered his remark in such a way that it was I who found myself in the position of the "damned fool."

I have stated his name as Jacquot. I am not certain of that. It might have been Durant, or Martin. But if it was not Jacquot it ought to have been, and in calling him that I give the truer impression. It certainly describes his personality better than do the other titles.

In these surroundings, then, I prospered until at last I was awarded the first prize, and, subsequently, with a lot of other successful youths, received, with the medal, a crown of laurel, presented by a M. de Nieuquerque, a large man, probably Master of Fine Arts, who was much in favor at the Tuileries.

At this time also, at the end of these nine months of the Petite École, I felt much impressed by the receipt of a large envelope with the United States seal on it, notifying me of my admission to the Beaux Arts. This was a great joy. My first step then was to obtain the authorization from the Master whose atelier I wished to enter. I followed the advice of a boy, Albert Dammouse, since then one of the leading ceramists of France, a man of exquisite taste, whose friendship I had made in the little École de Médecine;

and selected Jouffroy both because Dammouse had a friend with that master and because at that time Jouffroy's atelier was the triumphant one of the Beaux Arts, his class capturing, as a rule, most of the prizes. From there Barrias had received his Prize of Rome three years before I arrived, Falguière two years before, and Mercié the year after.

Jouffroy was tall, thin, dark, wiry, with little, intelligent black eyes and a queer face in profile, his forehead and nose descending in a straight line from the roots of his hair to within an inch of the end of the nose, which suddenly became round and red and pimply—though the ball was discreet in size; it would have been in bad taste had it been larger. He also had stringy hair and a nasal voice. He made his criticism in a low, drawling tone, nine-tenths of the time in a perfunctory way, looking in an entirely different direction from the model and from the study. Occasionally he worked on the figures in a strange fashion, his right hand pawing the clay, while in his left he held a little wad of bread which he constantly rolled. He was much in vogue at the Tuileries at that time, although he had achieved his distinction some ten or fifteen years before my arrival by one of the masterpieces of French sculpture,—and that is saying a good deal,—called "The Secret of Venus." It is the figure of a young girl standing on tiptoe, whispering into the ear of a Hermes. This remarkably beautiful nude he modeled in the classical direction then prevailing, but with such distinction, reserve, and personality that the

STUDIES OF DRAPERY AND A COMPOSITION FROM THE STUDENT SKETCH-BOOK OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

He was always extremely fond of a cowled head

affectation added to its charm instead of detracting therefrom. I know nothing of his other sculpture, except the large decorative groups on each side of the arches at the entrance of the Place du Carrousel, as approached from the river Seine, and one of the four groups in front of the Grand Opera. They are neither one thing nor the other.

To Jouffroy, therefore, I brought my drawings. In two days I was admitted and immediately plunged into work, being the only American in the class, though Olin Warner followed me some six months later. It subsequently became the atelier where most of the Americans studied, under the teachings of Falguière after the death of Jouffroy and under Mercié after the death of Falguière. I was by no means a brilliant pupil, though the steadiness of Jouffroy's compliments consoled me for my inevitable failures in direct competition. These failures did not for a moment discourage me, however, or create any doubts in my mind as to my assured superiority. Doubts have come later in life, and in such full measure that I have abundantly atoned for my youthful presumption and vanity.

Mercié, of whom I have spoken, entered the atelier at the same time I did and his money and mine were united for the benefit of the students in the customary grand spree. In the midst of the uproar I was asked to sing, and created a furore of enthusiasm by giving the Marseillaise in English. The song they made me repeat again and again, encouraging me by praise of

my voice, which in my idiotic vanity I imagined to be as beautiful as they said. I proved an easy victim. The following day they told me that the noise, which rarely ceased in the atelier, would stop the moment the *massier,* the President and Treasurer of the class, entered the studio, because he was a person of importance and had to be treated with respect. That, of course, was all nonsense, as he was simply one of the pupils a little older than the rest. But on his arrival there fell a hush, and presently certain of the boys came over to me like a deputation, saying that the *massier* wished me to sing the Marseillaise in English. I refused with becoming modesty and much fright. They retired with my message, but soon came back to me with another from him insisting on the song, as he had heard that I had "a wonderful voice." I again refused. The third time they explained that the order was imperative and that if I did not obey I would regret it. I immediately began and bawled away at the top of my lungs, to hysterical applause. They kept this up every day, for so long a time that I am ashamed to recall it, before I realized that they were making fun of me. That was why I was not made to undress, or to be painted nude, or to undergo any of the numerous ignominies that the poor beginner frequently endures. I was finally admitted to full membership and teased no more, becoming in my turn one of the most boisterous of the students.

While I was at Jouffroy's I formed three of my greatest friendships; one was for Alfred Garnier, an-

other for Paul Bion, a long, thin, intellectual young fellow who had been brought up piously, and who had been most shamefully hazed on entering the school. He possessed a nobility of character unusual in such surroundings. Perhaps I was a shade less brutal than the others, and for that reason we became friends. Our care for each other continued without break or quarrel to the day of his death, thirty years afterwards. The third friendship I made was with a Portuguese, Soares dos Reis. He, too, was long, dark, and thin, of an effeminate nature, inclined to melancholy, the kindest man in the world. He committed suicide in Portugal some fifteen years later, through marital troubles. He had an exquisite talent and I shall speak more of him later on.

Although this was certainly a very important part of my existence, when I come to it I do not seem to be able to recall incidents as I did of an earlier period, nor do I remember appreciating seriously any of the things that ought to be appreciated. My life in the atelier was the regular life of a student, with most of its enthusiasms and disheartenings. But my ambition was of such a soaring nature, and I was so tremendously austere, that I had the deepest scorn for the ordinary amusements of the light operas, balls, and what not and I felt a Spartan-like superiority in my disdain for the famous Schneider in Offenbach's productions which had a tremendous success at that time. I have since entirely changed my point of view and regret nothing more than that I missed the plays which

have become classic, and which were then done in a way that probably will not be repeated.

On the other hand my profundity allowed me to go to the Sunday Classical Concerts at the Cirque d'Hiver on the Boulevard which I attended with great regularity. There are seven or eight such concerts now, I am told, whereas at that time there was but one, the leader of which was M. Pasdeloup. I heard all his good music and was a witness of the Sunday battle when he attempted to introduce Wagner to the French audiences, a large part of whom came with the deliberate intention of suppressing and howling down the "Flying Dutchman," one of the principal pieces on the program. In France, the whistle is the sign of derogation and disapproval, and the spectators brought numbers of them. As soon as the leader raised his arm for the first bars of the music, the storm commenced. It was so great that it was impossible to hear the musicians. We could see the fiddlers fiddling away at a tremendous rate and evidently making a lot of noise, but in the overpowering uproar of the audience it seemed like a dumb show. At last Pasdeloup gave it up. Then he began again. The uproar was repeated. After this second attempt he turned to the audience,—he was a short, chubby man,—and said that this piece was on the program, that those who disliked it had not been forced to come and could have remained away if it was distasteful, that therefore he was going to play it right through, regardless of any antagonistic demonstration, and that if they did not

wish to hear it they had better go out at once. He began again and the uproar and the dumb show were repeated. Now, however, the friends of Wagner added to the tumult by constant applause, until little by little the anti-Wagnerites gave way and the last half was heard in comparative order.

At this time I was active beyond measure. After drawing-school at night I went to a gymnasium where I exercised more violently than the others, and where I took colder douches. Also I constantly visited the swimming baths, where I remained longer than my friends. Now, too, I began to make trips into the country with Dammouse and Garnier. But as I recall them, rather than a wild love of Nature, these were the unconscious expenditures of superabundant energy wherein the number of kilometers covered furnished the principal pleasure. Two excursions stand out conspicuously. One was a walk from Paris to St. Valery, and from there along the coast to Dieppe, and back in the cars. Here was recalled that sense of delight at seeing hill beyond hill that came to me on Staten Island.

Another trip which we took to Switzerland on an absurdly small sum, one hundred to one hundred and fifty francs, had for me an interesting, amusing, painful, and sensational beginning. It took place while, with my friend Herzog, I occupied that attic opposite the College of France. The morning I started from my sixth floor I shouldered my heavy knapsack with a tin drinking-cup attached, and laced up my heavy shoes

protected with smooth hob-nails. The floors of the staircase were, as those familiar with that class of house in Paris know, thoroughly waxed, polished, and slippery. So my feet went out from under me on the top step of the top floor, and I jangled down on a part of my body not intended for locomotion, with a tremendous clatter of the cup and other paraphernalia. The next flight I approached with caution, but ineffectually, and the riotous descent was repeated. Again on the stairs below I resumed my unconventional slide, until persons rushed out on the landings from their apartments, and servant girls stuck their heads from the kitchens upon the resounding court in wonder and alarm at what was taking place.

From that scene the three of us went on one of those awful excursion trains as far as Strasburg. Then we walked to Basel in Switzerland and along under the Jura mountains to a point above Coppet. It was here, after a ferocious climb up some almost inaccessible hill, that the stupendous view of the Alps burst upon us, recalling again the enchantment of my first experience of nature when I was thirteen, but not equaling it. From Coppet we went along Lake Geneva to the Chateau Chillon at the end of the Lake, walked to the Chamounix Valley, climbed Mont Blanc as far as the Montanvert, thence returned on foot in a drenching rain-storm to Geneva, and finally reached Paris with a franc each in our pockets.

In November, 1907, M. Garnier wrote to Mr. Louis Saint-Gaudens a long letter describing his intimate acquaintance

with my father at the time. His account is so charmingly vivid and true that I am only too glad of the opportunity to translate it here, almost in its entirety:

". . . It was at the end of the year 1868 or the beginning of the year 1869 that I first knew Augustus. I had heard through a cameo engraver that an American, a pupil of Avet's, had arrived in Paris, with the intention of entering the Beaux Arts School, where I was already. I think that they had told me his name. Anyhow a few days afterwards, upon going in the evening to a little gymnasium which I frequented in a street near the Pantheon, I saw a young man who for some reason or other seemed to me to be the American in question. . . .

"What was it attracted me to him? Was it his face? Was it his eyes, so frank, so candid? Yes, perhaps it was his eyes. But I speak of course of his eyes of twenty years. You do not remember them as I do, for I must explain that a few years later they entirely changed. At this earlier period Gus felt that the uncertainty of the morrow had vanished, that he was about to be able to earn his living easily, that his growing talent had begun to be known. Later a tranquillity replaced his cheerfulness. When the one came the other went away, and the candid look in his eye disappeared. By that time he had seen life and discovered its fickleness. He told me that either you or he once said, upon meeting a young dog who gazed at you with frankness and innocence: 'There is another who wishes to be deluded.' Gus, in the beginning so open-minded and ingenuous, soon learned that life was deceitful. . . .

"The day after our meeting, Sunday morning, I went for a walk before lunch in spite of rainy, foggy weather. Many persons then were in the habit of going, out of curiosity, to look at the show-windows of a celebrated picture dealer of the time, named d'Angleterre, who lived at the corner of Rue de Seine and another little street which entered it, forming a

sharp angle. . . . After having turned into this quarter, very much changed since then, I naturally strolled towards d'Angleterre's. There I saw my American. I went up to him and spoke, perhaps with a little impertinence. To all of my advances he answered only indifferently, making me feel that I would do him a very sensible pleasure if I left him alone. But in spite of his unwillingness, when he turned from the show-windows without saying either 'Good-day' or 'Good-night,' I remained beside him, and, to my own surprise, walked along with him under the rain which fell heavily, and continued a one-sided conversation. In such a manner we went around all the little streets of that region, he, no doubt, wishing to have me leave him; until at last he arrived in the Rue Jacob, where, coming before a house, he saluted me coolly, saying that he was now home, and disappeared. . . .

"On the next occasion in the gymnasium, however, my demon got hold of me still more strongly and, in spite of efforts to the contrary, I stayed with Gus until I ridiculed myself. Finally, after a few more such evenings, we wrestled with our bodies all naked except for a pair of trunks and the slippers on our feet. Then after having thrown each other a dozen times into the black sawdust—you can imagine how we looked with all that sawdust stuck by the sweat to our faces and to our bodies—we rushed to the shower-baths, and the bitter cold water which came from the reservoirs placed in the open lofts ran over us, and a fog-like vapor rose from our skins till the gas was dimmed. Augustus was crazy about wrestling. Ah, the good old times! After we had plentifully rolled each other around and crushed each other's skin, after the sweat of one had run down with the sweat of the other, the ice was finally broken. My good star had well guided me that morning when, in spite of his unwillingness, I forced Gus to submit to my presence in the rain as far as his door. I had met my true friend, the one I have always held before all the others for whom I have cared. . . .

SKETCH PORTRAIT OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, DRAWN BY HIMSELF

This was made probably about the time of his first trip abroad

"I was chiefly impressed by Gus' possessing so strongly the qualities of a man who was bound to succeed. I often went to see him in his room where he engraved cameos to earn his livelihood, as you know. For though in the mornings he came to the class room of the school, his afternoons had to be consecrated to earning his living. At this period Augustus was the gayest of young men, though that did not prevent his undertone of seriousness and reflection. I remember how much he was moved when he received a few dollars which his parents sent to him. He thought probably of the privations which he imposed on them for the sake of his success, and he used to ask himself if the time would ever come when he would be able to help them in his turn. But I repeat that then he was the most joyous creature that one could see.

"For amusement we often swam in the baths of the Louvre. When one of us suggested it, we always added, 'Are n't you coming, Saint-Gaudens?' for we knew this to be his weakness. He would go in the morning at five o'clock in order not to interrupt his work. But frequently somebody would be able to lead him astray again during the day. I always accompanied him. He swam well and with unusual enjoyment. For that reason it was fine to see him. His health so glowed in his body that one day I said to him, 'You are as pretty as a little nursing pig.' You should have seen him throw himself from the top of the stairs, diving, disappearing, and reappearing. I tell you again it was intoxication for him.*

* This love of swimming continued through all his life. He has made a number of references to it through the book. Also on July 26, 1899, he wrote to my mother this characteristic paragraph: "I received your letter from Cornish which makes me very homesick for it. But, as usual with every one who writes me from that place, you give me no details of what interests me more than anything else on earth, wife, child, God, and the Angel Gabriel, everything, *i. e.,* the POOL back of the studio and the water works pertaining to it. Please write a letter about nothing else but that, if you wish me to bear with life."

"Several times we took long walks with Dammouse, of twelve or fifteen leagues a day. Once in especial we went from Paris by railroad as far as Nantes and from there, each of us with a knapsack, we passed through Rouen afoot as far as St. Valery en Caux. Five minutes after we reached the seashore we were in the water in spite of the heavy waves, for as soon as he saw the water Gus had to enter, and I had to follow, thinking that the sea was always heavy like that. Soon we heard persons yelling at us, because the day before a young man had been drowned there. Then we came back to the shore. On that occasion Dammouse, who was prudence itself and who always remained concentrated prudence, watched us tranquilly. But afterwards we all went in swimming again time after time, for we followed the coast as far as Dieppe.

"For the vacation of 1869 Augustus, Dammouse, and I planned a journey into Switzerland. As soon as we mentioned it to Gus he wanted to start. But it was necessary to provide a purse and baggage and good shoes. We had all the trouble in the world to get Augustus to understand this. He said, 'Better leave at once. We will see about those things afterwards.' Finally, however, like ourselves, he scraped together a little money, his knapsack, and what was necessary to put into it. We left in a third-class excursion-train bound for Strasburg. I do not remember just how we managed to sell our return tickets, but we sold them. . . .

"The next day we visited the cathedral and went to the top of the spire to admire the panorama. Augustus was always the best and the most enthusiastic in his admiration. Nobody got his money's worth so well as he. Everything seemed enchanting, everything beautiful. We bathed in the Rhine. We passed over it on a bridge of boats and drank beer in Germany. It was wonderful. Fortunately we had given our money to Dammouse to keep; he was charged to pay the expenses. We knew that he was more reasonable than our-

selves, and therefore would prevent our committing follies. . . .

"From Strasburg we directed our steps across the beautiful country of Alsace to Basel. There we visited the museum, although it was not the entry day, because we were furnished with a letter from M. Guillaume, on the official paper of the Minister of Fine Arts, which described us as distinguished pupils of the school traveling for instruction.

"The next morning we left Basel at the caprice of the winds. After a few leagues we began to follow a valley through which ran a brook that from time to time we saw below the road. Then, all at once, on the slope beyond the stream, we caught sight of a little old castle. We stopped to admire it, whereupon, at a window, a large window way up near the top, appeared a woman. Was it a woman or a young girl? From the distance we could not tell. Naturally, however, she appeared to us young and beautiful, seen in a castle from afar by youths of twenty. Perhaps we were more visible to her than she was to us, for we had on white blouses with striped waistbands, trousers tucked in our gaiters, slouch hats, and knapsacks on our backs. At any rate, after a moment, our delightful young girl, whom we made out so indistinctly, waved a white scarf. Immediately the imagination of Augustus and myself took fire and flame, though not so the imagination of our little pocket-book, Dammouse. We began to ask ourselves, 'Is she not an unfortunate woman imprisoned in this castle by some horrible husband? Would it not be generous and chivalrous for us to deliver her?' Ah, how charming were all those foolish notions which passed through our heads! 'Yes, but we still have a long journey to make before arriving at our stopping-place,' our cashier interrupted. So with a hunch of our shoulders to replace our knapsacks, we once more took the road.

"Finally, when night had almost fallen, we reached a picturesque village of German Switzerland. At the same time a

formidable storm began to threaten. So we inquired the direction of the Hotel de l'Ours, to which we had been recommended, from some children around a fountain, who promptly ran away. But at last we came upon the inn, an immense and beautiful chalet of wood, reached by a flight of about ten steps. Augustus was in a state of ravishment, and I also. The place was large, clean, and hospitable.

"By this time the storm had unchained itself, the thunder rolling from valley to valley as one long peal. Nevertheless we ate a cozy meal with five or six of us at the table, among others a White monk who had beside him an enormous dog. The monk seemed a good man. He ate little, gave slices of his food to the dog, and, as he left us, he asked permission of the company to take a flower from the little bouquet which was on the table. When we went up to bed the door of the monk's room was wide open and the dog asleep on the threshold. I said, 'Is n't it true, Augustus, that we are really happy to be alive?'

"The next morning at dawn we arose, and asked for some cold meat left over from the previous supper. We each had a gourd, in one of which we carried white wine; also we possessed a tin box in which we placed butter. While passing through a village we filled the other two gourds with milk, and bought a big loaf of bread of five or six pounds' weight which we tied on to the top of a knapsack. Our elegant meal cost not more than thirty cents for the three. Kings were not cousins to us as we walked on again until eleven o'clock at night.

"Every day we did about the same thing, hardly ever lunching at a tavern. We had little money and spent little. We passed by Bienne to Neuchâtel, following the Jura until we arrived above the lake of Geneva and later above Coppet. While on this road we were lost in the enormous declivity of the mountain from which we could not extricate ourselves except by climbing a precipice of several hundred feet. On the summit we were attacked by a bull.

"Once we were surprised by the coming of night and rain; and, far from any village, we perceived in a hollow below the road that we were following an isolated cabin which bore above the door a branch from a gin bush, a sprig of green which was the sign of a tavern. We knocked before entering, on account of the dogs that had already annoyed us. A horrible woman came to open the door for us and said at once, 'The *gendarmes* are here!' For seeing us all wet, with our big overcoats, our hats, and our knapsacks, she took us for smugglers. I understood her mistake and we entered, to her terror. Indeed there was a sergeant of the *gendarmes* inside, for we had just crossed the frontier and were in France. We explained ourselves very amicably to the *gendarme*, who fortunately was far from stupid. Then the woman told us she would give us dinner and a bed. My God, what a dinner and what a bed!

"Another time some of these French Custom House men, drunk as pigs because they had swallowed the brandy which they had confiscated at the frontier, wanted to arrest us, saying that we had no passports. They would have thrown us into prison if we had not shouted so much louder than they that they were afraid.

"On reaching Coppet, we followed the shore of the lake as far as Lausanne, taking baths at intervals, for we always jumped in when there was water. Once Augustus wished that we two should swim across a sort of little bay. All went well until I was half way on the trip, when, having turned my head and seeing myself far from both shores, I became frightened. Augustus was a few strokes ahead of me. 'Don't swim so fast! I want to catch up to you,' I shouted. And then the fear ceased as I encouraged myself in thinking that if I were to drown he would drown also in trying to save me. Together we finished the crossing easily, but I never dared to tell him of my fright. . . .

"About thirty years afterwards, in our beautiful trip

through Italy, Augustus often remarked to me that our journey through the Juras and in Switzerland was one of the finest he ever had, incomparable to any others. I agree with him."

IV

THE FIRST STAY IN ITALY

1869-1872

War Declared on Germany—The Desire to Enlist—Wartime in France—The Journey to Rome—The Beauty of Rome—William Gedney Bunce—A Studio with Soares—The Eruption of Vesuvius—Dr. Henry Shiff—Roman Fever—The Generosity of Montgomery Gibbs—The Hiawatha—Other Commissions—The Return Home.

THE joy of that walking trip so charmingly described by M. Garnier did not, however, remain long with my father and his young friends. For scarcely had they reached home when the gathering clouds of the Franco-Prussian struggle closed over them. M. Garnier describes that moment:—

"Gus and I were at the opera with Pablo Defelice at the time that war was declared. I believe they were playing 'La Muette de Portici.' At any rate, near the end of the performance, the principal actor came before the audience with a flag in his hand to call on them to sing the National Hymn. Then every one went crazy and we no less than the others, so crazy that soon we found ourselves, with Bastien-Lepage and one of his friends, on the Boulevard des Italiens, where we hammered with fists and canes a number of idiots who were crying 'To Berlin!' "

The question of whether or not to follow the example of almost all his friends and enlist, gave my father infinite distress; and his ultimate leaving of Paris for quieter parts was only at the cost of much pride, sacrificed to the wishes of his

mother, for whom he held the greatest affection. A letter which I will translate, written by him to Mr. Garnier, presents with much vividness my father's attitude during the bitter months of the conflict. From this letter I will turn abruptly to the reminiscences which give the point of view of the man so many years later. Despite the fact that he did not know of the existence of the letter at the time he wrote his autobiography, the two frames of mind are strikingly similar, his sadness over the barbarous futility of war clashing then, as later, with his ardent patriotism. The situation offers a typical opportunity to show how unusually mature were his judgments as a youth. The letter reads:

LIMOGES, Septembre 21, 1870.

Cher Alfred:

Quoique le service régulier des postes est interrompu j'espère que ceci te parviendra. Je suis persuadé, et je ne t'en blâme pas, que tu dois te dire: Voila un lâche! Mais je tiens (et je suis certain que tu me comprendras) à me justifier 'j'étais à Lieusaint le 3 Septembre, donc j'ignorais ce qui s'était passé, soit la défaite de Sedan et la prise de l'Empereur. Je rentre tard à Paris, me couche, et pars de très bonne heure le lendemain, quoiqu'en allant à la gare, j'avais vu la proclamation des ministres de l'Empereur; mais le peu de confiance que j'avais et que l'on renverserait tout, et ma préoccupation pour le départ m'ont empeché de rester; j'achète le Siècle, je le mets dans ma poche; au bout d'une heure je le lis et je vois les paroles de Jules Favre du jour précédent. Alors j'ai regreté mon départ, mais je me disais que ça ne se ferait pas si vite; je vais à Limoges et je reviens de suite avec Lafont.

PLASTER CAST OF THE RIGHT HAND OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

While at work on a statue the sculptor often posed his hand and had it cast in plaster for reference. In this particular pose of the hand the gesture was for use in the Phillips Brooks monument

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J'apprends que la République s'est faite sans coups; je me suis de suite décidé à revenir à Paris et m'engager. Je vais voir Lafont le lendemain. Il me dit qu'il ne peut pas venir car il tire au sort dans quelques jours. J'ai resté un jour de plus. Lafont s'est engagé dans une compagnie 10me régiment de ligne. Je pars. En approchant Paris, voila des femmes qui entrent dans le train, pleurant, sanglotant, pour leurs maris et fils à la guerre. Ceci commence à me faire penser à mon chez moi; ma mère et ma longue absence. Ca m'embête! En arrivant à Paris je vois des bataillons qui partent, encore les mêmes scènes mais plus violentes. Tout ça ébranle mes bonnes résolutions quand, vlan! je reçois une lettre de 8 pages de ma mère. Elle était dans une douleur effrayante; elle m'implorait de ne pas me mêler de politique et de revenir n'importe comment en Amérique. Toi, qui je sais, aimes ta mère et qui sais comme j'aime la mienne, mets toi à ma place. Q'aurais tu fait? Comme moi j'en suis certain. Je sais bien que le devoir pour une belle cause comme celle-ci devrait passer avant l'amour de ses parents. Mais j'avoue que dans ce cas-ci je ne suis pas comme ça. Enfin je reviens à Limoges, mais je t'assure que je ne m'amuse guère; mes pensées sont toujours avec toi et je maronne de penser que tu es là-bas au danger et moi ici inactif. Je t'assure que je voudrais maintenant ne pas avoir mes parents pour que je ne puisse pas avoir d'entraves à mes principes. Mais vois tu c'est dur; ils seraient ici que je n'hesiterai pas. Mes parents sont vieux, ils m'aiment bien; ils ont travaillé fort toute leur

vie; sont pauvres et travaillent toujours et si j'étais enlevé! Tu ne te figure pas comme ça m'ennuie; c'est un tourment continuel.

. . . . . Ton ami,

GUS.

[TRANSLATION]

"Limoges, September 21, 1870.

Dear Alfred:

Although the regular postal service is interrupted, I hope this will reach you. I feel persuaded you think me a coward, and I don't blame you. But I am going to explain what happened, and then I am certain you will agree that I was justified in doing what I did.

On the third of September I was at Lieusaint, and heard nothing of the defeat of Sedan and capture of the Emperor. I returned to Paris very late and went to bed. Early the next morning I started for the railway station, and, on the way, saw the proclamation of the Emperor's ministers; but my lack of confidence in their ability and my preoccupation prevented my remaining in Paris. The "Siècle" which I bought I put in my pocket. About an hour after, I took it out and read the speech made by Jules Favre the day before; and then, though I regretted my going away, I said to myself, "There is no hurry. I am traveling only as far as Limoges where I will find Lafond, who I am sure will come back with me at once." On my arrival there I learned that the Republic was proclaimed, and that settled my mind to revisit Paris and to volunteer. Soon I found Lafond, who told me he was on the conscription list and that therefore he had to remain where

he was. The next day he was drafted into the 10th Infantry, and I returned to Paris alone. The train was filled with women weeping for their husbands and sons at the front, which made me think of home, my mother, and the years of absence, all of which saddened me. On reaching Paris, I found more regiments leaving and more scenes of misery to weaken my resolution, and then, to cap the climax, an eight-page letter from my mother telling of her state of mind concerning me, imploring me to keep out of political affairs and to return to America at any cost.

I know you love your mother, and you realize how much I think of mine. What would you have done in my place? You would have done as I did, I feel sure. I understand that one's duty to a great cause should be paramount to the love one bears his parents, but I confess I had no such stern resolve. Once more I am back in Limoges, where I can assure you I am not at all happy. My thoughts are continually with you on the field of danger, while regretting my inactivity here. I feel now that I would rather be bereft of those parents whose existence interferes with the defense of my principles. So you see I am hard pressed.

If they were only here, I would not hesitate a moment. But they are getting old, and love me. They have worked hard all their lives, are poor, and are still working. What would happen if they should lose me now? You can imagine what a miserable state of mind I am in. Your friend,

Gus.

The Reminiscences continue in this same vein:

Shortly after our trip through the Juras, war was declared. In common with most Republican sympathizers, I felt violent antagonism to the action of the French Government. I believe it is not generally appreciated that the Republican party opposed the war. Nothing was more striking to me than to see the Paris regiments going up the Boulevard de Strasbourg to the railroad station, straggling along apparently in confusion, followed by their wives, children and friends, while many of the men shouted "Vive la Paix!" Again I recall watching some of the provincial troups marching to the same stations in the night, but in more regular order, many of them intoxicated, singing the Marseillaise. As they filed by in the dark, they produced upon me strongly the impression of sheep being driven to the shambles. Indeed so vivid was their misery and so intense the pathos, that, in my sympathy, I rushed up and embraced two or three of the soldiers as they went by.

Before this I had fortunately been given a stone-cameo portrait to do for which I was to be paid one hundred dollars, an enormous sum to me at that time. The lady who ordered it, a widow from Canada, departed suddenly for America when the war broke out, and I sent the cameo to her by her father. Knowing therefore that I was to have this money, I left Paris on the fourth of September for Limoges, where my brother, Andrew, worked in the employ of one of the New York porcelain firms. On that day the Republic

was declared and I learned of it when I arrived at Limoges at night.

Immediately followed Bismarck's rejection of Jules Favre's proclamation that the Republican party, then in power, would be willing to stop the war and pay an indemnity, but would not relinquish a stone of their fortresses or an inch of their territory. This brought the Republicans to the defense of their country, and I started back to Paris to join either the active army or the ambulance corps. On arriving there I found a letter from my mother so pathetic that my courage failed, and I decided to return to Limoges. I was in Paris long enough, however, to be present at the entrance into the city of the troops from Brittany, marching in at the Porte d'Orléans, with no uniforms but in simple blouses; while crowded with them, in utter confusion and dust, were droves of sheep and cattle, being led to the Jardin des Plantes, in preparation for the coming siege. This was a vision of war that I can never forget. Another spectacle which made a profound impression on me was that of the defeated army of MacMahon, which had been hurried into Paris, bivouacking on the magnificent Avenue de la Grand Armée, the troops in their weathen-worn uniforms, the camp fires, and the stacked arms. I appreciate only now the irony of these defeated legions under the shadow of the great Arch erected to the honor of Napoleon's victories.

With these visions I left Paris and returned to my brother in Limoges, to find that another friend, La-

fond by name, also a Republican, had enlisted at once on the change of the Government. He had a most adventurous career within the next twelve months. He was sent to Bourbaki's army, was in the flight to Switzerland, and subsequently enrolled in one of Thier's regiments that were encircling Paris fighting the Communists. In one of the charges of his regiment through the cemetery of Mont Parnasse towards the Communists on the other side, he fell directly under the opposing wall feigning death, while his regiment retired, for his sympathies being with the Communists he wished to join them. The Communists, coming out, took him and were for shooting him, dragging him along the streets as a spy. Were it not that they met an old flame of his, who recognized him and assured his captors of his sincerity, he would not have escaped death. Then he fought with the Communists against the Versaillais and later was taken prisoner by them. He told me that the greatest fear he experienced in all his adventures was that which occurred when he and all his fellow-prisoners were formed in line and the commanding officer walked by, picking out those who were to be immediately marched off and shot. The moment of the Colonel's looking him in the eye was one of awful terror. His refined and gentle look no doubt protected him.

After remaining in Limoges for three or four months I borrowed one hundred francs from my brother and started for Rome, as I knew that there I would find an Italian friend and, very probably, work. It was mis-

erable November weather. I crossed France to Lyons, in the hope of taking a steamer which I was told descended the Rhone to Avignon, near Marseilles, at a very reduced price. But at Lyons I found the service stopped, so I had to go down in the cars. While loitering at the station, it was queer to see some twenty or thirty Prussian prisoners awaiting a train, calmly lounging about, smoking their peaceful, family-looking porcelain pipes.

At Marseilles I just missed a boat that went to Civita Vecchia, the point of landing for Rome; consequently I had to wait three days more. I was not the most respectable object in the world, and so, as I was followed once or twice during the first day by other suspicious-looking individuals, through fear I determined to pass my time away from the city. This I did by going to the hill called Notre Dame de Bonne Garde, from which there was a marvelous view of Marseilles, the Mediterranean, and the coast.

During all this time, in fact during the whole trip from Limoges, I lived on figs and chocolate and pieces of an extraordinary pâté, given me by the big, fat, whole-hearted wife of the owner of the pension where my brother lodged. So by the time I boarded the little steamer for Civita Vecchia, my stomach was not in a condition to be tossed about. My other possession beside this pâté was the box containing my cameo-cutter's lathe, to which I clung during the forty or fifty hours that the journey between Marseilles and Civita Vecchia lasted. I suffered the tortures of the damned,

rolling round the deck in misery and in my more lucid intervals catching glimpses of the sailors seated before my pâté, which they, no doubt, seeing that I was unable to appreciate, concluded to dispose of themselves.

In contrast to this, the trip to Rome from Civita Vecchia, when the cars rolled through the soft air of the Campagna, seemed like the entrance into Paradise. I arrived there at night and called immediately on my friend, who they told me was in an adjoining house. There I found him paying court to the most beautiful creature in the world. I slept in his room, and the following morning I awoke to the blessed charm of Rome.

The fascination of the Holy City, as I stepped into the street the first time that morning, can only be appreciated by those who have lived there. Coming so soon after the misery of the gray, bleak weather of France, the war and its disaster, and the terrible Mediterranean trip, it seemed all the more exalting. As I turned the corner from the Via Sistina where my friend lived and looked up the Via Porte Pinciana, the first view of a stone-pine at the head of the street appeared incomparably beautiful in the gentle welcome which seemed to pervade it all. It was as if a door had been thrown wide open to the eternal beauty of the classical. Therefore though one phase of my life in Paris was repeated while I was in Rome, my enthusiasm for my work making me neglect the earning of pennies to such an extent that I was down at the heel most of the time, a greater appreciation of surround-

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

From a photograph sent from Rome in the sixties
Owned by Mrs. D. J. McDonald

ing nature than that which existed in France came over me, and the classic charm of the Campagna, of the Sabine Mountains, of Tivoli, Albano, and Frascati were by no means lost on me during my frequent Sunday trips to these places.

Shortly after my arrival in Rome also I witnessed one of those scenes which it seems to me are possible only in Italy, for that country has an extraordinary gift for public celebrations which always shows itself in a surprising measure. King Victor Emmanuel's formal entrance into the city was the event in the history of Italy at the time, and the population meant that it should be memorable. The palaces and houses on each side of the Corso, which was crowded with people, were made alive and gorgeous with all manner of rugs, flags, flowers and garlands. Along its narrow sidewalks, from the railroad station at one end of the route to the palace of the Quirinal at the other, soldiers stood within a foot or two of one another. After the usual wait that seems inevitable in all affairs of this kind, I became conscious of a confused sound in the distance which increased gradually to a roar. Up the street there seemed to be a cloud approaching us with increasing rush of noise. As it drew near it was seen to be a tremendous storm of flowers. Then came a bewildering instant of wild enthusiasm from the people as the king was driven past at a very high speed, preceded and followed by a crowd of dragoons. As he flew by we found ourselves in the height of the noise and confusion and the flowers. But

in a moment the storm disappeared down the street like a tornado diminishing in the distance. Such was his entry, and the haste no doubt was a wise precaution against possible bombs.

To fall back once more upon the prosaic things in life, however; through my friend whom I visited on coming to Rome I immediately obtained cameos to do for a dealer, Rossi by name, a man with a big red beard, who lived on the Via Margutta. He paid what seemed to me large prices, and I set about to find a studio in which to model my first statue, which was to astonish the world. Truman Bartlett, whose place I have said I occupied for a short time in Paris, informed me that, if I would delay a little, there was an American dying near by who had precisely what I wished, with a studio adjoining, and that it would not be long before I could obtain possession. While awaiting the event, another friend came to me saying that he knew this very sick American, whom it would be a kindness to visit. He had had a stroke of paralysis. So I was told that, although his speech was incoherent, it would be well to pretend to understand him and to cheer him up. When I called, I found a living dead man on a low cot in a little room. But he needed no cheering up, for, notwithstanding the incoherency of his language, he seemed perfectly happy and contented, nailed to his bed as he was. I went frequently to see him after that. We became fast friends. This was thirty-six years ago and still he is alive, as sound as a drum, as lively as a cricket, and likely far to outlive those of us

who expected to attend his funeral and to occupy his studio in Rome. I speak of Mr. William Gedney Bunce, the artist who has painted such beautiful visions of Venice.

In Rome, too, I met one day another of my Paris friends who had come there to escape the war: Soares, "Heart of Gold" as Bion called him. He was a Fine Arts pensioner of the Portuguese Government. We took a studio together, and in it I set up the figure that should open people's eyes. He also began one, which represented "The Exile," the hero of a poem by Camoens, written while he, Camoens, was in banishment. This figure with its melancholy was in complete accord with Soares' own nature, and a beautiful work he made. A big sheet hung across the studio, separating us. On the other side of the sheet I began the statue of Hiawatha, "pondering, musing in the forest, on the welfare of his people," and so on. This accorded with the profound state of my mind, pondering, musing on my own ponderous thoughts and ponderous efforts. Soares' was really a noble nature. No breath of quarrel ever came between us, and that is saying a good deal, considering my ever-readiness for one. His utmost protest was an occasional "Ouf" which he uttered, when, following the habit of my masters in New York and my own renown in Paris, I began bawling the moment I entered the studio, never to stop until I left it at one o'clock to go to my bread-winning cameos. He told me that I sang precisely like a hand-organ, that I had a regular routine of songs, one following the other until the list

was exhausted. Some of these songs were interesting because they dated from a generation much earlier than those that the young people of my period were familiar with. And to the boys in the Beaux Arts in Paris, it seemed more than strange to have this "pasteboard American," as they called me, sing to them French songs of which they knew nothing. These songs I had taken from Avet and LeBrethon who had learned them in their youth. They were popular between 1830 and 1850 and had gone entirely out of date.

Moreover, to try my friend's patience even further, I accepted from Mercié, upon his moving to Naples, a great Italian greyhound, an animal so wild that it curtailed our liberty to a large extent. It was the painter Regnault's dog, who had left it with Mercié when he started to join the army in Paris, where he was one of the last men to be shot in one of the last engagements with the Prussians. He had an extraordinary talent and was most popular. That he should be selected for death was miserable business. Indeed, he was so much the great man of the time that it was an honor to be associated with him in any way, even to the keeping of his dog.

In the midst of all this, that is to say in 1872, occurred the great eruption of Vesuvius. So with a hilarious band of comrades I took a train one fine morning to see the stupendous spectacle. As we went South, the day grew grayer and we grew happier and happier, Soares, in his delight, devouring large quantities of Gruyère cheese, forgetting that the mere sight of it had

hitherto always made him sick. Oh, mental science! Then the sky became more and more leaden in tone, and at first we concluded we were in for one of those sirocco days which occur in Italy and which scorch everything. The heat did not increase, however, although the surrounding country took on a weird appearance, until when we were about midway between Rome and Naples, we saw that the foliage of the trees had become grayish. A little later it appeared ashy, the roads turned from yellow to gray, and where cart wheels passed over them they left a light track as they lifted the dust which proved to be the cinders of Vesuvius blown north. This continued with increasing intensity until our arrival at Naples.

Naples itself seemed in the midst of a driving storm, the mountain being visible only in the rifts of the smoke and cinders. We walked to the hotel in the midst of the shower, many of the population under umbrellas, and on arriving collected enough of the cinders off the rims of our hats to fill a wine-glass. In the evening we went down to the Quay and looked across the bay to the mountain, where we could see the occasional discharges of flame and hear the constant underground rumble as of thunder in the distance. I should be very much more impressed by it now than I was in those light-hearted, empty-headed years, for that night our chief interest lay in hiding a musket that we found in our room in the boarding-house and a cavalry sabre between the sheets of Soares' bed. His exclamation upon touching the cold metal, and his

anger and difficulty in getting them out, gave us diabolical pleasure.

That night I was awakened by a dream in which I felt that the whole house was moving and swaying. It was actually doing so, and our Italian hosts had rushed into the street. We, however, in our indifference and fatigue, turned over and fell asleep again.

The next morning we made preparations to go up as near the cone as we could get a man to take us. We set out boldly on this adventure. But we had not advanced any great distance before the increase of the gloom and the terrifying noises so alarmed our guide that he refused to proceed further.

Then we returned to Rome and I resumed my labors on Hiawatha, soon to find that I had nearly completed the statue. I was in much distress of mind as to how I could get the money to cast the figure in plaster, however, when by a lucky chance I made the acquaintance of a young theologian, Mr. Nevins, afterwards Dr. Nevins, then interested in the establishment of the Young Men's Christian Association in Rome. I was the last person in the world to be associated with such an organization, yet our similar nationality and his kindness of spirit drew me to him until he persuaded me to go to the rooms. The result was that shortly after this he brought to my studio, during my absence, Mr. Montgomery Gibbs, who, with his wife and two daughters, both young and attractive, lived at the Hotel Constanzi on the Via San Nicola da Tolentino, opposite the lovely spot where we had our studio. Upon inquiry

into the condition of my exchequer and my prospects generally, he told Soares that he thought he would advance me the money to cast my figure of Hiawatha, and that in return I might model the portraits of his two daughters. I recall distinctly the bright afternoon when Soares rushed out to tell me of a rich American who had been to the studio, who wished to see me, and who proposed helping me, if I could be helped. This was one of the happiest moments in my life, for I had been certain that, if I could ever get my wonderful production before the American public, I would amaze the world and settle my future. Here was the opportunity in my grasp.

I immediately began my busts of the young ladies. Whereupon, to add to my delight, the Gibbs family, who were on intimate terms with Senator William M. Evarts, one day brought to my studio Miss Hettie Evarts, now Mrs. Charles C. Beaman, with the result that I received, if I am not mistaken, my first commission for copies of the busts of Demosthenes and Cicero, which it was then the fashion for tourists to have made by the sculptors in Rome. At the same date Mr. Gibbs induced Mr. Evarts, sitting in Geneva at the Alabama Arbitration Tribunal, to consent to pose for his head on his return to America.

Those, therefore, were days of great joy as well as of great misery, for mixed with the pleasure of a certain future was the unhappiness I suffered from Roman fever and the incessant dunning of the restaurant man who had been confident enough to trust me to the ex-

tent of a thousand lire, an enormous sum at that time and under those conditions.

The restaurant was a remarkable place. The proprietor was a fat man with an equally fat wife, both of them monstrously dirty and greasy. We dubbed him "The Hippopotamus," and by this name the restaurant remained known. To it came many of the men who have since become distinguished—Merson, Blanc, Mercié, Carolus Duran, and others of similar strength. The place was indescribably dirty, but extraordinarily picturesque. Not only "The Hippopotamus" but the son helped at the table. He was long, lank, and loose, and was called "The Kangaroo." Which of the three members of the family was the least clean is a point still unsettled.

Indeed, at this restaurant and at the Café Greco on the Via Condotti, many of the artists of other countries and of my generation assembled at night for the inevitable little cup of black coffee. The Café Greco, I believe, dates back before the days of Byron and Thackeray, and still remained in existence when I returned to Rome five years ago.

It was in such surroundings that I made the acquaintance of my great comrade, Dr. Henry Shiff, whose friendship has continued until this day. I suppose that, on the whole, he exerted a more powerful influence in forming what little character I have than any other man I have ever met. He was born in New Orleans, his father a Hebrew and his mother a Catholic. He was educated in France, served as a surgeon

SILENCE

In the Masonic Temple, Sixth Avenue and
Twenty-third Street, New York

HIAWATHA

In Hilton Park, Saratoga, New York

in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, came to New York, where he practised a short while, and then retired to Rome.

However, this form of life soon ended, as Mr. Gibbs, seeing how I was held down by Roman fever and realizing that I had been five years away from home, very kindly offered to advance me passage money with which I might go to America and return, after visiting my parents. My departure was far from serene. "The Hippopotamus" getting wind of it, awaited me at the station, to prevent my leaving until my debt had been paid. He was perfectly right. But a voluble mutual friend assured him that by stopping me they were preventing the means of my paying them.

On my way north it was strange to go through Paris and see the traces of the awful combats of the Commune. On all the principal streets, houses could be found with pieces knocked off by musket bullets and cannon balls, the Montparnasse Railway Station being covered with these dents, while the iron shutters of some of the great department stores and barracks down near the large square called the Château d'Eaux were literally so filled with bullet holes that they resembled sieves.

I remained in Paris but a day or two, stopping as well in London, on my way to Liverpool, to see my English friend of the lion-hunting ambitions, who had been reinstated in his father's good graces. After his refusal to enter the French Army in time of peace he had shown the stuff he was made of, when the republic

was declared, by volunteering in a Zouave regiment which was well known for being always in the thick of things.

At Liverpool I took the steamer for America. The ship sailed by the coast of Ireland in very rough weather, so near that we could see the breakers. At the time I was especially struck by the fact that the man on the bridge, either the captain or some other high officer, had been indulging in too much of the cup that cheers. This did not lead to my unalloyed confidence. I reached home safely, however, to the surprised delight of my family. For, as I was a very bad correspondent and wrote to my parents only on rare occasions, I had given them no idea of my project, and marched into Father's store quite without warning.

This account by Saint-Gaudens of his vital struggles in Rome needs somewhat of an afterword, for the period, and especially the meeting with the Gibbs family, was far too important a step in his development to be passed over without comment. Therefore I will turn first to a letter which Saint-Gaudens sent to M. Garnier from Rome on March 21, 1871. He writes:

Rome, March 21, 1871.

Mon cher Alfred:

. . . Je ne veux pas parler de cette guerre. C'est trop triste et je reserve de t'en causer pour quand je te reverrai; mais toi, donne moi quelques petits détails seulement. Tu ne te figure pas avec quelle avidité je lirais la moindre chose qui ait pu vous arriver. Vous en

avez vu de dures, et pendant que moi j'étais sain et sauf loin de tout danger. Vous me faites envie je vous assure. Quand à moi je n'ai qu'à me réjouir de ma situation pécuniaire.

Je gagne beaucoup d'argent et je vais pouvoir faire la figure que je commencerai cette semaine, non seulement en plâtre, mais en marbre. Ils payent les camées ici bien plus qu'à Paris. Ils sont bien moins exigeant. La vie et meilleure marché, les modèles moitié moins chères qu'à Paris; atelier, etc., de mêmes. En plus je commence à avoir des rélations avec de riches Américains et des camées à faire pour eux exéssivement bien payés. La santé va tres bien et nous faisont des promenades magnifiques. Soares, Simoes, Pablo, Defelice et moi nous faisons des grandes marches ou nous dépensons tres peu et ou nous nous amusons beaucoup!

Le bon jour aux camarades aussi si tu en vois! Je te donne une bonne poignée de main.

Ton ami,

Gus.

[TRANSLATION]

Dear Alfred:

. . . I don't want to speak to you about this war. It is too sad, so I will refrain from mentioning it until we see each other again. Instead I will ask you to give me some small details about yourself. You don't know with what avidity I would read about the slightest things which might happen to you. You must have seen some terrible times while I have been safe and sound, far from all danger. I envy you, I assure you.

Personally I have nothing to do but to congratulate myself on my pecuniary situation.

I am making a lot of money and will be able to complete my statue, which I will begin next week, not only in plaster, but in marble. The cameos are better paid here than at Paris. The jewelers are less exacting. Living is very much cheaper and models are only half as dear as in Paris. Rents, etc., are equally cheap. More than this, I am beginning to get into relations with rich Americans, and the cameos I make for them are extraordinarily well paid. My health is excellent and we have magnificent walks together. Soares, Simoes, Pablo, Defelice and I take great tramps which cost us very little, and upon which we enjoy ourselves hugely. . . .

Remember me to all the comrades also whenever you see them. With a good hand clasp I remain your friend

Gus.

Again it must be remembered that the optimism expressed here and in the reminiscences resulted from a frame of mind rather than from truly fortunate conditions. For instance, all Saint-Gaudens' oldest friends will testify that in those days he was often seriously ill with Roman fever, a fact that he barely touches upon; while, to give a more concrete example of his characteristic despising of difficulties, I will quote directly from a letter written by Mrs. John Merrylees, then Miss Belle Gibbs. She says:

"Mr. Gibbs asked a few ladies about having a cameo cut of Mary Stuart. They told him of a young American who had designed some for them and who greatly needed work, and

they gave his address to Mr. Gibbs. It was the address of Augustus Saint-Gaudens' studio. Upon going there, Mr. Gibbs found only a little boy, who told him that his master was very ill, but that he had taken care of 'the model' and had kept it wet. He then undid the wrapping from the clay figure of Hiawatha, which so impressed Mr. Gibbs that he hastened to discover the sculptor. He found him dangerously ill in a low attic, and immediately had him removed to better quarters and nursed. On his recovery, Mr. Gibbs undertook to support him while he finished the Hiawatha, and to obtain an order for a bust from his friend, Senator William M. Evarts. . . . Mr. Saint-Gaudens cut the cameo before anything else, as he said that the search for a cameo-cutter had brought him his friend, and so Mr. Gibbs' wish for a Mary Stuart must be fulfilled."

This assistance rendered by Mr. Gibbs was both real and generous. Moreover, it lifted my father over obstacles then otherwise unsurmountable. There is no telling what his future might have been without this cordial hand in aid. Mr. Gibbs himself well expressed his attitude in a letter to my father in which he wrote: "I am sure that the last thing of which I stand in need is a marble statue, particularly one of the dimensions of your 'Hiawatha.' But for the fact that I sympathize very strongly with you in your struggles to maintain yourself here until your genius and labors shall have met the reward to which I feel they are entitled, I would not have thought of attempting any arrangement by which you might be enabled to complete your large work and make yourself known." Then he went on to explain his promptly-accepted plan by which he was to pay the expense of the completion of the statue, move it to America, exhibit it as his own, sell it if possible, refund the loan to himself, and present the young sculptor with the remainder of the profits.

It is good to know that the "Hiawatha" proved worthy of the money so invested. The statue ultimately became the prop-

erty of Mr. E. D. Morgan, and now stands in Hilton Park, Saratoga, New York.

It is even more pleasant to realize that Mr. Gibbs lived to see the young artist he assisted succeed to the full extent of all his anticipations and yet to retain an undiminished gratitude for the kindness accorded him. Indeed the whole acquaintance was a memorable and charming one for my father. Not only did he obtain the aid and commissions mentioned in the reminiscences, but, in addition, through Mr. Gibbs, while in Rome he came into the way of meeting Miss Augusta F. Homer, to whom later he was married, as well as others who proved staunch in friendship and assistance during his American struggles. Here, to conclude, are portions of a letter from my father to Mr. Gibbs which shows the young sculptor's frank relations with his patron.

ROME, May, 1872.

My Dear Mr. Gibbs:

. . . I have been thinking very seriously for the last few days in regard to the making of the "Hiawatha" in bronze. . . . My figure, if reproduced, will not improve so much in bronze as it will in marble for the reason that to have it in bronze the clay has to be excessively finished, which would take a great deal more time. . . . Also, as the figure was originally intended for the marble, certain forms and arrangements were made so that they would acquire certain effects in the marble which would be quite lost on the bronze. . . . There is the other reason, that the marble will no doubt be much cheaper, and also, as you have the intention of getting it in the Art Museum in New York,

which I would desire a great deal, the marble would certainly be far preferable. . . . I am certain that if you see it reproduced in that substance you will not regret it. . . .

In regard to Mr. Evart's bust, I should prefer to do it on my return here, only I dread the waiting. May he not change his mind? If you think he will not, why I shall wait, but if the contrary, I shall do it now. About the twentieth of this month I shall send him the Cicero that I am now making. It is smaller than its companion head, the Demosthenes. I have had it cut so on mature reflection, as I think it much better to have the authentic size of both. I do not believe it right to sacrifice to uniformity the correctness and truthfulness to the original.

Miss Belle's bust will be finished in two or three days and I am highly satisfied. I cannot say the same though of Miss Florence's bust. It has been quite unfortunate. After having the rest of the bust roughed out and commencing to work on the features, a spot in the marble appeared over the left eye, so of course the cutting could not go on. I have been obliged to buy another piece, this time not so cheaply. It cost fifty francs. I have had it commenced immediately and now I am sure we shall not be so unfortunate. The misfortune takes back the economies I had made on the first two pieces, because to the sum must be added the forty francs for what work the buffator had done on it. This of course makes it impossible to have it finished for my departure. The features will be finished, but the hair

and the accessories will take some time after my departure.

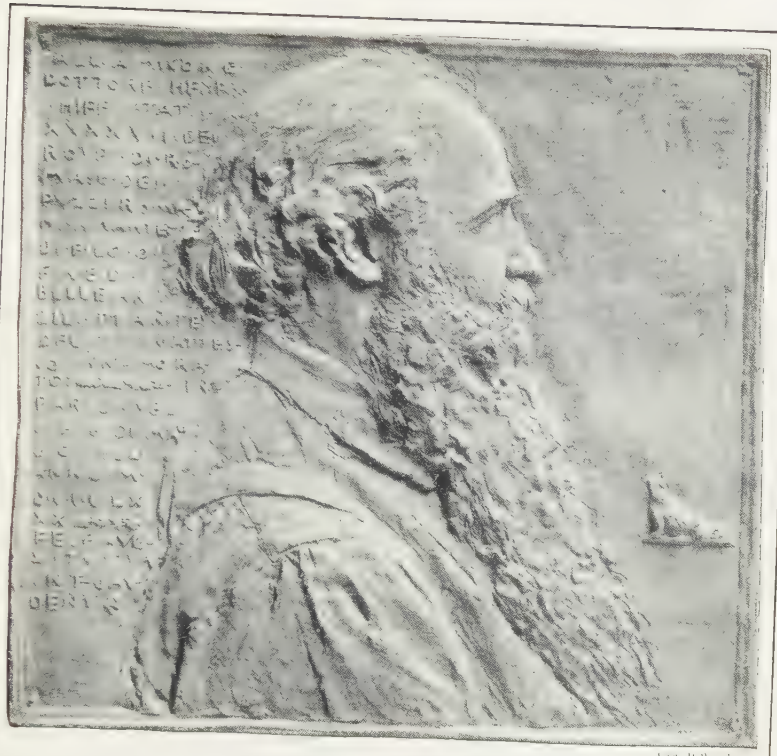
Yours very truly,
AUG. ST. GAUDENS.

With such cordial assistance, then, Saint-Gaudens' Roman work went forward until he started upon his first return to America. Yet I must not close this chapter without a word more as to my father's old friend, Dr. Henry Shiff.

Dr. Shiff was considerably the senior of the two, a man with a clear analytical brain, of immense literary acquirement, and a dilettante in art. He never returned to this country during his later years, but lived in Italy, Spain, or Paris. He long made a hobby of Japanese and Chinese bronzes, especially of toads and frogs, which explains, to a certain extent, the peculiar inscription on the bas-relief which my father modeled of him a few years after their meeting. This inscription reads:—

ALL' AMICONE DOTTORE HENRY SHIFF AETATIS XXXXVII. DEI ROSPI DI ROMA E DEI PUZZI ROMANI AMANTE. DI FILOSOFIA E DI BELLE ARTI DILETTANTE. DEL TIPO GATTESCO INAMORATO: IN PARIGI NEL MESE DI MAGGIO DELL' ANNO MDCCCLXXX. (To the dear friend Doctor Henry Shiff at the age of forty-seven. Lover of the toads and smells of Rome, dilettante in philosophy and the fine arts, admirer of the feline type: in Paris in the month of May of the year MDCCCLXXX.)

As has been indicated, Shiff's philosophy brought forth an eager response from similar qualities in my father's own nature which no one else had stirred. Indeed such was their intimacy up to 1880 that, though in the seventeen years which followed they saw one another only once, on my father's return to Europe they found their ties in no wise broken by



DR. HENRY SHIFF

the long separation. Again the two resumed their old relations. Again Shiff held forth on socialism and morals in Montmartre *brasseries*, and on a peculiar breed of anarchy which he tempered by optimism in working-men's cafés in the St. Antoine Quarter. Again he laid before Saint-Gaudens his cheerful outlook that in early days so opened the sculptor's receptive eyes to things beyond his art and later so encouraged him in his periods of despondency.

V

THE SECOND STAY IN ITALY

1872-1875

New York Activities—The Death of Mary Saint-Gaudens—An Intoxicated Frenchman and a Half-dressed German—From Paris to Rome—On Foot to Naples—Difficulty with the Silence—Cameos—Other Misfortunes—The Death of Rhinehart—Light Ahead—Paris According to Bion.

SAINT-GAUDENS has little to say of his stay in New York upon his return from Europe. It was successful and short though full of intense nervous stress; for beside his troubles with the five patrons of whom he speaks, he obtained a number of other orders only through great persistence. One of these commissions for a large, semicircular panel for the Adams Express Company Building in Chicago, represented a bull-dog, with revolvers and bowie knives to assist him, guarding a couple of safes. Another, for a silver candelabra, which Tiffany was to place in the Gordon Bennett yacht *Mohawk*, was a figure of an Indian dancing with knife and scalp. Moreover the sculptor successfully sought out orders for copies of antique figures and busts, such as those of Antonius and Apollo, a bust of Samuel Johnson to be modeled from engravings, and a statue of Psyche. And all the while he taught his brother, Louis Saint-Gaudens, his friend, Louis Herzog, and two others to cut camoes.

Such energy would have been exceptional enough with the firmest foundation. But my father struggled along on only the flimsiest basis, since at that time the results of the great panic of 1873 made money extremely hard to obtain. What buoyed him up through all these struggles, however, was that

self-confidence which led him, on leaving Rome, to tell Miss Belle Gibbs that though he was then traveling in the steerage he knew that eventually conditions would be altered and that, as a well-known artist, he would be crossing the ocean in the cabin.

Also before taking up his brief account of this New York visit, I have a word more to add in connection with his final glimpse of his mother which he barely mentions; because, as he expressed himself much later in life, "there is always the 'triste' undertone in my soul that comes from my sweet Irish mother." It is a pathetic outcry from a nature little accustomed to exhibit its sorrows, and is contained in this letter from him to his close friend, Richard Watson Gilder, written in 1885, after the death of Mr. Gilder's mother:

Dear Gilder:

I have gone through the same grief you are having; and, although at times it seemed as if I could not bear it, again I felt that I could have no heart when it seemed as if nothing had occurred and I had a light heart. But that has all gone by. Now I know that I had a heart as regards my mother, and the trial has been like a great fire that has passed, and it seems, after all these years, as the one holy spot in my life, my sweet mother. I am with you in your grief, believe me.

Affectionately,

A. St.-Gaudens.

I turn to the reminiscences:

I was not long idle in New York, as, shortly after my arrival, I began the bust of Senator Evarts in the dressing-room of his house on the southwest corner of

Second Avenue and Fifteenth Street. Thereafter one thing rapidly led to another. Through Mr. Evarts I received a commission for a bust of Mr. Edward Stoughton, and later of Mr. Edwards Pierrepont, then Attorney General under Grant. After that followed an order from Mr. Elihu Root, now Secretary of State, for two copies of the busts of Demosthenes and Cicero, which made me feel richer than I have ever felt since. And lastly, Mr. L. H. Willard, an admirer of my old employer LeBrethon, on learning that I was returning to Italy, commissioned me to have a sarcophagus cut for him and to model a figure of Silence, to be placed at the head of the principal staircase in the Masonic Building on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. The less said about that statue the better.

With this, to me, bewildering amount of work, I sailed on the *Egypt* for Liverpool, my brother Louis having gone abroad a month or so ahead of me to see that things were ready when I got to Rome, and incidentally to earn his living, as I had done, by cameo cutting. The day of my departure was a sad one, for it was the last I saw of my mother when she stood weeping on the dock, and it seems as if I had a presentiment that it would be so.

On my way to Rome I remained some months in the Rue des Saints-Pères in Paris whither I was followed from New York by my friend Gortelmeyer, a lithographer who drew beautifully. There very early one morning, while walking along the Boulevard St. Michel, I suddenly encountered an old comrade of Rome, by the

name of Noël. A peculiarity about him was that, although austere in the ordinary go of life, for some inexplicable reason he became unusually affectionate toward me when he had imbibed more than necessary. Upon this occasion he had evidently been indulging to a joyous degree, for he hugged me in the most exuberant Latin fashion, until in my desire to escape I gave him my address, thinking he would promptly forget it.

I was wrong. For very early on a morning shortly after my sidewalk encounter, as I opened the door at the foot of our little dark, narrow stairs in answer to a ring of the bell, I found that I had admitted my happy friend.

"Hello! Hello!" he shouted, as he fumbled and rumbled up the narrow stairs.

Then he got to the top of the flight, and strange things began to happen.

In the first place, my friend Gortelmeyer wore as a night-shirt an undershirt so shrunk that it came down to but six or eight inches below his arms. Moreover, his first requirement on awakening was his glasses, which he always had difficulty in finding. So, awakened at the noise, by the time we arrived he was on his feet, and a spectacle for the gods, as he stood with his back toward us, bending over the chair next to his bed.

Noel, on seeing this vision, threw up his arms and shouted, "God in Heaven, what is that? What is that?"

"Gortelmeyer," I said, as he continued his blind, helpless search, "for Heaven's sake, turn round! Let me introduce you, Mr. Gortelmeyer—Mr. Noël. Mr. Noël

—Mr. Gortelmeyer." Whereupon the long, thin, lank, blond Prussian, in the undress I have described, shook hands in a most dignified manner, in the white four-o'clock light of the studio, with the short, fat, intoxicated Frenchman, until Noël, shouting up to the last, sat down and begged me to let him wash his face.

"Go into the bedroom, and you will find a sponge and water," I replied.

There followed a great splashing, and in a moment Noel appeared crying and in an awful condition.

"My God! My head has never been as dirty as this!" he bubbled.

He was right; for, in the dimness of his mind, he had used the pail in which the soiled water was thrown.

Shortly after this Dammouse and I went to Rome by way of Venice and Leghorn, stopping at the latter place to see Mr. Torrey, the American Consul there, who was to advise with me as to the carving of the sarcophagus for Mr. Willard. I recollect a delightful drive on the sea road and a dinner at his house, where I was so impressed by the gorgeousness of the butler who was serving at table and so ignorant of the complex workings of the utensil used for taking asparagus from the plate that I discharged a great forkful of that interesting vegetable over my knees and onto the floor. I confess to still finding difficulty with that tool, and I believe many of my readers have a similar trouble, but fear to confess it.

On arriving in Rome, I was of course welcomed with open arms by "The Hippopotamus" family, whose debt

I was now able to cancel. Promptly also I took up the routine of my life very much as I had left it, except that Soares had gone, and now, in my opulence, I occupied the entire studio. I began work at once on the figure of Silence; and in addition inaugurated a fifth love affair, a very brief one, however, with a beautiful model, Angelina, by name, with whom I wanted to elope to Paris. She was wise enough to refuse, and that passed away like those which preceded it.

From this point the tide began to turn in my favor. For, soon after, Governor Morgan, on a visit to Italy, learning of my presence there, came to call on me. The fact of my being in Rome, the charm of that city, the idyllic loveliness of the garden in which my studio was smothered, and, to be literal, its nearness to his hotel, the Costanzi, must have appealed peculiarly to him upon his realizing that here was the son of the interesting man who had made shoes for him in New York. Accordingly, upon his request, I went to see him at the hotel, where he asked me what it would cost to cut in marble the statue of Hiawatha, which, through the generosity of Mr. Gibbs, I had succeeded in casting in plaster before going to America. I have forgotten what the price was; I think in the neighborhood of eight hundred dollars. He said he would take the statue if I would execute it for him for that sum. I suppose I danced with glee when I reached my studio after that visit, as here again was one of the happiest days of my life. There seem to be plenty of them as I proceed.

Immediately I set about having the statue carved, and

presently my studio was a busy place. The "Hiawatha," the "Silence," the busts I had made, and the copies of antiques, were being cut in marble. I was working away completing the portraits of the two daughters of Mr. Gibbs,—I must confess to a weak spot for one of them,—and I was beginning the studies of statues with which I was to embellish the world. The first represented Mozart, nude, playing the violin. Why under heaven I made him nude is a mystery. The second displayed a Roman Slave holding young Augustus on the top of a Pompeian column and crowning him with laurel. This group a sarcastic but good-natured friend, the Swiss architect, Arnold, said looked like a locomotive.

Turning from work to play days, I remember how at this time, in company with George Dubois, the landscape painter, and Ernest Mayor, a Swiss architect, I made a walking trip from Rome to Naples. We took the cars sometimes, the diligence frequently, and donkey-back often, but for the most part we footed it through the heart of the Calabrian mountains. We were told that this was dangerous business, as there were brigands at large, and in consequence ostentatiously displayed revolvers at our belts. One morning on arriving at some town in the center of the district, each went in a different direction to make sketches. Presently a big gendarme touched me on the shoulder and asked me for my passport. I feigned ignorance of Italian, but he insisted. I showed him my card, yet that did not appease him; the result being

From a photograph owned by Thomas Moore. Copr. Augusta H. Saint-Gaudens

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS (SEATED), GEORGE DUBOIS (AT THE LEFT), AND ERNEST MAYOR, DURING A WALKING TRIP IN 1871

that we marched together to the *municipio,* the city hall of the place. There I was locked in a room in which, plastered on the wall, was a printed poster offering so many thousand francs for the capture, dead or alive, of three brigands, and describing their names and build. Shortly after my arrival, Mayor was brought in, and he was soon followed by Dubois. With a gendarme passing to and fro outside the door, we were kept in this room for a long while before we were ushered into another chamber and brought into the presence of the *sindaco,* who corresponds to the mayor of our towns. He endeavored to have us explain in Italian what we were about. But finding that difficult business, he presently questioned us in French, which he spoke admirably, with the result that in a short time we were dismissed with good wishes and with the advice not to show our weapons so openly, and to carry regular passports.

On arriving at Naples, we walked along the divine road to Sorrento. It seems impossible to give in words the impression of the charm that pervaded that journey. We were, of course, in the full glow of youth and health, which caused it to seem all the more intensely beautiful. The view through the perfumed orange and lemon groves of the wonderful bay of Naples, with Ischia in the distance, made that day one upon which it could be said with truth that life was worth living. We loafed around at Sorrento, and finally rowed over to Capri, the immortal. Of course no one who has ever been to Capri can forget it and its impressions. The

dominant note to me, as I look back, are the fields of flowers, fields and fields of flowers—it was like an enchantment—that and a religious procession passing through the narrow, white-walled streets, where the inhabitants literally flung bushels of flowers over the priests and their followers, as they chanted their religious hymns. We were seated on a height where we could see the windings of the procession and the shower of flowers, that became almost too fairy-like and dream-like to be true.

Other, but secondary, visions are of the palace of Tiberius and the marble baths of that time half-sunken in the winter, and of a dance one evening with some Anacapri girls. This was especially amusing because of the contrast in the build of Mayor and Dubois; for Mayor was as short as Dubois was tall, standing about five feet six in height, most of which was trunk and head and beard. His short legs seemed to be constructed behind his body and joined on in a funny way. Of course the two had to choose partners quite the opposite in figure, and the one Mayor selected appeared voluminous to say the least. She was dressed in white and it was a merry sight to see him buried in her ample bosom as he danced around with barely anything visible but his short legs.

We returned to Rome again at the end of our vacation, and there, shortly after, I met Miss Augusta F. Homer, who later became Mrs. Saint-Gaudens. This time I remained for two years or so in the seductive spot, making five years, in all of residence, during most of

which I had the advantage of being thrown in with charming Italian families and, by living there in the summer months, of seeing the spontaneous Italian life. The concerts on the Piazza Colonna on those warm nights, with the soft air, the lovers, the ease of it all, so far from the stress of existence here, form unforgettable memories.

At first glance it may seem strange that in this account of Rome my father makes scarcely a mention of the other American sculptors about him. Yet the attitude is typical of his frame of mind throughout the whole book from the very beginning, where he explains that his writing would not be a comment on art and artists. Moreover, here in Rome he was singularly out of key with the majority of the sculptors from his own land, since they, to a greater extent than those at home, clung to the "classic" tradition from which Saint-Gaudens so desired to break away. Randolph Rogers and William Wetmore Story stood at the head of this group. Rogers at that time must have been finishing his huge seated statue of W. H. Seward, now in Madison Square, New York. Story was modeling on his female figure of "Jerusalem in Her Desolation," which, beyond doubt, irritated my father's youthful and radical turn of mind, despite the respect he entertained for the elder sculptor as a cultivated man of the world.

Indeed, of all those followers of classicism Saint-Gaudens only mentions one, William H. Rinehart of Baltimore. For Rinehart, though twenty-four years my father's senior, was, like him, ever youthful and enthusiastic in spirit; while his sculpture displayed a refined delicacy as yet lacking in his contemporaries. During the few years that Saint-Gaudens knew him he was completing his "Latona and Her Children," a group which bore the mark of strong dignity in conception and breadth and power in modeling. Rinehart died in 1874.

Saint-Gaudens was his companion to the end, and, curiously enough, many years after became one of the trustees for the fifty-thousand-dollar fund Rinehart left to provide a Roman scholarship for young sculptors. The loss of this friend I know was a severe shock to my father. Here is an extract from a letter he wrote concerning it to his patron, Mr. L. H. Willard:

Of poor Rinehart's death you know long before this. I stayed with him two nights before he died. Nobody thought he was going off so soon. He went very suddenly but bravely when he did know it. Yesterday Fortuny, the best modern painter, also a young man, died here. These two deaths make a very painful impression here indeed. Rinehart's body is being taken home.

Indeed Saint-Gaudens' days in Rome immediately after his return from America were far from cheerful. In the first place, the "Silence" failed to progress smoothly, as is shown by these portions of two more letters to Mr. Willard, illustrating the limitations he fought and his methods of work, which were strangely typical of those in almost every commission he received through after-life. He writes:

AUGUST, 26th, 1873.

Dear Mr. Willard:

. . . I have set up a large sketch of the "Silence." . . . It is not Egyptian though, but much nearer to your own idea of arrangement of the drapery, and is far more impressive than it could be in the Egyptian style. She has fine drapery over her body that gives a pleasing character, and a heavy kind of veil that covers

her head, drooping over the face so that it throws the face in shadow and gives a strong appearance of mystery. . . .

I have nevertheless got all the necessary information for the Egyptian figure in case you wish it. But I very strongly prefer what I have done, as do all who have seen it. Besides, the subject being abstract, I think it better after all not to follow any exact style, for the reason that Silence is no more Egyptian than it is Greek or Roman or anything else. I think in that case "Le Style Libre" is the best.

Again:

ROME, December 7, 1873.

My Dear Mr. Willard:

I enclose a photograph that I have had taken from a study of drapery that I have made for the "Silence." . . . Of course there are to be a great many modifications, but you can get the idea. . . . The drapery on the body is light, showing the form, the principal fastening between the two breasts being the rose. The drapery in the photograph covers the left leg more than I have the intention of doing. . . .

. . . I am now a little short and should be thankful for some funds by return of post. For two reasons I was in hopes that I would not be obliged to ask for some time. First I hoped to get two thousand francs for some copies of antiques that I have in hand, which sum I was to receive this month on the figures getting to America. Everything was all right until a work-

man broke two fingers off one of the figures, "The Venus of the Capitol," and I have been obliged to commence it over again, and so will not get my money until February. Secondly, my brother for whom I had orders for cameos for which he was to receive a good sum of money fell sick of pneumonia three weeks ago. He was expected to die and is only now commencing to get better. . . .

To all of this Mr. Willard replied with most kindly but disconcerting letters in which he criticized the veil, the hands, parts of the drapery, short-waisted women, and the likelihood of losing grace to obtain dignity. So that, what with these and other troubles before and after, the commission brought my father little but misery. Here is the letter which he wrote to the sculptor, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, regarding the outcome:

153 Fourth Avenue, July 5th, 1876.

J. Q. A. Ward, Esq.,

My Dear Sir:

I received your note to-day and I must thank you sincerely for your good wishes and very kind offer to express yourself favorably in regard to me. I regret though that you have not seen the figure at Gov. Morgan's, for I don't think that the "Silence" does me justice. I am satisfied with it only in having obtained as much as I did from the restrictions forced upon me in regard to making it. Had I had my own way completely I would have created an entirely different thing, with broad, heavy drapery instead of its being very fine. The left hand would have crossed the body sustaining the drapery and would have been entirely con-

cealed. The hands which are bad, particularly the right one, I have yet to work upon a great deal. I left the figure to be cut in Rome, and of course during my absence the workmen went at it free and easy. So I am still anxious to have you suspend judgment till you have seen the "Injun" which I modeled in '71.

Thanking you again, I am

Yours very truly,
AUGUST ST.-GAUDENS.

Also besides his difficulties with the "Silence," other worries beset my father, worries rather typically explained in the following portion of a letter to Senator William M. Evarts:

I have been unwell for the last two months from a blow I received in falling from a platform in the studio. Previous to that my brother was dangerously ill for six weeks, and again before that I could not work for nearly two months on account of repairs in the studio. I give these as the succession of circumstances that have been the cause of my great delay in delivering your orders. The Psyche is very far advanced but I 'm afraid it cannot be finished soon enough to send with your bust which I 'm now desirous you should have immediately. . . .

As the result of all this, and other misfortunes of a similar nature, in order to keep his head above water Saint-Gaudens was forced to return to his cameos. By this time he had established himself as the most skilful cameo-engraver in Paris or Rome. So, when the carving of brooches and seals in onyx, amethysts and such semi-precious stones became the only remunerative labor at his command, he set up a shop in which

his brother Louis, Herzog, and a couple of others worked under his eye. Occasionally also, when in especial need of twenty-five or fifty dollars, he would sit at the lathe himself, though he cordially hated the task, and finish a brooch and two ear-rings in twelve hours. One of the most successful of these commissions of which there is still a memory is a cameo that Louis Saint-Gaudens cut under my father's direction for Mr. E. W. Stoughton. The brooch brought the young men one hundred and fifty dollars, and was especially admired, as Stoughton, with his picturesque masses of long hair, formed a most interesting subject.

Fortunately for my father this was almost the last occasion in which cameo-cutting played a part; the final one he did, not long after, for my mother's engagement ring. His interest in this phase of his development nevertheless always remained with him in later life, and whenever a chance came he would ask to see his stones. Usually he had no recollection of having cut them, nor was that surprising when it is remembered how many hundreds he did between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five.

But, to return to conditions in Rome, the sky was not always overcast, and indeed when the change for the better did arrive it was all my father's optimistic frame of mind could desire. My mother, who had but recently met him, tells me that so great was the excess of his enthusiasm over the height of his wave of fortune, that he purchased for himself an inexplicably high silk hat, his first, beneath which he promptly walked across the Piazza di Spagna in the rain, and without an umbrella, to visit her. Further to describe this new order of things I will add extracts from two letters written to the Gibbs family in the fall of 1874. The first is to Mr. Gibbs:

. . . Ever since I have been back from Paris I have been working very hard, and have settled on what I shall do as my next ideal statue, a Roman slave, a fe-

PHOTOGRAPH OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS
TAKEN IN ROME, 1872
Handwriting on back: "To my loving parents"

AUGUSTA F. HOMER, WIFE OF AUGUSTUS
SAINT-GAUDENS, AT THE TIME OF
THEIR ENGAGEMENT

male, taking the Emperor Augustus as a child and placing him on a pedestal. For an inscription I shall have "AVE CÆSAR IMPERATOR!" The slave is crowning her future Emperor. The child, quite young, shows already his dominating disposition and seems to realize his dignity, being very serious, with a big palm in his hand. I think it would be interesting as an idea.

The second letter is to Miss Florence Gibbs:

. . . I told you in a former letter of the plans I have had for my next ideal figure. I have put it up and it has come out beyond all my expectations. It is at present as large as the statue will be, but in the state of a sketch. I have been very highly complimented and advised by everybody to do it as soon as possible. Miss Brewster, the correspondent, told me that it was one of the finest things she has seen in sculpture. Another visitor told me that I would make my name and fortune with it and that it was the best work that had been done in Rome for a long while. By still others I have been advised to carry it out for the Centennial. My hope now is to go to America, leaving here by the end of December. I would take a cast of it with me as well as a cast of another thing I have put up, a little Greek girl about eight years of age lying full length on a low Pompeian bed and kissing an infant; the arrangement is different from what is generally seen. In America I would rent a small studio to show them in and by and by get commissions from them. If I did, or even got any other good commission, I should then return as soon

as possible so as to make the "Slave" for the Centennial. I think that Miss Homer will send you a very flattering notice of me. . . .

The city is changing a great deal and rapidly. In the Coliseum they have dug down to a great depth and it has altered the aspect immensely. The real arena was not where you have seen it but much lower. Besides, all below the old arena is one mass of construction. It is very interesting. They have found water galleries with the water still running and in good order, beside a large gallery of which you can see the end at the furthest end of the Coliseum. There are interesting marks or scratches on the stones of gladiators in their armor, fighting amongst themselves and with bears and elephants, and of dogs running after rabbits. Then also they have found another very interesting place where they thought they fastened the boats. . . .

To conclude this chapter I will insert a translation of a letter from my father's friend, Bion:

My dear old San Gaudenzio:

I have just received your letter of the month of August in what a strange state. Good Lord! Your dear compatriot, no doubt to take better care of it, must have soaked it in oil. Some kind of an American invention, I suppose. But at last I have it.

I have nothing against you for not having come to see me this summer. I am myself too negligent about those who are interesting to me to make a point of any ceremony with you. And I reserve in a corner of my soul my friendship for the day that it will please you to come and find it. I do not wish

to importune you, but seeing that when you came to Paris you prolonged your silence as though I did not exist, I became timorous and kept myself quiet. But I see that I was wrong. Do not let us say anything more about it. Another time I will not doubt you again.

I hope that you will succeed with your intended, for if I have understood you, I believe she is charming and amiable. Get married. Happiness is there. I believe the happiness of others and their welfare lies in marriage. In a letter which I wrote to you this autumn and which I kept for the above named reasons, I preached to you about this subject, and what I said was as gay as the Miserere sung by the Carmelites. On that day the black water of melancholy was rushing through my brain and I spoke to you about our friends and our teeth which become spoiled as we get old. Therefore I advised you at the end to get married and remedy it all. I do not dare to say any more. To-day you have put me in a very good humor with your epistle.

So you pitch into the Italians! And that to me, who have never been able to stand them, is just as if you were blowing a trumpet to a war-horse. Those Italians! With their honeyed tongues, their velvet paws! Proud bed-bugs! Heads which you want to pound! Hypocrites! Infamous traitors! Cruel cowards! etc., etc. I could go on forever with these imprecations.

As to the mysterious charm of Rome, I have heard the same from others who like you have lived there for a long while. I take your word for it, but it is probable that I will never experience it.

Since we are talking about characters of people, what you say about Marqueste * does not surprise me, as I knew it already. Marqueste is a somewhat proud fellow, conscious of

* A winner of the French Roman Prize who came from the same school and class as Bion and Saint-Gaudens.

a certain superiority which Nature has given him, a legitimate pride which we must not confound with conceit. As little as I was acquainted with him I was able to see through this aristocrat, and he is one, and I had already predicted that in Rome he would become puffed up less than the others. So much the better for him! There is considerable complaint here against the influence which these Grand Prix fellows enjoy in the exhibitions and in the obtaining of commissions. If they would come back and swallow their pills and be a little less conceited it would not interfere a bit with their talent.

To continue the chapter about our comrades, I am going to give you some advice. You see France a little too much through the eyes of 1870. We are all rascally enough, but I can judge better than you. And what I say is not through misanthropy or skepticism. Be careful. The frank and gay companions of the past are very much changed in five years. Of course there are exceptions. You would now find fellows very humble who have been very stiff, and others now having very superb crests, who were then very humble. Also you would find those putting on airs with great affectation who used to have great simplicity and frankness. So when you come back, do the same thing. Throw dust in our eyes, in mine as well as in others. Praise yourself and make your gold resplendent. Brag about your relations, your orders, and promise a great deal. But do not be too generous or they will make fun of you. In a word, astonish us as much as you can decently without becoming ridiculous. All of this will keep you from disenchantments and troubles which I would not envy you.

I believe I am giving you a real pleasure in sending you my photograph and I want the same kind of a present from you, as you must have one about somewhere. I have not seen either Garnier or Gortelmeyer, who was not in when I called there to-day. At any rate I believe that you will soon be here yourself. If over there you find anybody asking about me,

say all the good things you can. When you write to Soares, that "Heart of Gold," just add a little word at the end to let him know that I have never forgotten him. This is true, as I have always had a great esteem for him and it interests me to think that he may be happy, also that old Simoes, another good fellow! What a strange life! Sometimes I think how pleasant it was that we all lived together; at other times I find myself wondering if perhaps they have been dead for two or three years already. Before I finish, I must tell you that I saw Ringel yesterday. That man knows how to do business, and if he had shown the energy and activity in commerce that he has done in sculpture, he would now be a rich man.

I will say good-night to you, old boy, as I am sleepy. I am going to bed full of friendship for you.

PAUL BION.

VI

A FOOTHOLD

1875-1877

The Progress of American Art—The German Savings Bank Building—Running Water—Chiseling out Henry Ward Beecher—White and McKim—Teaching at Dobb's Ferry—Admiration for John La Farge—The Farragut Obtained—The Randall—Anxiety and Stress—Italian Debts—The Society of American Artists.

IN 1875 Augustus Saint-Gaudens returned to the United States at last to take up his career as a full-fledged sculptor. For ten years he had worked in this land at his cameo-engraving, a task that had demanded a keen eye and a delicate hand. A large portion of that time, also, he had studied of nights in art schools. At the age of nineteen he had gone to Paris, mentally and physically grounded in the fundamentals of drawing and low relief work, already taught by hard discipline not to wait upon "inspiration" but to think best with a modeling tool in his hand. For a year in the Petite École and two years in the Beaux Arts he had developed his craft through a vital succession of weekly figures set up from life, until the alphabet of the human figure became firmly planted in his mind. Last of all, his trained artistic sense had profited from a five-year residence in Rome; since, knowing by then what was wise to select, what to leave untouched, he had discerned below the poverty of the contemporary classic movement the spontaneity of the early Italians, he had acquired from them an ability to choose his subjects from among the important figures of the moment, and then to give his best efforts to transforming them into vital and eternal symbols.

Great changes had occurred in his own land during the eight years he had been absent, though of course only a small portion of these alterations were to be obvious on his return. Story still stood as the most popular artist abroad, still sent home his classic "Medeas." Palmer remained distinctly the leader in the United States, executing such truly workmanlike monuments as that of "Chancellor Robert R. Livingston." Ball was finishing his "Daniel Webster" for Central Park, New York City. Randolph Rogers had set about constructing his "Nydia." John Rogers continued to make his Civil War "groups." Launt Thompson, Larkin G. Mead, and George Bissell seemed as active as ever. Yet in reality, with the period surrounding the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876 the new spirit crystallized. Some of the older sculptors, almost unconsciously, began to look about in order to suit the changing demands. Brown, Ball, John Rogers, and Palmer were learning to couple truth with sentiment. Others who had studied their art in Italy seemed to be passing, while those who had acquired technique in France were infusing into it a truly American feeling. The frigid, complacent, Roman finish appeared ready to give place to the power of creation of picturesque truth and idealism. J. Q. A. Ward, with his "Shakspere" fresh from the clay, became President of the National Academy of Design. Olin Warner, only just returned from abroad with sculpture too good for its surroundings, was seeking those other young revolutionists who were ultimately to join him in founding the Society of American Artists. Daniel Chester French had recently finished his "Minute Man" in Concord, Massachusetts, and had returned from a year in Italy to begin work on his pediment for the St. Louis custom-house.

Yet, as I have said, it must not be thought that Saint-Gaudens returned on the crest of an obvious wave. From the nearer, narrower viewpoint the outlook still remained a dismal one, with an unusually dreary studio in the German Savings

Bank Building for a background. Such was the hopelessness of his surroundings, indeed, that he even attempted to learn to play the flute. He chose the flute, he said, because of the very obstinacy of his character; since some one having told him that it required a protruding upper lip to play it, in this way strengthened his determination to do so in spite of a "whopper jaw."

The reminiscences say:

At last, when my marbles were finished, I went back to America. I had succeeded, meanwhile, in getting rid of all my money, so that the first years of my stay in New York were the usual hard ones of artists' beginnings. I took a studio on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, in the German Savings Bank Building, which still stands as I write. There were but three floors and no elevator. It goes without saying that it was before the advent of the skyscraper. The first floor was occupied by the bank, the second floor by offices, while the third contained rooms rented out to Odd Fellows Lodges for occasional meetings in the evening. The inconveniences of the building, and its restrictions, were probably the cause of the non-rental of the offices on the second floor. I was the first tenant, and the only one for a long time, so that it became sad business going up this iron staircase alone, and walking across the big corridor to my room, my lonely steps echoing through the hall.

In a large measure this depression was lost on the light-heartedness of my youth. Yet because of my dislike of America and its conditions, the dislike com-

RELIEF CARICATURE OF HENRY ADAMS

RELIEF CARICATURE OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, STANFORD WHITE, AND CHARLES F. McKIM

mon to young men of my age and frame of mind on their return to America, I cast about for something to bring back to my memory the paradise of my place in Rome, until I came upon an idea. I would turn on the water at the little wash-basin, let it run continuously with a gentle tinkle, and thus recall the sound of the fountain in the garden at Rome.

One day, soon after, the engineer of the German Savings Bank Building paid me a visit. He was a man of middle height, portly, good-natured, with very curly black hair, which seemed to be dripping grease, a big, heavy, black mustache, and all the appearance of what one would call a "Forty-niner." He had a hare-lip which made him speak with a nasal twang that seemed to proceed from some place between the roof of his mouth and the back of his nose. The letter "N" was the dominating note in his words. In fact he could not get rid of it.

At the end of a few moments' stay, while gazing at the wash-stand, he said:

" 'N' what are you lettin' that water run for?"

I felt that a very peculiar situation, and one difficult of explanation, had arisen, and that I must come down to his level; so I said:

"You know I have been living in Rome in a very lovely spot. There was a fountain in the garden. I was so fond of it, and I am so blue here, I thought I could recall Rome by letting the water run and hearing that same sound. Of course that may seem strange to you, but that is what it is."

"'N' is it, hey? Is it? Now I know where 'n' that leak has been! 'N' I 've been hunting all over 'n the buildin' to find it. 'N' I have been pumpin' water up here for three weeks and wonderin' where'n blazes it had gone to. 'N' you 'll have to 'n' let up on that, young man!"

You can imagine his shoveling coal into the furnace below in order to increase the pressure which was to supply the poet upstairs with the romantic sound necessary to his well-being. You can still further imagine the reduction on the interest of the German depositors coming from this extra consumption.

Another incident which lent diversity to this dreary period of my life took place because of a cast made by a sculptor, a friend of mine, who occupied an adjoining room. He wished to model a bust, and, to do this, proposed taking a mold from the living face of his sitter. That is no trifling matter even to an expert, and it showed the boldness of the novice, since, notwithstanding my protestations, my friend undertook it without ever having cast anything before. He wished me to help him; but I told him that I should wash my hands of the affair if he tried it. He disappeared.

Presently he rushed into my room crying, "For Heaven's sake, come!"

In his studio, which was already one of monumental disorder, confusion, and dirt, stretched out on an old sofa, lay his subject with a solid mass of hard plaster about two inches thick enveloping his head; while the whole room, wall, ceiling, boxes, and floor, was covered

with the great spatterings of the plaster thrown wildly about by the sculptor in the course of this extraordinary proceeding.

There were the usual quills in the sitter's nose but the weight of the cast was so great that we could hear him mumble under it, praying us to get it off quickly or he would die. It was really a serious business, this taking it off, as we had to bang at the plaster with chisel and hammer. Fortunately there was no ill result, other than a good bit of the subject's eyelashes being torn away and his clothes ruined. He was one of those happy men, however, who take everything with cheerfulness. The death of my tormentor would have been my only satisfaction had I undergone the sufferings he was put to.*

Here, too, in the German Savings Bank Building, were brought to me, by I do not know whom, a couple of red-heads who have been thoroughly mixed up in my life ever since; I speak of Stanford White and Charles F. McKim. White, who was studying with Richardson, had much to do with the designing of Trinity Church in Boston. He was drawn to me one day, as he ascended the German Savings Bank stairs, by hearing me bawl the "Andante" of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and "The Serenade" from Mozart's "Don Giovanni." He was a great lover of music. I gave a false impression, for my knowledge

* My uncle, Mr. Louis Saint-Gaudens, tells me that the sculptor of this story was Edmund Palmer, and the subject Henry Ward Beecher.
H. St.-G.

came only from having heard the "Andante" from Le Brethon, ten or fifteen years before, and the "Serenade" from a howling Frenchman in the Beaux Arts who could shout even louder than I, and sang it in a singularly devilish and comic way. McKim I met later on. A devouring love for ice-cream brought us together.

Meanwhile, my affairs remained in such a state that I did some teaching which required fabulous exertion; for that old friend of my father's, Dr. Agnew, then living on the Hudson opposite Dobbs Ferry, had a number of children to whom I gave lessons in drawing. It seemed to me as if I started out at daybreak on those hot summer days; taking the cars to Dobbs Ferry, where I stood on the dock, and, with a string, pulled a wooden arm which branched out of the top of a pole to indicate to the man with a boat on the other bank of the river, a mile or two away, that somebody wanted to cross. Then an approaching speck on the water became the ferryman, who had seen the sign and was coming over to take me back. On landing I climbed a steep hill in the hot sun, and taught the young pupils, who, I am afraid, were not as much interested in what I said as they should have been. They have since become among the most charming of my friends. After an hour or so with them, I descended the hill, crossed the river in the row-boat, took the train, which deposited me at Thirtieth Street on the North River, and walked over to Twenty-third Street, where I arrived at one o'clock more dead than alive.

The necessity of teaching, the usual lack of money, came at this time, not so much through my old habit of underestimating expenses as through the failure of a number of commissions to materialize after I had spent many weeks in seeking them. For instance, I was encouraged to begin a statue of Sergeant Jasper planting the flag on the redoubt at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, yet this eventually went the way of those inspirations which I had had in Rome. But one direct result of the various kinds of sculpture I executed at that time compensated for all my failures. I speak of my first associations with Mr. John La Farge in the execution of the "King" monument to go in the cemetery at Newport, Rhode Island. Part of the work I modeled in Mr. La Farge's studio in that town. It was absolutely his design, and possessed that singular grace, elevation, nobility, and distinction which is characteristic of whatever he has touched. I was the tool that modeled for him then, as I was subsequently in the painting I did for him as an assistant in his decoration of Trinity Church in Boston. Those again were great days, for he had with him at that time Mr. Francis Lathrop, Mr. Frank Millet, and Mr. George Maynard.

There is no doubt that my intimacy with La Farge has been a spur to higher endeavor, equal to, if not greater than any other I have received from outside sources. Those who have had the honor of knowing him can at once understand this statement. I am not able, however, to mention with good taste all that I feel and would like to say about his influence. Neither

can I explain the many ways in which he assisted me, though perhaps the most definitely helpful moment of all fell one afternoon in the sad studio in the German Savings Bank Building, when he saw some of my casts of the Pisani reliefs of the fifteenth century, and when, to my expressed despair of ever attempting to do medallions after looking at those achievements, he said quietly and incisively,

"Why not? I don't see why you should not do as well."

This is no doubt the reason I have modeled so many medallions since, yet I fear I have fallen far short of what promise he saw in me.

Through La Farge, then, a period was finally placed to the bad conditions of my affairs, for promptly more good luck followed. To begin with, one day when I had occasion to see Governor Morgan, he said to me, after questioning me about some old sketches I had made:

"I think there is a statue of Admiral Farragut to be erected in New York. Do you know anything about it?"

"No."

"Go and see Cisco."

Mr. John J. Cisco was a banker very prominent in affairs at that time. I took Governor Morgan's advice and visited him.

"Yes," said Mr. Cisco, "we have eight thousand dollars for a statue to Farragut, but, before deciding to whom it is to go, we shall have to have a meeting."

A meeting followed in a few days, and subsequently Governor Morgan told me that, to his great surprise, the work had been awarded to me, but "only by the skin of the teeth," five of the committee having voted for giving the commission to a sculptor of high distinction, while six of them voted for me. Again another glorious day!

With that the tide turned wholly in my favor, for upon my success in obtaining this commission Governor Dix, to whose family my father was furnishing shoes, immediately asked if I would model a statue of Robert Richard Randall, for Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island. So that before I knew it I had the making of two public monuments, while to cap all, La Farge commissioned me to execute those bas-reliefs for St. Thomas' Church, which along with his master-pieces on each side of them, were destroyed by fire.

The receipt of these commissions, the Farragut and the Randall, settled another serious question which had been pending for a long while, my marriage. This took place at once, on June 4th, 1877, at Roxbury, Massachusetts. My wife and I came back to New York on the following day, and the next morning sailed for Liverpool, just in time to see the last two days of the French Salon.

This trip formed again a marked turning-point in my life. Yet before dwelling upon it, let me mention the one great New York interest, outside of my work, which had been growing in my mind through my stay there, to culminate just before my departure. I speak

of the Society of American Artists, my concern in which originated through one of my Roman sketches, the only one which endured; the others had gone to the oblivion they deserved. The composition was that of a young girl lying on her face on a low couch, dandling an infant in her arms. As I recall it, and from the pen-and-ink drawing I still possess—no, that also went in the fire which burned my studio—it had an ingenuous charm that I doubt very much my ability to achieve today. This sketch I had brought with me to America, and its rejection by the National Academy of Design so angered me that, with four or five others in the same recalcitrant state of mind, I joined the group which founded the Society of American Artists. After years of increasing success, that society is merging back into the Academy of Design, enmity to which brought it into existence. The field is open for another society of younger, protesting men.

It is only proper to add that the rejection of the sketch was justifiable. It was entirely too unfinished a product to be exhibited, particularly considering the general attitude of artists at that time.

My father's meeting with John La Farge, as he has said, was certainly of vast importance to him. Therefore it is well to correct even the slight error the mist of years caused Saint-Gaudens to make in his explanation of how he came to meet the great decorator. It was the Trinity Church work, not that in Newport, which introduced the sculptor to the painter. A letter from my aunt, Mrs. Oliver Emerson, sheds some light upon this former fact. She says:

"At this time the new Trinity Church, in Boston, was being built by Richardson, La Farge having charge of the decoration of the interior. Several artists assisted him, among them, to a limited extent, your father, who, if I remember rightly, painted the seated figure with an open book, which is called St. James, in the lunette in the half of the church towards Boylston Street, not far from the main entrance, and worked on the figure of St. Paul, the large figure at one side of the chancel arch. I have an idea that he regarded this trial at fresco painting somewhat in the light of an experiment, but I am not sure. . . ."

The King tomb came later and was mostly carried out by my father in Paris. During these two New York years the commission was of interest only in producing an exchange, between my father and La Farge, of letters which show that the mutual esteem the two men held for each other was as real at that time as when the reminiscences were written.

Mr. La Farge wrote:

My dear Mr. St.-Gaudens:

. . . I hope you are getting on well, but take your own way and time. I only regret having been led by the force of events to inflict myself so much on you, and to have made you use up so much valuable time. I shall do my best that it may be no serious detriment to you, and shall try to have it at least compensated. No news here as yet.

Yours very sincerely,

La Farge.

To which my father answered:

My dear Mr. La Farge:

. . . I only regret that I cannot remain here and have it in my studio a year or so, in order to do it to your heart's content, which would be mine too. I 'm afraid Mrs. King would not see that though.

As to your "infliction" I wish to tell you frankly and sincerely, particularly as I fear that from my nervousness and irritableness on some days you may have had a different impression, that, as I said before, my peculiar position requiring haste where time and thought were necessary was what bothered me, and nothing else. I feel that I owe more to you in an artistic sense than to any man I ever met. And, believe me, it is my greatest regret that by leaving the country I am to end a close artistic connection with you.

I should like to do work with you and have such work for years in the studio without any money consideration whatever, and I trust that if I secure this other order I may make myself enough of an income to be able to work in that way.

In the matter of the Farragut, also, my father underestimated the case. For the real incident was by no means as brief as he describes it. He had already made a sketch of Farragut's head in Rome, both through a vague hope of obtaining the monument and because of an interest which he sustained through life, writing on one occasion to Mr. Charles Keck: "I have such respect and admiration for the heroes of the Civil War that I consider it my duty to help in any way to commemorate them in a noble and dignified fashion worthy of their great service." But after his return to this land, what became of more immediate moment to him than this latter altruistic consideration was the fact that my grandfather, Thomas J. Homer, was unwilling that my mother and father be married until he had received at least one important commission. Of course, too, as he often remarked afterwards, like most young men, he was in desperate fear lest some one steal his ideas, not until years later evolving his motto, "You

can do anything you please. It 's the way it 's done that makes the difference." So the plans and counter-plans directed towards securing the work were forwarded with that unrelenting energy which brought about the turning-point in his career and later placed him at the head of his profession. Fortunately for this book, while my mother was upon a trip to the Azores, at this time, my father found himself on sufficiently cordial relations with his father- and mother-in-law-to-be to carry on with them a frank and intimate correspondence, typical of his frame of mind toward the whole situation. I will give three of these letters to Mrs. Homer:

. . . Governor Morgan's interest in me has increased a great deal and he seems to have a decided liking for me. He has tried twice to get John J. Cisco to come up to see the figure and has finally succeeded. To-morrow he goes to get him with his carriage to bring him to my place; Governor Morgan liked the Farragut sketch a great deal. He gave me a nice letter of introduction to Mr. Appleton who came the day after I saw him. He thought the figure very fine, asked me the price I proposed doing it for, and said he would talk to the other members of the Committee. Also Mr. Moore, my friend's brother, is the intimate friend of General Shaler and he sent him up to me. He also spoke very highly of Farragut and offered to lend me a little statuette of Farragut that he had. He is going to bring it to me himself. He said, "I want to help you because you are a young man. If you were an old man I would let you stand on your own legs." He was very cordial. He told me that Mr. Montgomery was the man I should have. Now Mr. Montgomery is the inti-

mate friend of both Mr. Messenger, who takes a great interest in me, and Mr. Moore, my friend who sent General Shaler. Mr. Evarts gave me a card of introduction to Governor Dix whom I saw. He came the next day, thought my sketch very fine, and admired greatly several drawings of mine, beside the busts of Messrs. Evarts and Woolsey (which all the above gentlemen beside himself were very prodigal of superlatives about). He, Governor Dix, also invited me to his house. I went last night and remained till eleven P. M. They were very warm in their demonstrations of friendship, both he and Mrs. Dix. They said: "Come to see us, come often and tell us how you are getting along." And Mrs. Dix added, "And if there is anything in the world we can do for you, let us know." So you see I have very good reasons for being hopeful for the Farragut, though it will be spring before any action will probably be taken. The return of Messrs. Montgomery and Grinnell will take place then. Of the former I am sure, also of the latter through a friend of Mr. Moore's and Governor Morgan's recommendation. General MacDowell, the other member of the Committee, will come to see me at the desire of Mr. Stoughton, on his arrival in the city, so I have surely Cisco, Shaler, Dix, Appleton, and almost certainly Montgomery, MacDowell, and Grinnell. The only member I have any doubt about is Marshall C. Roberts. . . .

May 31st—76.

. . . I have had two good things happen in regard to the Farragut. First: Governor Dix is very friendly

to me; indeed he told Mr. Cisco that he intended telling Mr. Grinnell, the chairman whose dilatory and procrastinating habits are the cause of all the delay, that he must either take immediate action, or resign his position so that others might act. This I consider as very favorable to me. Second Mr. Ward, the "big sculptor" here, whose word is almost law in art matters, told me last night that he would squeeze in a word for me. Beside this I have very strong and direct influence bearing on both these gentlemen, and, in fact, on all but one or two members of the Committee. On Sunday or Monday Mr. McClure, a strong friend of mine, and of the greatest influence with two members of the committee, arrives from Europe. My chances could scarcely be brighter. Nevertheless, I do not hope too much. If I fail I will have my mind clear on one point. I have never moved around about anything as I have about this. I have made two models, a large drawing and a bust, and I have not allowed the slightest or most remote chance for my bringing influence to bear to escape me. I cannot think of a step that I have neglected to take. As far as I can see I am in a very fair way to have the commission, and events would have to take a very unusual and unexpected turn for it to be otherwise. . . .

Friday, June 16th, 1876.

From what Gussie wrote me I believe she must have left Fayal on Monday of this week and that probably twelve or fourteen days more will find her in Bos-

ton. I would feel obliged if you would telegraph me when you receive news of her arrival at New Bedford. I am afraid I shall have no good news in regard to the Farragut for her when she comes. In fact, I am afraid that that affair is done for. I saw Moses Grinnell the other night. He said that he had seen Ben. H. Field, the only member of the Committee that I have had reason to complain of, and two or three others of the Committee, and that they thought that it would be better for them to wait until they had a larger sum of money. Also he said a great many other things the gist of which was discouraging. Nevertheless there is still a chance as nothing has been decided by the Committee officially and I am sure that three of the Committee out of the six, for the others are all absent, want the thing done now. So on the day of the meeting I will present an offer to do it for twelve thousand dollars, the sum they have in hand. Mr. Grinnell told me that he was not going away until August, but I believe that there are some of the "big" sculptors here at the bottom of it.

After this remark about "big sculptors," and in view of my father's own lifelong anxiety to help younger men, I am glad of the opportunity to record the fact that the Farragut Commission ultimately came to Saint-Gaudens through the aid of Mr. J. Q. A. Ward. When the time for the final decision arrived, in December, 1876, I understand that, upon the committee first voting six for Ward and five for Saint-Gaudens, Ward declined to accept the offer and most generously used all his influence towards having the work given to his rival. Here is what my father wrote to Mr. Ward:

153 Fourth Ave., June 26, 1876.

Dear Mr. Ward:

I am about to make a proposal for the Farragut, and I believe my chances would be increased a great deal could I refer to you for an opinion in regard to my past work and my general ability. I know it 's a very delicate request to make, still as you were kind enough to express your wish to say a good word for me, I would be very desirous to take advantage of your kind feeling. I think though it would be hardly fair for me to ask you this until you have seen more of my work, and if you will make an appointment I might go with you to Governor Morgan's any day as early or as late as you please. You would simply see the figure, and would in no way be intruding on the Governor. Or you can call there yourself. By your presenting the enclosed card the steward will show you the figure. I must repeat that I do not wish to place you in a disagreeable position, and for this reason let me assure you that there would not be the slightest ill-feeling if after you had seen my work you should not feel justified in giving any opinion of my ability.

Yours sincerely,

Aug. St.-Gaudens.

To which Ward replied:

My dear Sir:

I have not yet had time to see your statue at Governor Morgan's. But I saw the "Silence" at the Masonic Temple last week. With reference to the proposed statue of Farragut I sincerely hope that the gentlemen of the Committee in

charge of the affair will commission you to do the work. If you think that any reference to me in the matter would assist them in coming to such a conclusion, I should most cheerfully express my faith in your ability to give them an earnest and most interesting statue. You can refer to me in any way you choose. I spoke to Mr. Field about the matter some three or four weeks ago.

Very truly yours,
J. Q. A. Ward.

So much for the Farragut; in regard to the Randall monument, I will give portions of two drafts of letters which set forth some of my father's ideas that he was not permitted to carry out in this commission. He writes:

Rev. Dr. Dix:

. . . The absence of all information in regard to Mr. Randall makes it next to impossible to produce a portrait of his figure. I do not think of any sufficiently important association with his work to justify making an ideal statue of him. A simple statue of a man particularly restricts an artist in the treatment of the character of his subject and this becomes even worse when there is added to it the difficulty of dealing with the unpicturesqueness of the modern costume. An allegorical treatment besides being much superior in artistic beauty, leaves a greater scope for the imagination, thereby allowing a fuller and more satisfactory result. . . .

Again:

. . . I would represent Captain Randall stepping from his cabin, his hat in his right hand, at the

same moment taking up his telescope. In my sketch I have not given him a more distinctive nautical character as I have not had time to search the proper authority for that. I learn that I can obtain whatever data I may need in that direction at New Bedford and other New England ports. The birds at the corners of the pedestals are to be sea-gulls. The whole character of the support can very easily be made more nautical when seriously studied, the pedestal, having its charm in simplicity, giving the proportions necessary to accompany the figure.

On the sides can be placed whatever inscription the committee may desire, the principal one going in front if necessary, instead of the anchor. Bas-reliefs such as I suggested in the first proposal sent in, and at the same extra cost, can be placed on the sides.

The first sketch, with the figure of Benevolence, can be treated so as to be much more nautical in character by the suggestion in the accessories. I did not have that idea in mind when I made the drawing.

I also inclose a rapid sketch made to-day in which I have the pedestal as a fountain with two mermaids, which might be tritons if thought best, sustaining a tablet bearing Captain Randall's name, the water to come splashing against them. . . .

Such was the fashion, then, in which my father sought a footing with all the energy of his high-strung, earnest nature. Yet in spite of this, four other attempts failed. The first of these commissions was for a bas-relief of Mr. Joseph Ridgway of St. Louis, modeled for his widow. The entire family, ex-

cepting this lady, her son-in-law, and two grandchildren, had recently died, and, just as my father had almost completed his work, the four sailed for Germany and were lost at sea on the *Schiller*. No one remained who was sufficiently interested in having the medallion made permanent in marble or bronze.

The second failure, an effort to obtain the order for a statue of Charles Sumner, caused Saint-Gaudens to enter his only competition. His seated model, about two and one-half feet high, represented Sumner in his senator's chair, his head thrown back and a little to one side, one hand vigorously braced against an arm of the chair, as if he were about to rise and speak in earnest debate, the other hand holding a scroll. The pose was full of action, too full, my father used to say, laughing to himself. He worked upon it all one spring in the office of his future father-in-law, Mr. Thomas J. Homer, in the Studio Building of Boston, Massachusetts. At the end of that time the Committee, which had hitherto insisted upon a seated figure, brushed aside all the submitted designs and competitors, and gave the order to another for a standing figure. The lack of faith shown by those in charge so angered my father that he not only never again went into a competition, but even refused to submit sketches of any idea until a work had been definitely awarded him; while with the tenacity with which he clung to any thought or feeling, he fought through all his life, and up to the month of his death, for some just method of guiding competitions in this country, so that younger sculptors should have fairer opportunities.

The third and fourth commissions that my father vainly sought never even reached the stage of the preceding ones which I have named. Yet I will insert portions of drafts of letters dealing with both of them. The first letter, sent in March, 1876, to Professor Gardner, regarding the monument to Sergeant Jaspar already mentioned, is interesting as an example of the care and detail with which my father planned his work.

The second letter, to Hon. William M. Evarts, shows vividly the sacrifices the young sculptor was ready to make in the interests of his art.

To Professor Gardner my father wrote:

Dear Sir:

. . . The "hair" part of your letter is particularly interesting to me. As you suggested, I am making him without the hat. I trust you will not think me annoying if I ask you a question or two more. I believe that the uniform you described was ordered sometime after the battle of Fort Moultrie, and consequently he did not have it. Was there any uniform before that time? Was the sword worn ever by a sergeant at the end of one of the cross belt straps? Might it not have been attached to the belt around the center of the body? I have seen pictures in which I find Marion's men with a different uniform, a kind of skull cap and a sort of jacket and boots. Is there any authority for this? And might I not make my sergeant with socks, and still be within the truth on account of the irregularity of the uniform? I also desire to know if there was not a collar attached to the ordinary shirt worn at the time by the country people.

While to Senator Evarts he sent the following:

. . . Mr. Gibbs suggests that I ought to state in a note to you, what my wishes are in relation to the figure of Chancellor Kent, about which you were good enough to speak to him in my interest. I would be very glad indeed to make the proposed figure, success

in which would, I feel sure, greatly aid me in my career. I am fully aware that at my age, with so few large works to point to, I must be content to labor for reputation. If, in the preparation of any important commission likely to enhance my reputation, I could, by the liberality of any friend, be indemnified against actual loss, I would consider that I had been greatly the gainer.

If you should feel disposed to order the figure I would at once undertake it, and would go on and complete it without delay, accepting for it its cost to me. I am sure that if I am successful, and I have no doubt that I shall be so, in making a creditable work, its exhibition will go very far to establish my reputation here. I think I could complete the model in six or eight months. I would be willing to practise every economy and accept for the completed work the amount of the actual expenses. These would be vouched for by receipted bills as usual. The cost would be less than one-fourth the sum a competent artist would demand if an order were given for such a figure, less than one-fourth the sum paid by Congress for statues of the same class. . . .

I would esteem it a great advantage to be allowed to make this farther step in my career with your generous assistance. . . .

So much for the individual commissions and their specific disappointments. Surrounding these major problems were a multitude of minor difficulties that produced still further anxiety and stress. Taken as a group, they are well described

in still others of his letters which he wrote my mother and her parents. I will give portions of five. The first is to my mother:

314 Fourth Avenue, Wednesday Evening,
March 17, 1875.

. . . I shall go to Boston where I shall stay six weeks, the time necessary to make the sketch, and then return here. Therefore I shall then have ample time to run around, and ample time to execute the orders I have. I shall also have the sketches here by that time, and as the Academy Exhibits will be going on, I shall have there the busts of Messrs. Evarts and Stoughton. "The Indian" will also be here. Now what I propose to do, if I am unsuccessful during the summer in getting other orders, is to rent a studio here and model a sketch of Columbus or Gutenberg or the "Farragut," and on that sketch try and get a commission so as to have it presented to the Central Park. For I almost despair of receiving any orders on the sketches that are coming over. They are not finished enough I am afraid. The more I go around the more I see how little the public comprehends, and how necessary it is that a sketch be highly *polished* for them to understand it. We shall see. The photos of my sketches decidedly make impressions only on artists. . . .

I saw Mrs. Ridgway and she showed me the likeness that she wished to have, and asked me the price. I told her, for a medallion three hundred dollars, and for two of the same five hundred dollars. She said she would tell me on Thursday, to-morrow. It is a

very easy head to do, and in case she should give me the order it will be the most profitable commission I have ever received.

I felt very "blue" indeed yesterday, and I am glad I could not find time to write you. First of all there had been a misunderstanding in regard to the bust of Ericsson for Mr. Sargent. He assured me that he had not authorized Mr. Stoughton to give me an order for it, and said he would see him to-day. Mr. Stoughton told me to-day it was a mistake but that it was all right as he, Mr. Sargent, was going to present it to the "Historical Society."

I paid a visit to Mr. Evarts night before last to solicit his support in the competition. He did not treat me as nicely as I should wish. But it is his manner. He is imperious with everybody, and I know that, although he is not over amiable with me, nevertheless, he does all in his power for a person, and will for me. When we were through with my conversation, he ended by saying that he did not know what I wanted, that a competition was to take place and that it was to be awarded to the best. Then I riled up and answered him right up and down that all the competitions in the country were *apparently* fair ones. . . .

The remainder of the letter is missing. In it, by the way, my father was quite correct in his estimate of Senator Evarts. For at about this time the statesman wrote to Mr. Homer concerning his future son-in-law: "All I know of the young man is greatly to his credit. I predict for him a brilliant future."

Again Saint-Gaudens writes, on this occasion to Mrs. Homer:

Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1875.

My dear Mrs. Homer:

I have never been so occupied and pressed for time as I have been since I left Boston. I have tried to write often, but one thing or another has stopped me, not seldom the reason was my being discouraged. "Up and down," "up and down," all the time. . . .

Governor Morgan did not come to the studio at the time he promised, a young lady who wanted modeling lessons did not come when she promised, etc., etc. But here is all that has taken place. I now have a pupil in modeling, a Mrs. Swinburne, who comes every morning and pays me fifty dollars a month. I very probably am going to have others. To-night I have news of the arrival of the Samuel Johnson bust. The money which I 'm to receive on it will take my "Silence" out. I have no further news from Mr. Evarts. Mrs. Farragat has not come to see me. The gentleman from whom I expected the order for a bust did not give it to me. And finally Governor Morgan came to the studio and found the project for his tomb beautiful but too dear. The architect, contrary to my desire and because he wished to make a larger job of it, elaborated the most expensive design, and passed over in a very rough manner the two others that came within the limit Mr. Morgan had mentioned. . . . He said now he had seen that fine design he would have

nothing less fine, and preferred waiting until he could pay the price for it, rather than to pay a less price and have something not so fine. . . .

Again, now to Mr. Homer:

Wednesday, Jan. 26th, 1876.

Dear Mr. Homer:

I received both yours and Mrs. Homer's letters, also the portrait of that handsome young lady. You must excuse my not writing. "Make hay while the sun shines," is the proverb. I am trying to make a little hay, and trying to make the sun shine a little. But it 's hard work. I have little or nothing new to tell. . . . I saw the other day that Congress had appropriated one thousand dollars for a bust of Chief Justice Taney. I wrote to Attorney General Pierrepont about it but received no answer. I felt hopeful about it for a time. I was invited to Gov. Morgan's reception last night. It was a stylish affair. My figure looks very well there. He told me that Mrs. Governor Dix, on seeing it during the day, spoke of wanting me to do something for her. I am going to call there tonight. Tiffany's has paid me one hundred dollars for the four little medallions I made, and I am now working for them. I am afraid I will not be able to get through with the Jasper for the Centennial. I have become quite intimate with Mrs. Farragut, and I think my chances for that affair are still very bright, better in fact than they have been so far, but I will expect

nothing. I have been so often and so much disappointed that I calculate on nothing. . . .

Once more to my mother:

Thursday, May 11, 1876.

. . . I have been to Philadelphia where I placed my bust of Evarts in a first rate position. . . . Tonight I must see the architect of Masonic Hall in regard to the "Silence." I will call on Field again, and on another gentleman in regard to exhibiting my "Girl and Child." This afternoon I prepared that sketch for the Exhibition. I 'm almost distracted with the hundred different things in my head, and the planning, counter-planning, &c., &c. Yesterday I called on Cisco. He also wanted everything done right off. I called on Morgan. It 's useless and too long for me to try and explain and tell all. I am doing my very "level best" as they say.

Now to Mrs. Homer:

. . . I am also trying to hunt up something about a monument to Jasper that is to be erected to him in Charleston. It 's not the one I have already spoken to you of, but another, and if things take a favorable turn I shall go to Charleston. If the "Farragut" should fail, I think of passing the remainder of the season at Washington where I think something might arise. I am also working on my Jasper, but have stopped working nights. I am racing around gener-

ally hunting up people for the Farragut campaign, and I have but very little time to myself. . . .

From these letters it is not hard to believe that my father's life in New York was one turbulent battle. If he could have dealt with his present difficulties untroubled by the past, however, he would have felt reasonably happy, confident in his buoyant nature that his lot resembled that of many others. But the past, which he had left hopelessly tangled in Italy, continued to follow him without let, as is shown by two more letters. The first is to his friend Dr. Shiff, the second to another friend, Chevalier, a French *genre* painter, who escaped from France after a condemnation by the French Government, as a participant in the Parisian Commune insurrection of 1871.

July 31st, '75.

Dear Shiff:

I write to you to ask further favors, as you have been so kind as to take an interest in my troubles. . . . Mr. Lowe tells me that he had a conversation with you about my affairs and, I don't know with what authority, added that he was in hopes that you would pay off my creditors and emancipate the "Silence." If it is so that you propose doing it, you know better than I can ever express how deeply I would thank you. I have already given you trouble enough, and my gratitude will be even greater if you can only continue to pay some attention to my affairs until I get out of this strait, for I see I cannot depend on anybody else. Louis will not write. Mr. Lowe does not answer all my questions. And Blanco's silence is as great as my

brother's. Now, last but not least, on the 14th of July I sent a draft through Duncan, Sherman & Company. . . . Of course you know of their failure. I am only waiting a few days to see if there is any chance of those drafts being honored before taking steps to telegraph more money over to cover the deficiencies thus made. You see I am not in luck, but hard work and courage will bring me out of it. . . .

I wrote to Chevalier last week, and I thank him sincerely for the trouble he takes. I will not forget you all. . . . I understand thoroughly the need of my presence in Rome now, but it would be sheer folly for me to leave here and thus destroy whatever prospects I have. It is for this reason that I give you all so much trouble. If I pull through it will be all "square." I 'll take care not to get in such a fix again. I shall then have another and a "level" head to help, and I think I 'm learning by experience. . . .

Your friend,

A. St.-G.

314 Fourth Avenue, New York, August 4, 1875.

My dear Chevalier:

. . . In case the landlord wants to make trouble, try to calm him. But if, by chance, he wishes to hold something as guaranty for the rent—though he has n't the right if three months are paid in advance, and in a few days I will send the money for that—let him keep the "Indian" and all the rest of the things. . . . Once the "Silence" is out and my busts on the way, I

won't care for the rest. . . . Finally, I will ask you to excuse me for the very brusque manner which may possibly seem brutal, in which I ask these favors of you. The fact is, that if I don't write down at once what I wish to have done, my ideas would escape me. So I will finish with a great big word of thanks which will include all that I ought to say to you. You will understand me, I hope, and on my return you will find that I have no lack of appreciation of kindnesses. I do not write you of other affairs, as my head is upside down with all of these worries. But at some other more quiet time, I will send you some secondary details. A hand grasp for all and one for you.

Here, for the time being, I may make an end to my account of my father's anxious efforts, in order to turn to his share in the founding of the Society of American Artists, which for twenty-five years meant so much to the progress of art in this land. For though the history of the inception of this body is really the history of a vital change in American painting, not only Saint-Gaudens but another sculptor, Olin Warner, had much to do with the movement.

As I have explained, at the time Saint-Gaudens left for Europe, the one dominant note in American painting was its landscapes. Portraiture, while breaking away from the traditions of Reynolds or West, possessed no new sincere feelings to take their place. Figure work led by Emanuel Leutze and Loring Elliott, had assumed a self-consciousness that bound it to a set of ponderous conventions, smooth, dull technique and commonplace moral qualities, rather than artistic ones.

But fresh notions were gently maturing beneath this smug surface. Eastman Johnson and T. W. Ward began to paint

figure and *genre* canvases in a manner that would elicit little sympathy nowadays, yet gave the first indications of remonstrance against things as they were. Soon after came others fired with a desire for broader qualities in place of the old minute handling. William Morris Hunt and John La Farge each studied with Couture, and each selected what best fitted his needs in Paris. Veder adapted Rome to his individuality, rather than his individuality to Rome. Winslow Homer, without leaving this land, struck away from old trifling pettiness to develop his own note of strength. Then, seemingly all in a moment, the new movement grew in volume and velocity. The courage of ignorance that had sent forth the elder generations no longer remained possible. The young men began to discover about them the wish for sound technical training. The Academy, with its trivial inspirations and laborious rendering, could not meet the demands for firm, free draughtsmanship and color that was warm and rich.

At once Munich and Paris began to replace Rome and Düsseldorf in popularity; for France, in especial, had long possessed more sturdy traditions, more exacting training than other lands, and such men as Shirlaw, Chase, and Duveneck had begun to recognize it. Enthusiasm in hard, intelligent study, with individuality as the keynote, Lowe and Beckwith and Sargent were gaining from Carolus Duran. Unrelenting drawing from the nude, Julien and Colorossi taught in the Beaux Arts Academies to such young men as Bridgeman, Eakins, Thayer, Weir, Eaton, Dewing and Vonnah.

But when this group of reformers, so justly convinced of their rights, turned to their home country for their laurels, a most unexpected though natural reception met them. They had failed to realize that, while their efforts might prove strong in drawing here or in the handling of color there, as yet they lacked the unity that would come with age and experience. Also they had not reckoned on the fact that the American

taste, though dissatisfied with the old seasoning, would require some time to become trained to the new.

The Academicians, though naturally they could not understand, remained cordial as long as they had no need to entertain the situation seriously. But when the men already mentioned began to appear, and beside them Brush, Maynard, Lathrop, Francis Millet, and a quantity of others demanded space, the resentment of the older body is easy to imagine. They were certainly unwilling to relinquish the whip-hand to a group, which, according to their viewpoint, had neither technical nor literary excellence, and yet regarded the Academicians as antiquated fogies and, what is more, said so in print. Consequently, at one exhibition the new pictures were hung in the darkest corners, and great was the uproar from the fresh comers. Then the innovations were placed "on the line," and deep was the wailing from the ousted "old timers." So the split inevitably widened, and indignation waxed on both sides, until on June 1, 1877, at Miss Helena deKay's Studio, Saint-Gaudens, Eaton, and Shirlaw organized the Society of American Artists. Let no one doubt the courage of that act, for my father and his friends threw down the gauntlet to an old and powerful organization with money and social prestige and every apparent reason to resent the action of an unmannerly group of youngsters.

More intimately to set forth the creation of this new body, let me quote from a letter written by Mr. Gilder to me on June 6, 1907.

"I have often said that the Society of American Artists was founded on the wrath of Saint-Gaudens. You know Mrs. Gilder was a student in those days, first at the Cooper Institute and then at the Academy school. Later she belonged to the new Art Students' League, which was a revolt from the Academy School. Just then the old Academicians were carrying things with a pretty high hand, so I spoke to a few of the younger men of our American renaissance about starting a

new organization. When I mentioned it to your father he said that the time had not quite come. But one day,—just thirty years ago last Saturday, June first, 1877,—he rang the bell at the iron gate at 103 East Fifteenth Street. It was noon, and I was at home for lunch. I ran down to the gate, and I tell you there was a high wind blowing! Your reverend father was as mad as hops. He declared that they had just thrown out a piece of sculpture of his from the Academy exhibit, and that he was ready to go into a new movement. I told him to come round that very evening. We sent, in addition, for Walter Shirlaw and Wyatt Eaton, and the Society of American Artists was that night founded by Walter Shirlaw, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Wyatt Eaton and Helena deKay Gilder, your humble servant acting as secretary, though Wyatt Eaton was the nominal secretary. Clarence Cook, the critic, was present, but not as a member.

"I remember that Cook soon hauled off because a certain artist was admitted. He said the movement was already spoiled. I labored with him and told him that when a cause took up physical arms by means of an association, in order to gain the advantages of an association it was apt to come down somewhat from the highest ideals; that even among the apostles there was one not up to the mark, and the Church itself was not the ideal thing that the ideal of Christianity is. I said that, if the association really ran down seriously, a new one would be started to do the work, and do so, *ad infinitum*."

As I have explained, the "movement" was not "spoiled." On the contrary, the rightness of their attitude received an unusually prompt recognition, and Mr. Cook recovered from his first disgust and resumed a just and friendly attitude, as may be seen by this letter of his published in the *New York Tribune* upon June 27, 1877:

". . . The dispute between the Academy and the party of reform is essentially a dispute about principles. Persons are brought into the discussion only as illustrations, and while

it would not be possible to carry on the argument without these personal allusions, there is not, on my part at least, any personal partizanship in the matter. Thus, it is not at all because Mr. Maynard's 'Portrait of Secretary Evarts' was rejected as not being a good likeness that I complain. It is, simply and solely, because a 'portrait of somebody' by 'somebody' was rejected for not being a good likeness—and not alone for that either, but because one man took it upon himself to decide for himself that it was not a good likeness. I have said, and I repeat it, that if Mr. LeClear's 'Portraits' or Mr. O'Donovan's 'bust' had been rejected on the ground of their not being good likenesses, even if not one man only, but the whole body of academicians had decided that they were bad likenesses, the wrong done to these artists would have been the same as the wrong done to Mr. Maynard, and equally deserving a rebuke.

"So with the sending back of Mr. St.-Gaudens' 'Sketch in Plaster' on the plea that there was not room for it. It was not Mr. St.-Gaudens for whom I took up the cudgels; it was the principle. There is always room in the Academy, as there is everywhere, for good work, and if there is not room, room can always be made. Where there is a will there is a way. We are to presume that Mr. St.-Gaudens' work was good, since he was personally requested by a member of the Hanging Committee to send it. It was sent in, and returned on the express plea that there was not room. Yet it is well known that there was plenty of room, and even a stand provided for it, so to speak, by Nature. And, as if to make this ill treatment more marked, a bust by Mr. O'Donovan of another member of the Hanging Committee was taken out of the room usually given up to sculpture, and placed by itself in a good light in another room. Meanwhile nine other busts, the works of various hands, were huddled ignominiously together at one side of the sculpture room in such a way that it was not possible for the spectator to do them justice. It

was not that Mr. St.-Gaudens, Mr. Hartley, Mr. Edmund Palmer, and others were treated unjustly, nor that Mr. O'Donovan was unjustly favored, that I complained. The essence of my complaint was that flagrant injustice was done to somebody, and that gross favoritism was shown to somebody else. I do not like Mr. O'Donovan's bust, but supposing he had been treated as Mr. St.-Gaudens was, and Mr. St.-Gaudens favored as he was, I hope I should have objected. I certainly should have been bound to object, for the principle would have been the same. . . ."

Finally, lest an impression be gained from some of the foregoing letters that Saint-Gaudens during these years was violently aggressive and self-conscious, let me quote Mrs. Dix's words to my mother just after the wedding and before the departure for Europe.

She said: "Mrs. Saint-Gaudens, do you know why I like your husband? Because above all other things he is a modest man."

VII

WORK FOR LA FARGE

1877-1878

The French Salon in a Rut—The St. Thomas Reliefs—The Protestant in Art—Details Across the Ocean—Will H. Low—Painting the Reliefs—Time Presses—Appreciation and Criticism by La Farge—A Contemporary Opinion—The King Tomb.

TO turn once more to Europe, my father's immediate work upon establishing himself in Paris was to model the St. Thomas reliefs. They were most important for him at the time, and greatly added to his reputation at home. Yet he speaks of them in his reminiscences only in two brief sentences. "On my arrival in Paris I took a little studio in an attractive part of the city not far from the Arc de Triomphe, and began at once on the St. Thomas reliefs. I worked rapidly, as was necessary, and in a short time they were dispatched to America." What made my father's task difficult was that, since the work was to fit in with Mr. La Farge's scheme, all the details had to be arranged by photographs and letters. Such a proceeding is bad enough at best with ample time at one's disposal. When haste is demanded into the bargain, the situation becomes nearly impossible. Therefore the result was carried to a successful conclusion only at the cost of much anxiety on the part of both men. The portions of the first two letters which follow are typical of the tone in which Mr. La Farge wrote.

August 13.

My dear St.-Gaudens:

. . . Do not take much stock in what Dr. Morgan thinks suitable for the figures unless you yourself approve of what he

says. He has, as you remember, a fear that they will be too Catholic. There is no danger. There is no such thing as the Protestant in art. All you need do is not to make any aureoles around their heads. Any medieval sculpture, or renaissance (not a late one), or paintings of the early time (Italian), give the type that will be needed to be neither high nor low church. Depend upon this, and if necessary do the necessary fibbing about it; I will take that on me afterwards. . . .

Newport, R. I. Sept. 15, 1877.

My dear Mr. St.-Gaudens:

. . . Only one thing keep in mind; make the projections sufficient to cast a strong shadow and keep the darks as I have them. For instance, the angels under them have shadows. That gives them a real and at the same time an unreal appearance as if they floated. No paint can do this. . . .

Here are some of my father's letters to La Farge:

233 Fbg. Saint Honore, July 17, 1877.

My dear Mr. La Farge:

. . . We had a very pleasant passage, but naturally I was as sick as a dog till the last day. I found England of much interest and regretted I could not remain there longer. Their exhibition I thought, with one or two exceptions, very weak and Leighton's statue *"tres pompier."* There was an exquisite figure by Dallou. In the French Salon I was a little disappointed, particularly in the sculpture. Nevertheless I was delighted to see it. There are a large number of very strong paintings with the Americans by no means behindhand. The sculpture, although there was some very fine modeling, is all in a "rut." It seems as if

the artists were too poor to travel, and, as in New York, the encouragement, distribution of medals, &c., &c., lies in the hands of old "pompiers" of 1830. The young fellows can't have any orders if they don't have medals, and they can't get medals if they break from these fellows. My friend Dammouse praised me warmly in the coloring I have given to the Armstrong medallion. He received the "medal of honor," and his prize pictures were published in "l'Art." You may come across them. If you do, let me know what you think.

My wife joins me in kindest regards to yourself and wife.

A. St.-G.

Paris, 233 Fbg. St. Honore, Aug. 29, 1877.

My dear Mr. La Farge:

. . . I have commenced on the sculpture and I feel very sanguine about it. I will send you a photograph of the first bas-relief day after to-morrow. I am not fully satisfied with it, but I see my way through, and I think the whole affair will be very effective. There is a great deal more work in it than I ever thought possible. But I am far from complaining. On the contrary, I am delighted that I have the chance to do this, and I only regret that instead of the time I have I could not have a year. Probably the effect of the whole, when finished, would not be very different from what it will be now; but I could study up the reliefs "avec plus de soin." I have been to the Louvre

to see the pictures of the early Renaissance, and the next relief will be more in that character. I doubt though whether that will change the effect much; what I think you wish, or at least what seems to me necessary, and what you have indicated in your drawing, can be obtained only by a good indication and disposition of masses and of light and dark. I am trying for that. . . .

. . . I may have been very bold or I may have taken great liberties. If I have done wrong, color can change what is out of place. But I thought I would enter more into your feeling by doing the following, viz: I found that a bas-relief four feet six by three feet six inches which is about the division necessary to make them of about equal size, made a surface very difficult to cover with two figures. So I have placed on the outer edge of the bas-relief a kind of flat panel with an ornament taken from an antique running up and down and which may be made continuous and run the whole length of the work on each side, in my opinion making a better proportion, in fact keeping the proportion of your photograph which I think good, but which you say is too narrow, according to the scale, by a foot and some inches. I mean I prefer the more elongated proportions. If you do not like that you can return to your proportions by accentuating with stronger color the intersection between the bas-reliefs at the frieze. . . .

Another thing I have done or will do is this. Thinking that an equal division of the reliefs has the most

character, and thinking that to obtain that effect it would be preferable to have more reliefs, and thus obtain more horizontal lines, than to have fewer reliefs and therefore have fewer horizontal lines, I concluded to do the former, and have added at the top a small relief, not so high as the others but treated in the same way, at the same time forming a kind of a frieze, which will have cherubs' heads and wings. I trust I have not done anything very terrible. I have indicated the proportions they will have on the other page. . . .

There is so much work that I have had to get a fellow to help me paint, and I have asked Lowe to do so. You recollect his large picture, the woman, "Style Empire," with the dog, at the Academy. He says Homer Martin gave him a letter of introduction to you, and, as he is an admirer of your work, I feel sure he will help me well. . . .

Sept. 6, 1877.

Dear Mr. La Farge:

Your letter of August 24th I received yesterday. I enclose a photograph of the second bas-relief.

I have colored the first one and feel very enthusiastic about it. I am afraid though that Dr. Morgan, who was so much pleased with the reliefs, "jettera des hauts cris" when he sees the coloring; but I have tried to do something *good* at the almost certain risk of displeasing generally. However, if you are pleased, which I think you will be, they being a great deal better colored and having a great deal more character than as you see them

in the photograph, I shall be happy. I shall trust that you will stand by me firmly. I have tried to keep them so as not to clash with your painting. They have been painted at the height, or very nearly so, at which they will be seen; and must not be judged before they are in place, being very coarsely done when seen close to. If possible, avoid Dr. Morgan's seeing them before they are up. You must take into consideration the time I have been obliged to do them in, viz.: an average of two days and a half each. When you see their size you will see that it was a terrible job for me. I am certain, though, if ever I do any more work of that kind and have plenty of time, that some excellent effects can be produced. So that you may know what is going to come alongside of your color, I will tell you that I have kept it very much like the Armstrong medallion, lighter, but with some very dark accentuations in the hollows. There are more colors and a kind of a vague showing of different colors in the dresses, very vague though, and you need have no fear of *banality*. There will be a little gilt also. The ornament at the side of the panel is sober in color, and the whole far better than the clay. Two more reliefs will be finished to-morrow. I have another modeler with me and two boys beside Low, the painter. He follows my directions, but nevertheless has found some very subtle colors that I am sure you will like. I must speak of him, as he is no doubt a real artist. You must not judge him by what you saw in the Academy. That was rushed off in no time. He is a great ad-

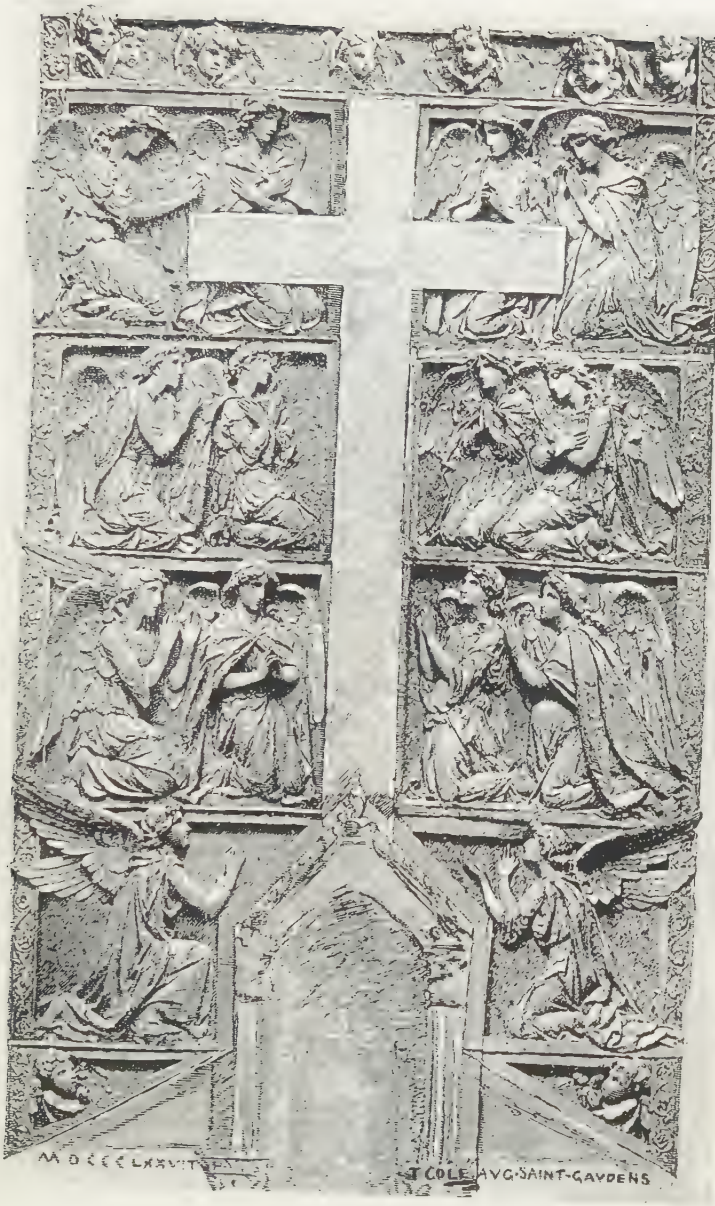
mirer of you. He is certainly in the right sentiment, liking Millet, Dupres, Delacroix, etc. You will see a large portrait of Mlle. Albani by him. That also he is much dissatisfied with as it was rushed off, but it will show you his power. . . .

233 Faubourg St.-Honoré, Paris,
September 10, 1877.

My dear Mr. La Farge:

. . . It is an immense job, and from seven in the morning till eight at night, six of us are at work, besides the other men employed in drying the plaster so that it may be painted on immediately. As to the substance they are in, I will guarantee that they will last as long as any of the little Renaissance reliefs. . . .

Tell me very frankly what you think. I hope they will go well with your work. You can glaze them down if they do not satisfy you, and you can paint them all in one tone if too ugly "pour le bourgeois." As to my work, as I said before, in judging it you must remember that two days and a half each is the time I have had. My modelers could only help in putting on the masses of clay and getting everything ready for me. I tried to have them do some work, but it was beastly. Miozzi and I had to do it all over. Everything has been done by me. The frieze of cherubs' heads I modeled in five hours. I write now as to-morrow I commence working at night. I am feeling first rate and just like work, but I am anxious about the impression it will produce and particularly your criti-



"ADORATION OF THE CROSS BY ANGELS," MODELED IN HIGH RELIEF AND PLACED IN THE CHANCEL OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY. DESTROYED BY FIRE, AUGUST 8, 1905

cism of the color. As to the reliefs, I have done my best for the time; perhaps some of them are better than if I had "fussed" over them. . . .

I am keeping the bas-relief light as you suggested. I am doing them in a dark place and I try also night effects with a strong light. . . . I am very anxious to have you see the work, to know your opinion of it and to know how it agrees with yours. I am sure that as a whole it will be good in effect. Of course the detail will not please the public, but as I said before I think the color takes all "banality" out of the work. . . .

Finally the composition was sent to America, and with it went a letter of which the following is a portion:

September 20, '77.

My dear Mr. La Farge:

I have just returned from the station, where I have seen the work for the church sent off. I trust it will reach you in safety. I have had a terrible time of it to-day and I hope that all the earnestness, worry, and care that I have devoted to it will be repaid by your liking it.

. . . As I said in one of my previous letters, while I do not complain in the least, I think it best to inform you how much I had underestimated the work. However, I shall be only too glad if this is successful and opens the field for more work of that kind, in which I take the deepest interest. I feel very sanguine about it. And if it is not entirely as you wish, lay it

to the tremendous haste in which it was done. I make no pretense of it as a piece of sculpture, that would be ridiculous considering the time I had to do it, but my aim has been to keep it grave, harmonious in tone, and above all good in general effect, having your work in my mind all the time. Do not judge them as they come out of the box, they are in some cases hideous, but wait till they are up and in proper position, with nothing white around them. I think, and all my friends do, that the effect was imposing in my studio. You can change what color you wish, but wait till it is up first. If you have a photograph of the whole work taken, please send me a copy. I will send you a photograph of it taken as it was in the studio, the upper part appearing badly on account of the rainy weather. . . . I consider the figure nearest the cross as by far the best in character and effect of color. . . . I like least the prostrate angels. . . . The first figure farthest from the cross is more in the character of what I would have done had I time. The other figure furthest from the cross I consider the ugliest. . . .

As I said before, all like it here, even the architect who said that as architecture it was "tres mauvais," explaining that it was absolutely necessary to have some kind of frieze or definite line between each relief. This you can easily have done for yourself. Have you noticed how much like the proportions of the doors of Ghiberti the work becomes by putting the molding in between, and how, unconsciously, by putting the frieze

on the side and the cherubs' heads on top I am above reproach.

Of course to all of this La Farge replied at length, as was his habit; and from these answers one at least should be given not only for its own merit but because it explains so well the letter it drew from my father.

My dear Mr. St.-Gaudens:

. . . Your bas-relief is thought by others as well as by myself to be a great success. In the light in which it is, its shortcomings are hardly to be noticed; they are of course the result of the slight way in which some of the extremities are modeled, owing to your shortness of time. But this on all the groups that are the best in general movement is much less apparent than you would believe. The whole appearance is so successful that at a distance there is a breath of Italy in it which takes hold of every one. Rest assured that the thing is good, as far as it could be, with all the difficulties in your way of hurry and unaccustomed work. So you have my hearty congratulations and I only regret that you could not have had perhaps two months more to make over things more seriously. It is a living work of art.

And now that I have told you how pleased I was, I must also mention a very good objection, which will explain itself. By changing the proportions of the angels from my drawing, you have in the first place done this, made the angels look small compared to the stained glass and the pictures. You will remember how carefully all the great examples avoid this thing which is always to the disadvantage of the smaller looking thing and to the destruction of the unity of design. Look at Amiens or Notre Dame, or the Pantheon or any great Italian front. But even that is a small disadvantage. The band of angels' heads above looks small and childlike and separates the work from the crown, which now has no support and seems

to fall. All that I assure you was thought of by me when I made my drawing and was the pivot of my entire work. So that you not only destroyed all the effect of that part, but also, by having then to fill in on the sides by putting there two small angels instead of the big ones, which leave as you will see a blank space, you prevented my getting my moldings into the wall as I had designed, all very exactly. I had to displace them and cut them and put them by trials to the wall until they composed tolerably. The mass of the whole decoration was therefore gone.

I did all I could and three weeks of work were spent; it cost me nearly what I paid you to make all this alteration. Besides that I had to cut my picture, which as the principal figure came within two inches of the edge, was very disagreeable to my artistic feelings and to my personal feeling also. As I had given you the principal place, it was a bore also to have even my place injured. There is also a doorway look produced by all those squares with angels in them which makes it look as if the walls were a door and prevents solidity. But this I have diminished a good deal by painting, and a little by cutting. I regret it especially for you, however. It seems to me that you have some poor advisers. I should mistrust the French ambitions anyhow. It is by nobody's taste you must go, unless you find a mind just at sympathy with yours, and unless they can give you reasons, and the reasons should always be big ones, to overset any arrangement already taken. Believe me I know, as well as those boys, what makes unity, and this I know, and they know too, only they have not the courage to carry it out, that a "joli morceau" does not make a whole and that the curse of modern art is this little "assemblage" of all sorts of pieces, the painter doing one thing, without caring for the sculptor and the sculptor not caring for the architect or painter, and the architect considering them as enemies of his for whom he has to make little devices and frames and niches to put them in.

I hope you will agree with me on this general idea, and believe also that all who do not are enemies of any possibility of return to the great art of the past. It is not the details that make the great, it is the obedience to a few simple truths which give unity.

I have taken to preaching, but I know that when an artist with sentiment and a desire to do right, is in the hands of the academicians, whether they are so called or not, he runs the risk of losing gradually the greater things for the smaller. . . .

Yours sincerely,

La Farge.

To this my father answered:—

About December 1st, 1877.

My dear Mr. La Farge:

Your letter about the church caused me at the same time more real pleasure and more annoyance than any letter any artist could write me; first because I value the compliments you paid me beyond any that I can receive, and second because you are the last artist whose feelings, both personal and artistic, I would wish in any way to hurt. If anything in my work has done that, believe me, it has arisen not from even the thought of a disregard in any sense whatsoever of your desires, but from oversight or misunderstanding.

I thank you sincerely for the praises you have judged my work worthy of. They caused me the deepest pleasure, for, aside from the pride I feel in having so high a compliment from you, it is a gratification for me to feel that the work entered so much in harmony with your feelings. That was my sole aim. I feel as I have

often said, that I owe in a great measure what is good in my work to what companionship and influence I have had bear on me through you.

As for faults in my work proper, I will make no attempt at excuses. You understand that in trying to get a good whole, I got a deal of bad in what was secondary in them.

Now as to the mistakes and what I did wrong in the work as a whole. I changed the size of the reliefs at the arms of the cross, putting in two angels instead of one, adding the frieze of angels' heads on top and cutting the lowest relief, as I understood from our conversation about the work that the drawing you made was simply your idea of what would be a good division and disposition of the reliefs and that I was at liberty to change if in the execution of the work it seemed necessary. I was certainly under the impression that you did not consider your sketch as at all definite, and that you were in doubt even as to whether you would have the crown or not. I wrote you my reasons for making the changes and did not think that I was trespassing on any arrangements already made. The frieze of heads I thought if you did not like you might leave out and I wrote you to that effect. I did not know that I had changed the proportion of the angels materially from the drawing, but I fully understand and agree with your criticism as to the lack of ensemble between the figures in the windows and the relief, and if I had had more time so as to communicate more with you and

think more myself, I would have avoided what I fully appreciate is a great fault.

You speak of the difficulty of getting your moldings into the wall, and of some like difficulty arising from my having placed two angels instead of one, thereby occupying the blank space, indicated in your drawing on the reliefs where the arms of the cross are. I have read the passage over and over and cannot understand. You speak of this and of being obliged to cut your pictures. I am sincerely pained if any misunderstanding of mine was the cause of that. But I feel in the dark about it. I made the reliefs of the width you said, ten feet, and cannot understand where it is wrong. Is it on account of the thickness of the reliefs that you had the difficulty? And did your expense come from the imbedding the relief in the wall? I am anxious to know what has been the matter and trust you will let me know. For, as I said in the beginning of my letter, not for an instant would I have done anything in my work that would have been to the detriment of your work either as to space or anything else. I kept within what I thought was the strictest fidelity to the dimensions you sent me. As to the division between the angels, I am delighted if you have done anything to them which brings it more to what you wish. I certainly think I would like it better if you destroy the doorway look. That effect was the result of a misunderstanding, so much so that when you telegraphed me to keep darks under figures, I understood it to mean to accentuate

the divisions even stronger than indicated in the first photograph I sent you, to which I understood the telegram was a reply. Consequently I did so. I am glad if you have changed it. I fully understand, sympathize and appreciate what you have said about it all. I hope you will understand the spirit in which all this is written and rest assured that I not only take all you have said about my work and the principle generally in the best spirit, but that I agree most heartily. . . .

One more valuable letter remains, written during a short trip to Italy. It is a final comment upon the composition which had interested them both so much.

41 Piazza Barberini, Rome, Jan. 30, 1878.

My dear Mr. La Farge:

We have been here about three weeks and I have only just got to work, having found great difficulty in getting a studio. On our way down we stopped at Pisa. I assure you that was enough to set my head spinning. There are on the vault over the high altar at the entrance to the chancel, angels by Cimabue, greatly spoiled by restoration, that are very much in the character of what we have done in the sculpture. These angels, that are very fine, are in couples over one another, and had I seen them before I did my work I would have avoided much that is bad. Italy has a greater charm to me than ever, and I should not be at all surprised if I remained here all the time I am doing my work. I wish I had to do the angels over again

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS IN PARIS, ABOUT 1878

and could do them here; for even here, where there is comparatively little of the Renaissance, there is still much to see. . . .

Before closing the account of the St. Thomas angels, I will dwell for a moment more upon the public reception given this work, since the enthusiasm aroused by it largely prepared the way for the coming of the Shaw. The attitude of contemporary artists is well expressed in this letter written to my father by Wyatt Eaton:

"*Two* things are talked of in New York at present. The American Artists' Association and the decorations of St. Thomas' Church. I have been twice, the third time the church was not open. I cannot tell you, St. Gaudens, how much I am delighted. I am sure that you don't know, and I question if your friends in Paris know how good your things are. I say that you don't know, because you must have worked too intently and steadily and probably boxed them as soon as, or before you left off working upon them, and that your friends in Paris do not know, for in your studio or in any light in which you were able to show them, their full sentiment and meaning could not be felt.

I have never seen any sculpture so well managed for similar circumstances, light and distance. Seen from the nearest point the work is complete and all that could be desired without any sense of a lack of detail—the important forms are simple and massive—which makes the expression by gesture to be intensely felt. From the extreme end of the building nothing is lost. On the contrary I believe that every quality is still stronger. I feel that your figures have the purity and sincerity of the early Italians and the force and effect of the later and modern art. You will have something to see when you return to America. I hope that you may also have opportunity in your other work.

But one of La Farge's paintings is up. The effect and color is beautiful. It might be an old piece of tapestry colored by a Venetian master. But I *feel* that the composition is neglected—and I am told that this is true. One of the figures I don't like at all.

The whole effect—or the effect of the whole—is not yet complete and I have not given it much attention. The windows, although probably improved, are still out of harmony, I think.

I will write more about the movement of the American Artists' Association very soon. Sincerely,

WYATT EATON.

So much for the actual attempt at the time. Ultimately; as is fairly well known, the reliefs and Mr. La Farge's paintings were destroyed by fire when St. Thomas' Church was burned in 1905. A cast of a cherub's head, owned by Mr. Francis Allen of Boston, is now all that remains.

These angels then formed the center of the relations between my father and Mr. La Farge. Yet in his text my father mentions one other commission they worked upon jointly, the tomb for Mrs. Mary A. King to go over the grave of her husband, Edward King, in Newport, Rhode Island. The commission was wholly an architectural one, there being no figures about the cross. Nevertheless, it was just such work as this under La Farge that led Saint-Gaudens all his life thereafter, in addition to his desire for unity and grace, to lay stress on detailed craftsmanship and the decorative quality of surroundings. Only two letters which bear on this commission have any vital interest. The first is from my father to Mr. La Farge:

June 12th.

My dear Mr. La Farge:

. . . Armstrong, who is living with us, wrote Mrs. King that he had seen the tomb and thought it

one of the most beautiful he had ever seen. I have not put black in the letters. It cannot be got out well. When I send the work I will give you information as to how the column must be fastened to the tomb. . . .

I took it from casts of some of the fine old columns "life size" that there are in the school here. I have left the material for the leaves on the four corners, but have not decided on them yet. I guess I 'll have them done. If you don't like it, have them taken off.

"I 'm going to remain in Paris until all my work is done. My studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs is No. 49. I had the fever in Rome and could n't remain. Your picture at the Exposition looks well and a lot of artists beside myself think it one of *the* pictures of the Exposition. You should have had some of your flowers, your drawings for Trinity and perhaps a photograph of St. Thomas and I have no doubt you would have had a medal. Millet is the American juryman and from his talk I am sure he feels as we all do about you. My regards to Mrs. La Farge.

Sincerely your friend,

AUG. ST.-GAUDENS.

To which La Farge replied finally:

My dear Mr. St.-Gaudens:

. . . In general the thing looks like a success. Perhaps more so in the open air and sunlight. The column is not yet on the pedestal, but the little base of the column looks very pretty, and the swell of the column looks very successful.

Compared to the usual tombstone, this certainly looks not at all of the same kind. I only regret that we did not have something more severe *comme donnée.*

When I get a photograph in the open air with sun I shall send you one. Everybody so far is pleased except the stonecutters here who think that the work does not look finished. They are evidently disguised New York Academicians—or writers on the *Evening Post*—and we need not worry about them.

VIII

PARIS ACTIVITIES

1878-1880

Paris Activities—Friendship with Stanford White—Bas-reliefs—Bastien-Lepage—White's Letters—The Morgan Tomb—The Randall Monument—Struggles with the Farragut Monument.

THE rush of the completion of the St. Thomas' reliefs being over, my father's Parisian life began to assume coherence. As is often the case, his scanty reference to his studio work needs elaboration. In three of the commissions of which he makes so brief a mention, the "Farragut," the "Morgan Tomb" Angels, and the "Randall," Stanford White proved of invaluable aid to the sculptor; and it is largely through the architect's intimate letters that I am able to give so vivid a picture of my father's endeavors at the time. The friendship between Saint-Gaudens and White dated, according to the former's own account, from the day they first met in the German Savings Bank Building. More probably, however, what brought the two together was that both served an apprenticeship under their respective mentors simultaneously during the construction of Trinity Church in Boston, Massachusetts. My father, as has been explained, had obtained work under John La Farge, then in charge of the decoration of this building, while White, who had entered the employ of the architect, H. H. Richardson, in 1872, slaved for him until 1878, being in especial Richardson's chief factotum during the building of the church.

Whatever the fashion of their meeting, my father obviously found White's high artistic ideals so thoroughly in keeping with his own that the intimacy matured rapidly, until my

father left for this three years' trip to Europe. Between his departure and White's joining him came the first period when the mutual interests of the two, so separated, prompted the opening series of letters chiefly centering upon the architecture which White designed for the Morgan Monument. Returning from Europe White began work upon the Randall and Farragut pedestals; so that, from then on until my father set foot in America once more in 1880, there developed the second group of letters that dealt for the most part with these two commissions.

In the reminiscences my father writes:

I had hired an enormous studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, in order to begin the large statue of Farragut, as well as the sketches for the figures that were to go over a mausoleum Governor Morgan had commissioned me to do for him in Hartford, Connecticut. The studio had originally been a public ball-room, and subsequently a printing establishment of one of the big publishers of Paris. For my family I leased an apartment in the Rue Herschel, where Mr. Armstrong lived with us during the period of the Exposition business. It was here that White came to us, and in this studio he composed and made the studies for the pedestal of the Farragut monument, which he modified after his return to America. Not until the "Farragut" was at last ready to go to the bronze founder, did I leave this ball-room studio to take a less ambitious one in the Impasse du Maine where I began the model for the statue of Robert Richard Randall.

At this earlier time, in addition to my larger commissions, I made medallions of Maynard, Millet, Picknell,

Shiff, and Bunce, which I exhibited at the Paris Salon, along with the statue of Farragut, in 1879. Then, too, through a mutual friend I met Bastien-Lepage, who was in the height of the renown he had achieved by his painting of Joan of Arc. This picture Mr. Irwin Davis subsequently purchased and, at my earnest recommendation, gave to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Lepage was short, bullet-headed, athletic and in comparison with the majority of my friends, dandified in dress. I recall his having been at the Beaux Arts during the period I studied there, and my disliking him for this general cockiness. He asked if I would make a medallion of him in exchange for a portrait of myself. Of course I agreed to the proposal, and as his studio was not far from mine, the medallion was modeled during a period when he was unable to work on account of a sprained ankle. He moved away shortly afterward, and I saw little of him except for the four hours a day when I posed for the full-length sketch he made of me. This painting was destroyed in the fire which burned my studio in 1904.

Here I will invert my father's order, and refer to his smaller work before I speak of the larger efforts and their connection with Stanford White.

Of all the lesser commissions modeled at the time, the low reliefs, in especial were of importance, as they marked the real commencement of the series of medallions which he developed through his life until they became the one form of his art in which he considered himself a master. He has already spoken of the encouragement which La Farge gave him in the New

York days. Therefore, in Paris, upon seeing the portrait of "A Man with a Hat," by the French sculptor, Chapu, his interest was so forcibly renewed that he promptly set out to model bas-reliefs of the group of artists about him, almost all being nearly half life-size, and treated much more freely than those in later years. Mr. Gilder has written me a word concerning this side of my father's endeavors.

My dear Homer:

. . . We were in Paris at the time your father was working on the Farragut. I remember I with others stood occasionally for the legs. Also he was making the St. Thomas angels (the suggestion for which he found La Farge had traced, by the way) and the beginning of those exquisite low-relief portraits. He did our little family. The separate head of Rodman was a great hit. At that time he was asked to make some portrait heads for some French concern. This he could not undertake, but immediately afterwards a young French sculptor glued his eyes on the Saint-Gaudens' low-reliefs and began producing that sort of thing himself, to suit the market or the men who wanted Saint-Gaudens to do it. . . .

In the combined portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Gilder and of Rodman Gilder my father first completed a relief in which the heads of two sitters faced one another. Such a task presents unusual technical difficulties, as the conventional profile medallion is modeled only to be seen with the light coming "over the shoulder," while this more ambitious attempt had to be constructed so as to look well in any light. Nevertheless the problem fascinated the sculptor, since he returned to it three times later in life in the portraits of Miss Sarah Redwood Lee and Mrs. Charles Carroll Lee, William Dean Howells and his daughter, and Wayne MacVeagh and his wife.

Yet none of the medallions my father then modeled satisfied him to the extent of that of Bastien-Lepage, both because he

BASTIEN LEPAGE

believed the relief was as near perfection as he ever came, and because he was greatly interested in a rare combination of talent and vanity in his sitter. His attitude towards Lepage's art needs no other expression than his own. His memories of the painter's conceits he left unrecorded. One in especial, however, remains by me: my father's amusement in Lepage's often telling him not to draw the hands too large, the painter giving, as an excuse for his attitude, the reason that the hands were of small importance in comparison with the rest of the figure.

The portrait which Lepage, in return, painted of my father, hung upon the walls of our New York home in Washington Place and Forty-fifth Street for many years. My father and my family prized it greatly, for though it did not resemble him distinctly in detail, it gave a clear feeling of his personality.

In another way, too, the medallion nearly led to further pleasures, as upon Lepage's showing his copy to the Princess of Wales, she immediately suggested that my father make the portrait of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. Here is a translation of the first of the letters dealing with the subject:

My dear St.-Gaudens:

I have some news to tell you which will give you much pleasure and which you can use when the occasion offers.

The other day at a reception in Grosvenor Gallery the Princess of Wales strongly admired your medallion and asked me your name. She seemed to wish to know you and, I think, also to possess some little work such as those you have exhibited.

I proposed to her to write to you immediately, but she told me not to write you on her account. In any event I am warning you, and I will arrange matters in such a fashion that you will be able to take advantage of this incident at a moment's notice.

I have no photograph of the "Jeanne d'Arc." As soon as I obtain some I will send you one.

My best wishes, in haste, J. Bastien-Lepage.

Unfortunately, my father could remain only a little longer in Europe, so the relief was never modeled.

From this lesser work I will turn again to the more important commissions, with the elaborations by White, of which my father has spoken. In taking up the matter of the Morgan tomb, for the sake of continuity, I shall group the letters which passed between the two men according to their subject rather than their dates. Here first are four of White's:

118 East Tenth Street, New York.

My dear St.-Gaudens:

What ragged letters I have been writing you. Three to one, I believe this is. But then yours, though I confess somewhat desultory, was a royal one and paid up for a dozen of mine. . . . I should n't wonder but that Morgan would go the nine thousand dollars for the tomb, provided the other sculptor estimates higher than you do. *Which I feel sure he will.* Now I have no doubt you are cussing and swearing all this while and saying, "Confound the man, the thing can't be done for anywhere near the sum," etc. In that case, my dear boy, all you have to do is to think up some brilliant idea that can. And as for the hundred or two dollars, let them go. By the way, how long will you take to do the work; I mean finished in stone? I told Morgan eighteen months to two years. How 's that, me boy?

I hope you will let me help you on the Farragut pedestal. Then I should go down to Fame, even if it was bad, reviled for making a poor base to a good statue. . . .

Dear St.-Gaudens:

Enclosed you will find a very rough and very bad sketch traced from a hasty-finished-up drawing of Morgan's tomb.

He has accepted it and wishes us to go right ahead, and you to start work the minute you get in Paris. The commission always charged in monumental work is from ten to twenty-five percent, according to the size and cost of the work. He said he would n't give more than five percent to any man, etc., etc. My first inclination was to pick up my hat and bid him good-morning. But I remembered that I was poor, and young, and had run in debt to get abroad, and that it might interfere with you. So I told him I would think over the matter, which I did, and swallowed my pride and principles and accepted his five percent. Now, my dear boy, I am afraid I have given you too much work for your shilling, but in case I have not and you will be able to make a respectable profit on it, I may ask you to give me a hundred or two dollars. I do this because I shall have to superintend the putting up of your work and because my first sketch included the whole thing. But in case Morgan is as hard on you as he is on me, why we will grin and bear it together. However, we will arrange that when we meet, though in *no* case will I listen to your paying me anything unless you make a little pile yourself. Morgan said he would limit me to twenty thousand dollars. I allowed you eight thousand and my estimate barely scrapes under the twelve thousand remaining. Now, old boy, I am afraid I have not allowed you enough. Your work will include the band of angels around the column, and four little symbolic figures at angles of the superstructure. However, I may get into a row with Morgan before I leave and the tomb may go up too. But I will try not. I will write again next mail, and close abruptly, with my respects to your wife and love to you.

June 21, 1878.

Dear St.-Gaudens:

Yours just received this morning, and I thank the Lord for getting it. I began to think you were disgusted with me,

which would have been very wrong, or that you were again attacked with the fever, which would have been worse; or, which would be worst of all, that you had gone to Rome, which I hope to heaven you will not do until after I have left Paris.

It is just like you to offer me a bunk. Do you think I would inflict myself upon you? We shall see. . . . Who do you think is coming with me? Even McKim. I am tickled to death. He is coming over for but a six weeks' trip; still it is perfectly jolly. We will land at Havre and take the express train for Paris, and so will arrive there I suppose about the fifteenth or sixteenth. I will pay my respects to you immediately.

I have come to the conclusion, and I feel almost sure that you will too, that eight figures will be too much for the monument. So my present idea is as follows: at the front put four figures of angels, well in relief. . . . But on the sides and back arrange some conventional foliage or flowers. It would give it more dignity and, it seems to me, a center of interest which the mere ring of angels would not have. However, all this is *your* work and for *you* and you only to decide, and I am going to impress the same on Morgan. The above scheme would only have five figures and would give both you and the cutters less work, would it not? . . . However, not considering any two or three hundred dollars to me, what you want to do is to estimate on the work, giving a full and fair profit to yourself. Then if Morgan refuses to accept, let us cook up some scheme that will come within the figure. . . .

Nov. 2, 1879.

Dear Gaudens:

I think the Morgan angels splendid. Look out you don't get them *too* picturesque. I think the tree trunk should be much thicker, especially at the base. . . .

The following is from my father to White:

November 6, 1879.

. . . I have made up my mind to the disposition of the figures as you see them in the photograph. I 've tried putting two angels between the trees instead of one. But it would n't work. What I want you to do is to have the molding in the stone directly under the figures left *uncut* because I think it would be better straight up, with the lettering running around occupying the space the molding would take.

I have indicated the inscription a little and you can see it in the photograph. Tell me what you think of this and if it can be done, or what you can suggest instead. Or is it absolutely necessary that that molding should be there? Again tell me how you like the tree and whether you would object to its coming over, and consequently almost entirely concealing the molding over the angels. Or must I make the leafage come under the molding? About this your word is law. . . .

I 'll finish the cross in a day or so, now that I have leisure, and send it right on. I don't think I 'll write Morgan until then, and when I do shall say but few words and send you a copy of what I send him. . . .

Again from White to my father:

Saturday night.

Beloved:

. . . By all means I think you had better write Morgan about his angels. I think they are busting and so do all of us. But Morgan, and above all Mrs. Morgan, may have some preconceived notions. So, if you write, she will know some-

thing what to expect. The chief reason I say this is because somebody was in the office and saw the photographs and asked me if it was a musical party, and seemed somewhat shocked when I told him it was over a tomb. Some people always think of death as a gloomy performance instead of a resurrection. So I think I should write them a note about looking at death as a resurrection, etc., etc.; that you had placed three angels in front, one praying, two playing on the harp and lute, and all chanting the lines, Alleluia, etc., etc., which were written underneath, and that from the back springs a symbol of the tree of life, the leaves of which form a cover over the heads of the angels. . . . You of course will write this a big sight better, and I only bore you with it because two fellows sometimes think more than one.

About the angels, I think they are perfectly lovely. McKim said, "By golly, what a fellow St.-Gaudens is!" and borrowed them to show Mrs. Butler. Bunch and Weir thought they were gorgeous. And even Babb said "h-m-m h-m," which is lots for him. . . .

As for the angels in the front, I will get down on my knees and say nothing. I think you should make the tree trunks and limbs and foliage very architectural. I like, however, the trunk and limb shown on the three-quarter view, very much. I am sure I would make the angel behind with a scroll. I have enclosed some tracings I made over the photographs. I would not have the edge of the leafage so sharp and flat. You certainly want deep masses and dark shadows. But you must take care to make your holes so the water will run off. Then when it freezes it won't take off a head or a hand or a leaf. I think some of the leaves should be well under cover. But in no case let the light of heaven come through the canopy of leaves. That is to say, don't have a hole in it. . . .

Such is the story of the Morgan tomb, as the two young men struggled with the commission during this stage of its

progress. The correspondence now takes up the Randall and Farragut monuments. White writes:—

May 8th, 1880.

Dear old Boy:

. . . I suppose you will have to give up your visit to Lille and the Low Countries. But do not miss a day at the South Kensington and a day at the British Museum. *Be sure* not to. It will fire you all up. Go to the Royal Academy, too, and see the early fellows there. . . .

Sometime in January I received a letter from Thos. Greenleaf, controller of Sailors' Snug Harbor, asking me to call on him in reference to the Randall pedestal. . . . So I prepared for the committee a drawing from our first sketch that I am sure would have come out well. The seat was about forty feet across. In front of the pedestal was a long stone on which I thought you could put a relief of a yawl-boat in a storm or something of the kind, and around the back of the seat there ran a bronze inscription. All this cost about seven thousand five hundred dollars. Also, to make sure, I prepared an alternative design, costing about four thousand five hundred dollars.

I sent these two with a strong letter, insisting on your desire to have a horizontal line to oppose your perpendicular one, and strongly advocating blue stone. So far everything had gone all right. . . . But I knew Babcock was on the Committee, and so did not go off on any exultation war-whoops to you. I knew him only too well. Six weeks passed. I received a letter from Dr. Dix asking me to meet him, Dr. Paxton and *Mr. Babcock* in reference to the pedestal. . . . I don't know whether you know Babcock. He is President of the Board of Commerce, one of the sharpest business men in New York. In the first place they (he) did not want the seat, would not have it under any considerations. They (he) wanted a single pedestal like those in the Park. The "Webster" was the best. (It 's the worst thing in the city.) Had I

seen the "Webster"? No, I had n't. Well I'd better see it, as I could then form some idea of what *they* (he) wanted.

I thanked him and said I supposed that the reason they consulted me was to have something that *you* wanted, and in all cases that was what *I* proposed to make. Babcock got red in the face, but Dix came to my support and said "Precisely." . . .

Then Babcock objected to blue stone and said the base must be of granite. They asked me to prepare a new design to be presented at next month's meeting of the board, and Babcock made the enlightened proposition that I need only make the sketch, as all "these granite men" had draughtsmen in their employ who would make all the details, and save me a lot of trouble.

I thereupon, in your name and mine, distinctly refused to have anything to do with it, unless the work was to be carried out properly, and Dix again came to my assistance with "Precisely. I suppose the work will be cut under your direction."

"Certainly," I replied, "or not at all." Then I cleared out.

The second design I made as severe and simple as possible, one stone on top of another. I should have made it like your sketch in the photograph but it had to be made in two stones on account of the enormous expense of one—as it is, the approximate estimates came to four thousand six hundred dollars. Since sending the sketches I have heard nothing from them. Perhaps they are disgusted with the plainness of the design. If so, I should say, as you have to furnish the design, that that is a matter for you to settle. Perhaps Babcock is having one of his "granite men who—etc." carry out the design. If he has I shall have the whole office of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate down on him. But this is not at all likely. They are probably, like most committees, inactive. I shall stir Dix up and find out what has been settled on.

There, I 've written you a long letter. Believe me it is more trouble to write than I 've been to in the whole affair. I en-

THREE VIEWS OF THE MORGAN TOMB ANGELS IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION

The monument was destroyed by fire before unveiling

joyed making the first designs and have them for my pains. Otherwise, save my contempt for Babcock, I have got along well with everybody. If the committee so "graciously decide," I shall put the thing through, and if we can strike them for anything well and good. But if you say anything more about "bill" to me I 'll retaliate on you in a way you least expect. I am writing this on the train between Newport and New York which may account for its more than legible hand-writing.

I cannot tell you how driven I am with business on account of McKim's absence from the office. For the last month I have been nearly frantic, being often at my office till midnight. Poor McKim is much better but still unable to work. He will have to go abroad again. He will be devilish sorry to miss you. . . .

Greater than in the "Morgan" and the "Randall" combined, however, was my father's interest in the "Farragut." Indeed, during the course of its development he grew terribly anxious over the result. In the first place no assurance of future work had yet reached him. He was poor as usual. With a habit which continued through his life, he had vastly underestimated the period of time he would require in which to finish his task. And, to cap the climax, even after the statue was carried to successful completion in the studio, and, with the date of the unveiling urgently pressing, had gone to the bronze foundry, more difficulties developed. For the molders, when they came to the lower half of the figure, neglected, in their haste, to attend to some technicality, with such disastrous results that my father and mother were forced to hire another apartment, and to wait abroad another six weeks in their poverty.

It is with many such troubles surrounding this, the most vital of my father's early commissions, that White's correspondence largely deals. One especial source of irritation grew from the desire of both my father and White to create a new type of pedestal, in spite of the fact that it required

more money than the contract provided. Their efforts to obtain this additional appropriation were in vain. Consequently, since to complete the work according to their ideals they had dipped into their own scant funds in the hope of an ultimate repayment, they were both out of pocket at the time of the unveiling.

The first three letters are from White to my father:

Saturday, September 6, 1879.
'Hon board the '*Holympus.*

. . . I did not answer your question about the height of the figure. . . . I ought to have my nose flattened. But I was n't a responsible being, so "nuff said." My feeling would be to *lower it by all means.* I think the figure would be in better proportion to the pedestal. . . . But that is a matter for you to decide, and you can settle it very easily by having Louis make a Farragut eight feet two inches in paper, and seeing the effect. With the paper pedestal already made that would be near enough to judge. . . .

One reason I did not answer the question was because I thought I would wait until I could see the "Lafayette" in Union Square and send you the measure. I don't care about the "Lafayette" myself, but I will measure it immediately on my arrival and write you what it is. . . .

57 Broadway, New York (Tuesday)
9th Sept., 1879.

My Beloved Snooks:

I made yesterday three unsuccessful attempts to measure the "Lafayette" and get in the lock-up. To-day I came near succeeding in both. Here is the result: It is impossible to get an accurate measure without a step-ladder and a requisition on the city government. But I will swear that it is not over eight feet five or under eight feet three. If it had not come so near to our figure I should have telegraphed you. If you still stick to eight feet six for the figure alone I do not

think you will go much wrong, but I myself should most certainly advise reducing the figure and base to eight feet six. . . .

Feb. 24.

Beloved:

. . . There is another thing I wish to know about, viz., the inscription. I submitted to my Dad a draft of the one we decided on in Paris, and then took it up and saw young Farragut and Madame. They liked it very much. But the trouble is, my Dad did not like it at all. He said it would be a most difficult thing to do, and thinking, until lately, that you were coming over in May and that you would have time to settle its definite form then, I planned to invest in Farragut's life and go over it with my Dad, and then let him make up something of his own, which we could talk over when you appeared. I will now attend to it at once, in order to be ready for any contingency. Your idea, however, is to draw it on the stone here, and perhaps have Louis and an assistant cut it, is it not? . . .

. . . I have been to the site for the "Farragut" at least fifty times; sometimes I think it is a bully site and sometimes I think a better one might be found. I have gone there with lots of people, and their opinions differ as much as mine do. There has been no need of hurrying about it, as we are sure of the site and they won't begin laying the foundations before April.

I have been on the point of writing the formal application to the Park Commissioners twice, but both times have been stopped, the last time by your letter saying there should be twenty-five feet from the sidewalk to the figure. This upset me, for in that site it can't be did. I went up with tape lines and found that it brought the figure just in the worst place and smack into the path. Your wife's letter, however, makes it all right.

I am very glad, nevertheless, that I was stirred up in my

mind, for I have come myself to the almost decided conclusion that the Twenty-sixth Street corner of Madison Park and Fifth Avenue is a better place. It is more removed from the other statues and is altogether a more select, quiet, and distinguished place, if it is not quite so public. It is in a sweller part of the Park, just where the aristocratic part of the Avenue begins and right opposite both Delmonico's and the Hotel Brunswick, and the stream of people walking down Fifth Avenue would see it at once. It also would have a more northerly light and you would n't have any white reflection to dread.

My dear Gaudens:

. . . Olmsted said he felt very sure you could have any site you might choose. He still favored the one in front of the Worth monument and did not at all like the one we think of in Madison Square. He thought it a sort of shiftless place, which would give the statue no prominence whatever. He seemed to think it might be anywhere along the sidewalk, as well as the place we proposed. He suggested the following places: in the triangles formed by the intersection of Broadway and Sixth Avenue (in which way the whole of the little park would be made to conform to the pedestal), or at a place somewhere near the entrance to Central Park. He also suggested just north of the fountain in Union Square.

I myself still favor the Madison Square site, its very quietness being a recommendation. Of the other sites the one north of the fountain in Union Square seemed far the best.

The elevated railway, it seems to me, knocks the others. We could not take a place directly opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel. We *could*, of course, but just above it is by far the best place. . . .

October 15th, 1879.

Dear (Saint-Gaudens' Caricature):

Sometime ago I took the two pedestals to La Farge. His

criticism was very quick and to the point. He liked them both. But he liked the first sketch the better, for the reason that he thought it simpler and more of a whole, and, of the two designs, he liked the one that could fall back on precedent, rather than the more original one, unless the original one was so astonishingly good that it compensated for its strangeness. Funny, coming from La Farge, was n't it?

I then asked him to sail into the last pedestal, and tell us what to do, and how to better it. He said the curving, or rising, of the line upward from the ends toward the pedestal proper was an insuperable objection. He disliked it any way, and gave as his chief reason that it was antagonistic with the circular plan of the seat, and destroyed the perspective almost entirely. He liked the decorative treatment very much and the dolphins very much.

Now the only thing that troubles me about his criticism is his objection to the curved rising line of the back of the seat, for the reason that it also bothered me considerably and had lain on my conscience like flannel-cakes in Summer. I am sure it will not look well, and I am almost equally sure that a straight back or one very slightly and subtly rising will. Almost everybody (architects) have spoken about it. Still, if you feel very strongly about it, why, let us keep it. I send you some tracings with this, and you can see what I mean. . . .

Also, you clay-daubing wretch, why did you not tell me which site you wished? You wrote me that you thought them all "good." I myself strongly like the Madison Square site and "so do we all of us" but you must decide and, for God's sake, *do* so, and then hire a hall forever afterward.

October 17th, 1879.

My dear old Boy:

. . . I am just as much interested in the success of the pedestal as you are, nor, alas! shall I see many such chances in

my life to do work in so entirely an artistic spirit unhampered by the—well, small Hells that encircle us on every side, women who want closets, for instance. . . .

I had begun to be pretty worried and scared, for both prices and labor had gone up nearly twenty-five percent, and I was not at all surprised when Mr. Fordyce told me the lowest bid he could make on the pedestal was $2700. We went all over the plans carefully, but could see no way of cutting it down. So I made up my mind that if we died we would die hard. I sent Cisco your letter, and one for myself asking for an appointment, and told Fordyce, if he could n't devise some way of reducing the bid, never to darken the door of McK. M. & W.'s offices again. Next morning I got a letter from Cisco saying he would be in Saturday the "hull" day long, and Fordyce appeared with a sort of a yaller green blue stone in his hand which he said was the "grandest" (he is a Scotchman) stone on the market, and that he would build the pedestal three hundred and fifty dollars cheaper, that is for two thousand, three hundred and fifty dollars. He swore it was as strong as the blue stone and, to prove it, picked up a piece of the blue stone, and hit the two together, and smashed his own stone into a thousand splinters. Convincing, was n't it?

Nevertheless the stone turned out to be a very good stone, and a very stunning color. I will send you a specimen of it.

Saturday noon I sailed down to Cisco's office, with the photograph in one hand and my stone in the other. He received me very kindly, read over your letter again, and asked me what he could do for me. I told him how long we had worked on the pedestal, and how anxious we were to have it built, how the bids had come over the amount in hand, and how we hoped for the committee's assistance. He said "Ah! Dear me!" two or three times, thought pedestal number one would be very grand and liked pedestal number two almost as well, liked the

stone, too. At the end he rose from his seat and said he was very sorry that General Dix was not alive, that he would have been the proper person to apply to, that as for himself he really could do nothing about it, that the two thousand dollars would always be at my disposal, and wished me "Good morning."

"Then you do not think any more money could be raised?" I said as I shook hands with him.

"Possibly—possibly," he replied, "you had better see Governor Morgan, as he is Mr. St.-Gaudens' friend."

After seeing Cisco, I had spoken to my father and asked his advice. Cisco, by the way, at first supposed I was the man who was going to contract for the pedestal. So my Dad told me he would give me a formal letter of introduction to him which would make him at least listen courteously to what I had to say again. What he did write was a letter of about a dozen lines, expressing our cause strongly and putting the point to Cisco. The plan I had formed was to get the list of subscribers, and then make attacks on all of them, with my Dad's assistance, until I came across some feller who took enough interest in the thing to make the cause his own. I sent my Dad's letter and my own to Cisco in the same envelope, and was asked to call on him next day.

He was as kind as before, told me he had computed the interest and found there was two thousand four hundred and fifty dollars, just the sum we want to build the plain shell, above the nine thousand dollars. He said it would be next to impossible to get a list of the subscribers and that it would be very foolish for me to try to do anything about raising any more money now, especially as the statue was behindhand. But that when the statue and pedestal were put up, *if they were a success he thought there would be no doubt but that the extra six hundred dollars or so could be raised amongst a dozen or so of the subscribers.* For instance, he would give fifty dollars, perhaps Governor Morgan one hundred, and so

on. He then bade me good morning, and told me to see Governor Morgan and get his advice.

So I marched off with joy in my soul and had hard work to stop myself writing you a high-cockalorum of a letter at once. I did not write you before for the reason that so far nothing was settled, and I saw no reason for disheartening you, when possibly matters might turn out for the best, and after seeing Cisco I thought it safest to see Morgan, rather than write you a pæan of victory and have to take it all back by next post. Alas, I did only too wisely. . . . I saw Morgan three times after this, but on each occasion he was in a bad humor and I did not venture upon the pedestal. Last week I called to see him, called again about his old mausoleum, and took the photographs of the pedestal with me in case the opportunity was favorable. The Governor did not want to see me about his monument, although he had told me to call, but asked "what I had in my hands." I thought I had better settle matters at once, and I showed him the pedestal and told him as quietly and shortly as I could how we stood, and what Cisco had said.

He immediately got up on a high horse, and acted in a most outrageous manner, misunderstanding everything I said. . . . In fact, his whole manner of acting was as if we were trying to come some game over the committee, and that he brushed us away, as beneath listening to. I was boiling mad, and at first a little troubled what to do, and wisely slept over it. The next morning I wrote Governor Morgan a letter and went immediately down to see Cisco, told him what had happened, and showed him the letter I had sent the Governor. He metaphorically patted me on the back, told me not to mind the Governor, that, this is *entre nous*, his physicians had told him that he could not live more than two or three years and that in consequence he was in a constantly depressed and morbid condition.

So I went away again highly elated, as I was afraid Cisco would say, "Well, you had better drop the whole matter and do what the contract calls for." He at least is our friend and I am sure will gather others to us. *This was four days ago.*

Now you know all about it, what has happened and exactly how the matter stands. You must draw your own inferences, and tell me what to do. There will be, above the contract for the pedestal, about six hundred dollars to seven hundred dollars extra for the cutting of the reliefs. Toward this, at a pinch, the difference in the cost of casting a figure eight feet three instead of nine feet might legitimately go, and I feel almost sure that the balance can be raised amongst the subscribers, when the time comes. But of course it is a risky thing and one that you must decide for yourself.

I have told you everything, and at frightful length, and now the pack is on your shoulders, and you can throw it off which way you choose. You 're boss, and I await your orders. If you so decide, we have plenty of time to design a new "chaste and inexpensive" pedestal. If, however, you decide, as I think you will, to go on with our last design, write me so at once. I found out from the contractors that they could cut the stone in the winter, and put up the pedestal, foundation and all, within three weeks in the spring. So we are not more than moderately pressed in that regard. But it is important that you should start immediately on your work modeling the reliefs, etc. Therefore, if you choose, you can telegraph simply "Stanford, New York." I will leave word to have any telegram so addressed sent to the office, and I will understand that you mean to go ahead and I will contract for the pedestal at once.

Assez! Assez! c'est fini. Look up! Hire a Hall! I have spent two evenings writing this and hope it will go by this week's White Star steamer.

For you that have read it and the wealth of correspondence accompanying it, all I can say is "God pity you," and be with you, old boy, forever.

S. W.

Here is a portion of my father's reply to White's letters of October seventeenth and October eighteenth:

Paris, Nov. 6th, '79.

Dear old Hoss:

Go ahead with the pedestal and do whatever you please about lowering or heightening the wall. I 'm willing and give you *carte blanche* with all my heart. As soon as I receive the dimensions from you I will commence on the bas-reliefs. . . . I can reduce the plinth, though, to any size you see fit. The statue is more than half finished in the big, and of course cannot be changed. So go ahead, sign the contract, cut off all you please, put on all you please. I will pay for the cutting the figures and take my chances for the reimbursement by the committee. Furthermore, I will also agree to pay whatever more than the sum the committee have for the pedestal the cutting of the dolphins and lettering may come to. That matter is now settled.

As to the site, I have a great deal more difficulty in deciding, but *now formally select the Madison Square site.* For a great many reasons I prefer the Union Square site above the fountain, but stick to the Madison Square, unless you should change your mind and vote for the Union Square one too. The principal objec-

tion to Madison Square is the reflection from the Fifth Avenue Hotel. And now, while I think of it, the statue must be unveiled in the afternoon for that reason. *So go for Madison Square.*

If I get my models for the "Loyalty" and "Courage" done in time, and I think I can, I shall have them at least commenced in the shop. The dolphins and lettering will be entirely cut and finished in the shop. Send me the definite space for the "Loyalty" and "Courage" and I 'll commence at once. So much for that.

The last bid you had for a blue stone pedestal of course "squashes" the Scotchy with the yellow blue stone that was going to knock spots out of the blue stone. So I take it at any rate. I think I have a list of the subscribers that have not paid for the Farragut, and I know that there is nine hundred dollars' worth of them. I may conclude to write to Montgomery, the Consul General to Switzerland, who is the secretary and did have that list. But you know we had a kind of a diplomatic row, and I don't relish writing to him, and I don't count on all this.

If convenient, but only if it 's convenient, I would n't settle on the cutting of the letters as Louis might do some of that. But, if it interferes with the arrangements in any way whatever, don't mind. Of course I wish to design the letters also if possible. Don't settle about cutting the figures. I might be able to get them cheaper, but as I said before that must not stand in the way of the work. However, don't wait to write

to me about it if it should, but go ahead and contract for them. I 'll be satisfied. . . .

Two months later White wrote to my father:

Friday night, Dec. 17, 1899.

Dear old Fellow:

. . . The truth is I had things pretty well along when one Sunday Babb came in, and said, in his usual way of springing a bomb-shell on you, "Well, if you take the rise out of the back of the seat you 'll get the pedestal too heavy and make the figure look thin." Then as usual, he shut up like a clam and would n't say any more. Now, as I care much for Babb's opinion, and my conscience would never forgive me if I got the pedestal too heavy, I began floundering around trying to improve matters until McKim came along and said, "You 've got a good thing, why don't you stick to it?" So I 've stuck to it. . . .

The plan of the pedestal has a flatter curve and the whole pedestal is broader and lower. Babb approves, everybody approves, and I am consequently happy. After a heavy consultation, I have kept the rise in the back of the seat in a modified and more subtle form so you 'd be satisfied.

All I have got to say is if any Greek Temple had any more parabolic, bucolic, or any other olic kind of curves about it than this has, or if the architect had to draw them out full size, a lunatic asylum or a hospital must have been added to an architect's office. I hope you will not go into a hospital trying to understand them, old Boy.

. . . About the models—the ones we want first of course are the fish and the sea and the sword, as those are in the contract. Everybody likes the fishes, so I would make them like the little model "better as you can." As to the sea, do just as you please, and it will be sure to be bully. You *must* make it stormy though. As for conventionalism, fire away as you

choose; our difference of opinion is only one of words. By the way, did you ever read the description of the horse in the Book of Job?

"Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength."

Of course a horse's neck is not clothed with thunder. But would a realistic description have gone to your guts so? . . .

And again my father answered:

Sunday or Monday, March 14th or 15th, 1880.

Dear Bianco:

Just received your long telegram. I don't fully understand about the sea, but that 's of little importance. I think you will be pleased with what I do.

I 'm working on the plaster of the "Farragut," and think I 'm improving it seriously. I should n't be very sorry if Fisher and Bird fell through with the marble . . . as I have so much more advantageous an offer for cutting the stone from fellows that are here. I don't care so much about the advantage in a money way as in an artistic, for the man I would have is an American, one of Palmer's best men. He would be delighted, would do it in place, I could boss him as much as I please, and the work I 'm sure would be well done and rapidly. Great God, what a stew I keep you in! . . . "Have you done rightly?" My dear boy, you ought to be named Saint-Job-White. That is all

I can say. Nothing more. All I can do in return to counter-balance faintly for the bother and worry I 'm putting you to is to tell you I think your fish, sea, seat, the whole thing, will look better than you ever dreamed it would. I 'm sure of that, and also that, although when I had finished Farragut in clay I was disgusted, since I 've worked the plaster I think better of it and feel you will like it. If La Farge, Babb, and yourself don't think it decadent I will be rewarded—I am all nervous about the worry you must have been in with this mess and at times I wish, for your sake, I had never been born.

IX

PARISIAN AMUSEMENTS

1878-1880

White's Activities—White and the Bust at Lille—Down the Rhone with White and McKim—Friendships—The Society of American Artists in Paris—The Paris International Exposition—Life at the Time.

AS White proved of unusual aid to Saint-Gaudens while the architect was in the United States and the sculptor in Paris, so he developed into the most sympathetic of companions while he was with my father abroad. Saint-Gaudens speaks of this; yet, further to show how attuned were the two minds, I will preface the reminiscences of this chapter by a letter to my father from White, characteristic of his enthusiasm over the wealth of art about him.

White writes:

Dear St. Gaudens:

. . . Now, old boy, having been "werry" modest, the real reason I am writing you is to tell you about an acquaintance of yours. Perhaps you have seen her and I am wasting my time and making a fool of myself; nevertheless, here goes. I was at Lille yesterday and went to the Museum. I suppose it is the best provincial collection anywhere; but I wandered past pen and wash drawings by Michelangelo and Raphael, by Fra Bartolommeo, Tintoretto, Francia, Signorelli, Perugino, Masaccio, Ghirlandajo, pen and wash drawings by Verocchio and one even by Donatello,—drawings by these men, and ink and wash drawings at that,—I wandered past them with a listless sort of air. I was on a hunt for something

else, even a wax head by Raphael. I could n't find it and was about to appeal to the guardian, when suddenly, etc.! "Holy Moses! Gin and seltzer!" Everything, anything, would be but as straws in the whirlpool. When you have made up your mind that a thing should look one way and it looks another, you are very apt to be disappointed. For a moment I gasped for breath. The next, like a vessel changing tack, my sails shook in the wind and I said, is this thing right? And then the utter loveliness of it swept all other feelings aside. Do you know that it is *colored*, and that all it needs is eyelashes to be what people call a "wax figure," that the skin is flesh color, the lips red, the eyes chestnut, the hair auburn, the dress blue, and the pedestal gold? It is easy enough to take exception to all this, and your reason will immediately tell you it is wrong. But then, when you go and look at it, you wish you may die or something. You no more question its not being "high art" than you think of a yellow harvest moon being but a mass of extinct volcanoes.

It is no use going on, I shall have to wait until I can dance around your studio to express my enthusiasm. Get down on your knees in front of your autotype which gives but a half idea of it. Never was so sweet a face made by man in this world and, I am sure, if they are all as lovely in the next, it must be Heaven indeed. . . .

It is of the White of this letter that the reminiscences speak. My father writes:

In the years I passed this time in Paris there was little of the adventurous swing of life that pervaded my previous struggles. The dominant difference, and one that was certainly interesting, came upon the arrival of Mr. Stanford White, who lived with us, together with my brother Louis. Our home was White's headquar-

ters, whence he darted off in extraordinarily vigorous excursions to the towns surrounding Paris that contain those marvels of Gothic architecture of which he was an adorer.

His endless excursions kept up for about six months, I believe, until he was joined by his great friend McKim. Then the three of us, all red-heads, took a trip down the Rhone, the idea coming from my experience years before in the French war, when, for economy's sake, I had proposed going to Marseilles in that way. The towns along the river's bank were then full of Gothic and particularly Roman architecture, and it was with high anticipations that we boarded the long, narrow boat one day at Lyons, to journey in it to Avignon.

This was a great and diversified trip, diversified both by the beauty and austere character of the country we went through and by comic experiences. The steamer, of the same proportions as our canal-boats, sailed down the rapid current of the yellow Rhone at an extraordinary rate of speed. We passed under stone bridges and by towns with churches with stone spires, beneath a Southern sun tempered by the breeze of the swiftly moving boat. The breeze was not enough, however, to temper the smell of garlic which pervaded our ship from the tip of her bow to the end of her stern. She was thoroughly impregnated, inside and outside, upside and down, and in every direction, with that perfume. We were in the land of garlic, and there was no doubt about it.

The boat made but few stops, one of which was at Saint Péray where we got off and bought a bottle of delicious, sparkling white wine that made our souls happy for an hour or so afterwards!

Later, as we rushed down the river, we saw on a little trestle, immediately before some meadows below a large stone bridge, a woman with a band-box awaiting our approach. The trestle was so close to the bridge, and so placed as regarded the angle of the arch near it, that it was impossible for the boat to approach it head on through the arch without destroying the trestle and the lady and the bandbox at the same time. So we took the arch near the center of the river, tore past our feminine friend some distance down stream, and then backed up, finally touching the boat to the trestle. This was accompanied by infinite comment, general jargon, and volumes of the smell of garlic, until the woman and her bandbox were safely shipped.

The getting the boat to the good woman was all very well. But getting the boat away from the pier without running into the headland, which was farther down, was another pair of cuffs, as they say in French. For it necessitated backing up the river through the arch we avoided first, and then steaming down again through the second arch we had taken originally, and resulted in the boat's running up on the bank supporting the pier. In a moment there was the greatest danger of our capsizing. The uproar was extraordinary. All the crew came out from various doors and orifices and all shouted, from the captain to the cook. Some

jumped off and pushed with poles. Those who were not pushing swore at those who were, and the men with poles swore back at the men who were not pushing. To the confusion of this din was added the loud noise of the river rushing under the arch. In the midst of it all, a young fiend, evidently accustomed to this thing, or delighting in danger, half reclined in a corner of the boat made comfortable by the tilt, and elevated some kind of a tin horn or cornet, upon which he gave a diabolical *intermezzo,* with the greatest glee, during the entire performance.

Night had fallen when we arrived at Avignon, and there, as we wandered through the city, I felt again the delightful sense of the South and of the narrow thoroughfares of Italian towns. It was certainly pleasant to hear the sound of a Beethoven sonata floating from an open window into the warm summer night of the silent streets.

In a short time our passion for ice-cream asserted itself, though there seemed to be no public place or café where we could find our beloved refreshment. Soon, however, inquiry from a solitary passer-by led to a reply that vividly recalled my father and the ardent South.

"Is there a café in this town where we can get some ices?"

"Most certainly."

"Would you be kind enough to tell us where it is?"

"Why, yes, yes. Go down this street until you come

to the third street on your left, follow that two blocks, then take the first on your right, then keep straight ahead, and you will come out on the public square. There is the café, which you will have no difficulty in finding, for," with a large, sweeping gesture, "it occupies the entire place."

With visions of the enormous cafés of Marseilles and the Paris Boulevards, we followed his instructions. But where we had been given an impression of a square second only to the Place de la Concorde of Paris, we found a little widening in the street, and in one corner of it a diminutive café, dismal beyond description, and lighted by what was dim enough to be a feeble candle-light, even if it was not that. Our informer had stated truly, however; it occupied "the entire place."

From Avignon we made a delightful tour going to Arles, St. Gilles, Nimes, and swinging back northward through Le Puy and Clermont; and especially was it interesting, as traveling third-class we could learn much of the people as well as of the architecture before we returned to Paris.

At this time I met Samuel Clemens. He was then a good deal of a dyspeptic, though he is evidently well out of that, judging by his recent speech as well as his looks and actions. He is as sound again as the traditional cricket I spoke of in relation to my friend Bunce. He and I were the witnesses at M——'s marriage at Montmartre, where M—— had his studio. All marriages in France, whether religious or not, must be performed by the civil authorities. This was the only one

at which I ever assisted, and a singular impression it produced on me.

At the appointed day we went to the municipal building of that part of the city, called the Mairie, and were ushered into a large hall. Around the walls was a simple wooden bench, and on that bench, at occasional intervals, there were other marriage parties in groups of half a dozen or so, all in their marriage costumes, as from this affair they generally went to the religious ceremony. Extending entirely across the other end of the room was a high desk, back of which there were some high seats. In the wall behind, and facing the room, were two doors, one on the right and one on the left. Presently there was a commotion and one of the ubiquitous gendarmes called out, "Monsieur the Mayor." The door on the left opened suddenly and in burst his Altissimo Excellency, the Grand Panjandrum, the Mayor himself, while every one arose as if in the presence of a divinity. He was short, had a large stomach, and across his bosom he wore a wide tricolored band showing his official dignity. I am probably giving an unpleasant impression of a very worthy gentleman, but such it was. He was followed by a horde of aides, who trooped in after him in a very businesslike manner and distributed themselves in the seats on each side.

Presently a voice would shout, "Mr. So and So, Miss So and So," and one of the groups who had reseated themselves would rise and walk in a body over to the long desk. Then there would come a mumbling for a few moments, after which they would turn about and

leave the hall. This operation was repeated several times until Mr. M——'s name was called, when we marched up, as did the others. His Excellency, after some preliminary performance by an underling, addressed Mr. M—— in a hurried and "Let-us-get-through-with-this-thing-quick" tone. "Do you take Miss X—— to be your wedded wife."

Then instantly turning to the young lady he asked if she would take Mr. M—— to be her husband. On her reply in the affirmative, he declared them wedded, and turned his head about with a bored look very much as if he was about to say, "Next!" Some more unimportant ceremony followed, and then we went out after the wedded couples into the open air. Considering the gravity of the occasion, this whole performance seemed to me shameful in the entire absence of dignity or respect for the participants.

By now I was also well acquainted with Will H. Low, Carroll Beckwith, Kenyon Cox, Edwin H. Blashfield, and John S. Sargent, the latter a tall, rather slim, handsome fellow. He was already in the public eye through his portrait of his master Carolus Duran, and consequently his appearance at first sight remains in my mind distinctly. Shortly after that, in exchange for a copy of the medallion I had done of Bastien-Lepage, he gave me a delightful water-color of a female figure, made at Capri. This went up in the flames of my studio. Together with these friends I engaged in the enthusiastic meetings incited by the bold and admirably written articles of Clarence Cook, at-

tacking the conservatism of the Academy of Design,—articles which made a great commotion in the art circles of New York at that period. We voted endless resolutions and endorsements of what he said, after the usual discussions and schisms that occur when a lot of young men try to do something. But nothing came of it.

Upon the departure of the St. Thomas work for the United States, which occurred in the midst of the period, we packed up our belongings and started for our beloved Rome. There I hired a studio on the Piazza Barberini and immediately began my sketches for the statue of Farragut. I had hardly been installed, however, before I received word from Mr. D. Maitland Armstrong, asking if I would be one of three to comprise the jury for the American Art Exhibit in the International Exposition at Paris which was about to take place. This was an honor which I immediately accepted, so back we went to Paris. We did some bold things on the jury, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Detmold, and I, and if my memory serves me rightly, probably some unjust ones in the rashness and enthusiasm of youth, and, as far as I was concerned, in my rôle of "righter of wrongs," as my friend Bion once dubbed me. I certainly now hold in great esteem the works of men whom I can recall at that time as estimating below the line of my high-reaching vision. These were the members of what is known as the Hudson River School. I can recall no specific injustice, but we would have been divine if we had not fallen into some. Nevertheless, Mr. Armstrong managed it with great

tact, and the result was very much to the credit of America.

The temper of this outstriking group of young American artists in Paris was but little different from that of those at home. The sculptors, so unfortunately few, were of the type that sympathized heart and soul with my father's admiration of such modern work as Rodin's "St. John Calling in the Wilderness." The painters were breaking even French circumscribed conditions right and left. For the elder men of that nation were still dissecting combinations of reflected lights, laboriously working over detailed shadows in thick impasto, while this younger group were seeking rather force of character, vital directness of style, fluent line and brilliant color, and were followers of such as Carolas Duran, who could teach them what they desired to learn concerning the underlying relations of color and mass.

As Saint-Gaudens has explained, the one common stamping-ground of this group abroad, as well as at home, was the new association. However, my father is over-modest when he says, in speaking of their discussions concerning it, that "nothing came of it." Much did come of those meetings, in which he took so active a part, both in a general and a particular fashion. Consequently, to show how vitally they contributed to the firm establishment of the Society of American Artists, I quote from an article which appeared October 30, 1878, in the New York *Tribune:*

"The movement among the younger and more progressive American artists here and abroad, of which mention was made last week, has come to maturity by the incorporation of a new association. The most salient feature in the new scheme is the control over admissions of their own pictures to the exhibitions which are accorded to artists abroad. The American Art Association proposes to open an exhibition which in no wise shall be in opposition or rivalry with the annual exhibition

of the Academy of Design. Academicians and associate academicians are among the founders of the new art show. The liberalism of the American Art Association is attested at the start by the fact that it opens its doors to members of the very Academy against which the movement itself was a dignified protest. But it goes farther. The distance between Paris and New York is too great, and Americans abroad have had too disagreeable an experience in sending pictures across the Atlantic only to be refused admission to exhibitions. Artists abroad have therefore lost confidence in home justice. To remedy this, the American Art Association has resolved to accept all pictures which have been passed by a committee of five in Paris, three of whom are to be elected by those who send in contributions and two appointed by the association. The officers for this year are Walter Shirlaw, President; Augustus St.-Gaudens, Vice-President; Wyatt Eaton, Secretary; and Louis C. Tiffany, Treasurer."

In a personal way also my father gained much from the gatherings of the insurgent young American painters and sculptors in Paris. For it was his vitality in these efforts that to a large extent brought him his appointment on the American Art Jury for the Paris International Exposition, a position of great value to so young a man. Here is a letter to my father, from Mr. D. Maitland Armstrong, which shows the spirit in which the whole affair was approached. Evidently the Committee of five of the *Tribune* letter was later changed to a Committee of three as mentioned by Armstrong and Saint-Gaudens.

New York, 20 March, 1878.

Dear St. Gaudens:

I was very much relieved to hear from Commissioner-General McCormick that you had accepted the appointment on the committee of selection in Paris, and I write more particularly now to let you know what you will have to do, or rather what I hope you will avoid doing. You know that you and I and

another are to select the remaining pictures for the Exposition —i.e. when they are collected in Paris we three are to form a jury and decide what pictures are to go in, the decision to be by ballot, and a majority of votes to decide. So that you can select as many as you like, to be submitted, but you cannot *promise* space to any one. The space is limited, and I do not think that more than forty pictures, at the outside, can be admitted in Paris. Eighty-four were sent from New York. I shall have absolute control of the hanging.

I am extremely glad that you have accepted, and it is a great relief to me to have you. As they heard nothing from or of you, I had to fight hard to keep you on the committee. If you have a great deal of trouble and very little thanks, you will be indebted for it all to me, as I suggested you first as one of the Committee in Paris.

B—— offered a picture here which was declined. He has sent it to Paris and will try to get it in there. The Committee here, to head him off, passed a resolution that no picture offered here should be considered by the Committee in Paris. Look out for him. He shall not get it in, but do not let it be known, as we do not wish to make a martyr of B——. There is another horrible painter who offered a ghastly daub which was rejected here. He says that he will get it in in Paris through you, as he says that you are his friend, his name is G——. Look out for him. Do not make any promises to artists. You have no right to do so and it might give you trouble. Pardon me for speaking so plainly. I do it from friendship.

Try and find all the pictures you can, to make up for some of the bad ones from here. With kindest regards from Mrs. A. I remain

Your sincere friend,

D. M. Armstrong.

I turn now from my father's public to his private life outside the studio, quoting two letters written by him, and an ac-

count sent by my Aunt, Mrs. Emerson. The first letter is to Stanford White.

PIAZZA BARBERINI, March, 1878.

My dear White:

"I am more sorry than I can express, &c &c. The fact is that I believe all of us architects, musicians, painters, sculptors, even the meanest of us have a bit of La Farge in them, viz., the wildest order in letter writing. Of course I ought to be punched, knocked against a wall, thrown off the New York Post Office flagtsaff, or what 's worse, made to remain in one of the offices there trying to sustain one of Miller's partitions. I know it. I know it all, I say, and you need n't be so savage about it!!!

You would have received this love-song ten days sooner if my friend Mr. Fever had not come and paid me a two weeks' visit. He was very attentive, and although I was not fond of him and made faces at him and gave him foul things to swallow, still he stuck. I tried to get rid of him by going up to the mountains; still he followed. I guess he is tired now, for he only comes in for a short spell every night. He 's as much of a "bore" as I am in giving you so much of his news. But all this will explain why I am going to pass six months in Paris. If your love is deep and *pure* address your letters in the future, care of Monroe et Co., 7 Rue Scribe, Paris. . . .

What a gorgeous place Italy is and how I hate to leave it. But I must go, as I dare not stay here

through the summer on account of the fever. It gives me a curious mixture of a wish to do something good and of the hopelessness of it, to see all these glories of the "Renaissance." What artists they were! They were n't anything else.

I 've been pegging away at my "Farragut," but it 's a hard "tug," with our infernal modern dress. I have only the cap, sword, belt, and buttons, and the resource of trying to strike away from the stuff we have in America. When you come over I want to talk with you about the pedestal. Perhaps something might be done with that. . . .

. . . I have sent Richardson a photograph of a sketch for the Dexter. The photograph does n't do the sketch justice. I think I could do something good out of it though. I certainly prefer such work to the big things I am doing. I will send him a photograph of another disposition for the same. I think I can make something good with the letters in iron and some gilt on it. . .

Have you seen the little bronze medallion of Armstrong I sent to the new Exhibition in New York? I 'm rather pleased with the color of the bronze. I wonder also did my Farragut get there in good condition, particularly the base. As to my angels, I preferred the one immediately under the cross on the left hand side.

Yes, the St. Thomas engraving in *Scribner's* was stunning, and on the whole I fear the work has been made a great deal too much of. Oh, how I would like

to do it over again, and have *time,* after what I have seen in Italy.

Cook has been very kind to me in his article. I think though that he has evidently been misled in regard to Cottier's part of the work. I don't think, or at least I don't see, what La Farge would have done without him in the mixing of colors, direction of men, &c. &c., and all the practical part. But on the other hand as regards art, I know there is n't a bit of Cottier in the whole church. La Farge had every bit of Cottier's work changed to suit himself, and to La Farge, and La Farge only, the credit or blame of the artistic side of the work in that church is to go. So I feel about it, and for that reason think Cook has been misled. I believe Cook is doing a good work though. He is n't afraid to say what he thinks. He is thoroughly sincere, and he is far superior to all the others we have had to write on Art in "Ameriky."

You don't know how I hate the idea of going back to dark, sloppy Paris after this glorious place; such sun and light as there is here. I 'm fairly in love with it. The Sistine Chapel and the "Santa Maria del Popolo" help in my enjoyment of it. . . .

The second letter is to Mr. Richard Watson Gilder.

December 29, '79.

My dear Gilder:

. . . All my brain can conceive now is arms with braid, legs, coats, eagles, caps, legs, arms, hands, caps, eagles, eagles, caps, and so on; nothing, nothing but

that statue. All I have done besides is to finish the Woolsey myself. But I have n't got it off yet and I mean to exhibit it at the A. A. A. By the way, have you heard anything about their movements? Has Mrs. Gilder made any studies and any of those excellent sketch copies? There 's lots of good work in London. I hope you are not going to do like so many others, fasten on to London, remain there, and become a Britisher. I have not touched your medallion. But when you get back here I want some photographs of you, to finish it as I wish. How 's Rod? What and how are you all? We had a regular "shindy" Christmas eve and we wanted you here. I have news occasionally from White, but it 's only business. . . .

Finally, here is Mrs. Emerson's description of the period:

"In the autumn of 1878 I joined your father and mother in Paris, just before the closing of the Salon. They were keeping house in an apartment on the fourth floor of 3 Rue Herschel, a short street between the Boulevard St. Michel and the Avenue de l'Observatoire, a park-like avenue running from the Luxembourg gardens to the Observatory. Your father's studio was at 49 Rue Notre Dame des Champs, I think, and we all enjoyed the walk to and from it, through the Luxembourg gardens.

"We had many bright, amusing times in that little apartment. From the two long French windows of the salon, or from the iron balconies outside, we looked over to the towers of St. Sulpice, often turning back from that vision in the cold fog, to a bright fire in the grate, and to many of the familiar furnishings that you later had in Washington Place, New York. There was a small room somewhere into which your Uncle Louis tucked himself. He had recently joined us and

was not very well and your father was anxious about him. Your father had a great and loyal love for Louis, and the charm of Louis' personality always kept an extraordinary hold on him.

"On Sunday afternoons we often went to the Louvre; many hours have I spent with your father in the Salon Carré, and it must have been he who helped me to feel the charm and power of the old masters. I remember that, before I went to Italy in the spring of 1879, White made for me a table of the masters of the different schools and, half jokingly, put your father's name in the list.

"Usually on Sunday afternoons, after a visit to the Louvre, we all went to a Pasdeloup classical concert in the Cirque d'Hiver. The Boccherini minuet was the great encore, and sent us tripping home.

"At supper the important feature was 'puddin',' a delicious and liberal concoction of rice, milk and raisins, always solemnly announced by Louis and White. Berthe, the French maid of all work of uncertain age, whose every hair was exactly laid with, not pomatum but something stickier, and whose starched cap-strings were tied in a bow at the back with geometric precision, was a host in herself. Woe to him who disturbed her when she was polishing the waxed floors, leaving no seat or spot for the unwary loafer! Oh, the seven-course company dinners she cooked on two charcoal holes in the diminutive kitchen, and served with elegance!

"On Christmas Eve, after your father and White had made their Christmas purchases and brought home greens for dressing the salons, we all went out on the Boulevards to be a part of the gaiety, and then at midnight to St. Sulpice to hear Faure sing Noël. The studio often rang with your father's repetition of it.

"Occasionally we would have a treat and go to the Comédie Française, or to the Grand Opera, where we often sat in the upper galleries. One part of the evening's entertainment was

the stroll in the Foyer to look at the Baudry frescoes and the gay crowd, or upon the grand balcony to get the effect of the wonderful perspectives of the brilliantly lighted Avenue de l'Opéra, and the motionless mounted guards, under the great street candelabra just outside the Opera House, armed cap-à-pie like the Ghost of Hamlet's father.

"William Gedney Bunce was in Paris that winter and used a corner of your father's studio for his easel. He was then making a name for himself through his wonderfully brilliant painting of Venice; and of all his colors he loved yellow the best. One evening, when your mother and I had waited almost beyond endurance for them to come home to dinner, your father, Louis and White appeared, weary, and well-coated with yellow.

"'What has happened?' we exclaimed.

"'Bunce had a yellow day,' they replied.

"'A yellow day?'

"'A yellow day. He started to smear that color over one of his Venetian sketches, so we got rid of him while we smeared it off—over everything.'

"Joe Evans, too, was often with us in Paris. He was then a student at the Beaux Arts and a favorite with all. Later in life, when he became President of the Art Students' League in New York, your father had often to confer with him, and he would refer with admiration to Joe Evans' ability, and to his wit and charm.

"One Sunday morning your father sent to the apartment from the studio an enthusiastic letter from White at Rheims. Your father must join him at once and see the wonderful Gothic figures on the outside of the Cathedral. Your mother looked me over and decided that, if I had a bonnet instead of my hat and a plain gold ring on the third finger of my left hand, I could go too. We worked away, and in the afternoon your father and I took the train for Rheims and joined White. We stayed at a little commercial hotel. In the evening, in our tiny parlor, they roasted apples on strings before a big fire,

while I darned White's socks. We were off for the wonderful cathedral early in the morning, spending our money lavishly for photographs of details, and, with scarcely any left, we took the third-class carriage for Laon in the afternoon. Another wonder was this picturesque hill town, with its rare early Gothic Cathedral surmounting all. Lighting our way with a torch, the old verger took us through the galleries high up among the arches. As we left the Cathedral, turning our backs on the great doors and high towers, and passed back towards and through the medieval gates of the town and on down to the railroad station, the lights on the great misty plain were like lights at sea. We counted our coins. White took enough to carry him back third-class to Rheims, and your father and I arrived in Paris with three or four sous between us.

"Some time after, while I was in Italy in the Spring, Berthe's reign came to an end. It was soon discovered that the new incumbent was wont, at times, to imbibe too freely. One day for dessert your father asked for some marmalade. The *bonne* entered, bearing with uncertain steps a white pot of molasses; molassess and marmalade were sold by the *epiciers* in the same kind of round white pots. 'No,' said your mother, 'it is marmalade we want. This is molasses.' Bewildered, the *bonne* turned on her heel as well as she could, and after several minutes returned with a second white pot. But the idea of putting the right one on the table was too much for her, and finally she tottered out, bearing away both, contemplating each in turn, murmuring in dulcet tones, 'Marmalade! Melasse! Melasse! Marmalade! Marmalade, Me—' till out of hearing."

Indeed, the young artists that made the house in the Rue Herschel their rendezvous must have been a healthy group, for they had no morbid introspection of themselves or of their work. One Christmas, for instance, White bought a mistletoe and hung it in the center of the room while the rest played

"dumb crambo." Then Louis Saint-Gaudens became a horse for some one else in an easy chair whom White, as footman, tried to push under the mistletoe,—and did not succeed. Again, their chief delight after meal hours was to watch the number of black cigars which Samuel Clemens could consume, until they hailed as the signal to go home the question, "What is Art?" But more typical than anything else of their attitude towards one another was my father's constant answer to a query as to the personality of the latest stranger whom he was to bring to supper, "Oh, another crank," he would say.

X

NEW YORK AND ITS FRIENDSHIPS

1880-1890

The Farragut Unveiling—Other Work in the Sherwood Studio—The Randall—The Destruction of the Morgan Tomb—Friends—Louis Saint-Gaudens—Joseph M. Wells—Stanford White—Thomas Dewing—George Fletcher Babb—Richard Watson Gilder—Daily Life—Western Trip with White.

THE Paris days over, the reminiscences once more take up Saint-Gaudens' life in New York. His brief account commences with that all-important incident of his return, the unveiling of the Farragut monument. In what he says he gives expression, for the first time, to the undercurrent of sentiment with which he regarded his work. Yet the expression is most restrained, since, like Bernard Saint-Gaudens, Augustus Saint-Gaudens suffered throughout his days from a habit of suppressing his strong emotions. A story illustrating the nature of this inheritance was told me not long ago by Mr. W. W. Ellsworth, who writes:

"A few nights after the unveiling, your father and mother and I came up Fifth Avenue from the Gilders'. It was about midnight, and as we approached the statue we saw an old man standing in front of it (I think his hat was off). Your father said: 'Why, that 's father,' and going up to him, 'What are you doing here at this hour?'

"'Oh, you go about your business! Have n't I a right to be here?' the old man replied, and we left him standing there in the moonlight."

Especially did this unveiling prove important to Augustus

Saint-Gaudens, because at last it put a period to one allotment of "the toughness that pervades a sculptor's life." For this toughness steadily followed him through this commission, as through most of his later ones, since his Farragut difficulties did not end in Paris, but accompanied him home. There they continued even with such apparently simple matters as the disposition of the paths about the monument, a chance for interference grasped by the Park Department at every opportunity, even down to the time of one of his last big commissions, the Sherman monument. Here is a portion of a letter which explains the trend of these worries, written by Saint-Gaudens to Mr. Charles H. Marshall, Secretary of the Farragut Monument Association:

. . . The approach with pebbles will cost one hundred dollars at the outside, more probably sixty dollars, or eighty dollars, and if done in asphaltum twenty-five dollars less. To my objections, as stated in the petition, I now add that, as an artist, I feel satisfied that any stranger of judgment in such matters, on seeing the monument with the sod as it is now, could not but think it affected and ridiculous, which it is; therefore making another object of ridicule in New York monuments, besides being positively unfair to Mr. White, myself, and our judgment as artists. The work on the pedestal, embodying a great deal of the honor due to the Admiral, is now lost, the monument incomplete, the inscription, the most important part, not seen, and the figures not understood, they having been modeled to be seen at the distance at which the public would naturally approach a work of that character.

With the unveiling, however, as I have said, my father's faithfulness had its own reward, in the form of his first real public recognition. To describe it I will quote a typical extract printed in the *New York Times* during the course of that year.

" . . . Most striking are the articles on Farragut this week in *Scribner's*, a worthy statue of whom has just been unveiled in New York. Mr. Gilder has to accompany the illustration of the statue a few pages of descriptive and critical matter in which he makes some wholesome observations on public statues in this city. General sympathy will be expressed with what he says of 'a still increasing company of hideous and imbecile monuments, some home-made and some imported, the work in certain instances of well-known, but half-educated and poorly endowed sculptors, and in others of nameless and shameless adventurers.' He finds in St.-Gaudens' statue a work of extraordinary artistic value and 'a sign of the increase of the art spirit in America.' "

But even more to the point than this newspaper glory, as showing the immediate appreciation of the world around him, were the letters written him by his well-known friends. Here is one from Mr. D. Maitland Armstrong, with whom he had been intimate in Paris. At that time Mr. Armstrong was such a power in the American art world that a word from him meant the praise of many artists.

Dear Saint-G.:

When I went over to see your statue this morning, and saw the whole thing there before me, it fairly took my breath away, and brought my heart into my mouth. It is perfectly magnificent. I have n't felt so about anything for years. The sight of such a thing renews one's youth, and makes one think that life is worth living after all. I felt as I have only done about a few things in my life, some of the fine old things, or as I did when I saw Bastien-Lepage's big picture in the Salon

three years ago. Only more so, because here I love not only the work but the worker. I thought, too, of all your manful struggles through all these years, your fight against all odds, with only your heart and brains and will to help you, and I said to myself, "Well done!"

I think in a little while that it will begin to dawn upon you that you have done more for the world than you thought, that you have "builded better than you knew"—for I was surprised to see how the rabble about the statue spoke of it, and how they seemed to be touched by it. It is a revelation to them, and what is more, I feel that they are ready and longing for better art. It cheers one to think it. They seemed to be touched a little as the crowds in old Florence were touched, when some great fellow set up some stunning thing in the market-place. And I felt like one of the great old fellow's dear friends, who knew how great he was, and felt happy in the knowledge that at last the world knew it too, for I did not discover Saint-Gaudens, as most men did, yesterday. They all think that you are a great gun to-day, but I knew it before.

You have gone beyond art, and reached out and touched the universal heart of man. You have preached a small sermon on truth, honor, courage, and loyalty, that will do more good than all the reasonings of philosophers. You have brought great truths close to the hearts of men, truths that were, and will be, the same "yesterday, to-day and forever."

It is a pleasant thing, my friend, to think of, that when you have "gone into quiet silence," all through the coming years, how many weary feet bearing weary hearts will gain strength there, how many despairing souls pluck up strength for the battle of life. . . .

I hope that you will not think that I am drunk, but my heart is full and I write from the bottom of it. I congratulate you and White with all my heart. Don't think that I want any answer to this, and forgive me for boring you.

Ever your friend, MAITLAND ARMSTRONG.

Saint-Gaudens' own feelings regarding his result did not, I think, alter in any way because of even such laudatory expressions as these. They surely did not in after life, and I have no reason to believe that they differed then. Therefore, this portion of a letter to John La Farge, written while yet in Paris, on December 29, 1879, may be accepted as true of his attitude toward his work during the days that immediately followed the unveiling.

. . . I first wish to write you about your drawing of "Christ and Nicodemus" that I saw in *Harper's* sometime ago—I was really stirred by it, and as I had just returned from Italy I was all the more impressed. I am speaking sincerely. I had never felt that I have done what I wanted to do until I have written to you what I felt about it.

My Farragut will soon be finished and then, when the bronze is cast, I return. I am completely *abruti.* I have n't the faintest idea of the merit of what I 've produced. At times I think it's good, then indifferent, then bad. I will see what I can do with the two low-reliefs. I am certainly very anxious to get your opinion of the whole work. I have been expecting you here but I hope, now that I am going back, you are to remain, for I feel the necessity of your influence more than anyone I know.

The reminiscences themselves are unfortunately far too brief, not only in recording Saint-Gaudens' sensation at his first large unveiling, but also in their mention of the other tasks which surrounded and followed it. My father writes:

I had the Farragut cast in Paris by a man named

Gruet, but the first attempt failed, so that it needed to be done over. When it had been completed successfully we came back to New York, where I was destined to remain for seventeen years before returning to Europe, a period virtually launched by the unveiling of my statue in Madison Square upon the afternoon of a beautiful day in May, 1881.

These formal unveilings of monuments are impressive affairs and variations from the toughness that pervades a sculptor's life. For we constantly deal with practical problems, with molders, contractors, derricks, stone-men, ropes, builders, scaffoldings, marble assistants, bronze-men, trucks, rubbish men, plasterers, and what-not else, all the while trying to soar into the blue. But if managed intelligently, there is a swing to unveilings, and the moment when the veil drops from the monument certainly makes up for many of the woes that go toward the creating of the work. On this special occasion, Mr. Joseph H. Choate delivered the oration. The sailors who assisted added to the picturesqueness of the procession. The artillery placed in the park, back of the statue, was discharged. And when the figure in the shadow stood revealed, and the smoke rolled up into the sunlight upon the buildings behind it, the sight gave an impression of dignity and beauty that it would take a rare pen to describe.

By this time I had leased a small studio in the Sherwood Building, on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue, where I had begun upon the study of Robert Richard Randall from the model I had made

STATUE OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

in Paris. The work caused me endless worry, for after I had completed it in this form and had sent it up to 125th Street to be enlarged, I became discontented and tore it down to commence again. This was fortunate, since as it now stands it is certainly infinitely better than the previous attempt. Meanwhile, I had other occupations in which I completed my first commissions for portrait medallions,—those of Mr. S. G. Ward, the sons of Mr. Prescott Hall Butler, and Miss Sarah Redwood Lee.

During this period my son Homer was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and Mrs. Saint-Gaudens lived with her father and mother while attending to the new young man. So I slept in a chamber adjoining the studio, with my brother Louis as my assistant. Louis is a lover of sleep, and wise enough to indulge in it upon every occasion, rising at times so late that I will say nothing about the hour. One noon, on returning from a several days' absence in Boston, I walked into the bedroom where he was peacefully dreaming at about eleven o'clock. Across the wall, directly opposite the foot of the bed, he had fastened an immense piece of paper five feet in height, extending the entire width of the room, about twelve feet, and on this he had marked in very large, black letters the words from Proverbs: *Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth, and thy want as an armed man.* This stared down at him when he awoke o' mornings from his blissful repose.

My father has no more to say about his efforts in the Sherwood Studio. Yet the period was not only as active as those that preceded it, but it was the culmination of his struggle to establish himself permanently in the ranks of mature artists. Throughout this time, life contained rather more of both pain and pleasure than he cared to admit, with his nature so repressed upon the surface, yet beneath so sensitive to emotion. Of the commissions he mentioned, the "Randall" left the studio much to his relief, since, through the crochets of the Committee he had become so disgusted that he never could find himself on good terms with the work; and all his life this feeling remained, even in his later years his most optimistic remark concerning the commission being, "the less said about the 'Randall' the better." The other tasks of which he has written, on the contrary, gave him unalloyed pleasure. He undoubtedly liked best of them the medallions of Mr. Ward and Miss Lee. The "Ward" he modeled in the lowest-relief he ever attempted. The medallion of Miss Lee he originally made on a panel which also contained a profile of her mother. But upon the completion of this double portrait, the attractions of the astonishingly beautiful girl of sixteen held the sculptor so entranced that he refused to leave his occupation, and cutting his study of her head and neck from the original relief of herself and her mother, he modeled a new composition in the now popular form which shows her waist and hands.

In these days, as well, came other works of which my father has not spoken, the completion of the Morgan Tomb, the Woolsey bust, and the bas-reliefs of William M. Chase and of myself. The last three need no further mention, but with the Morgan figures it is another matter. These angels, which next to the "Farragut" my father regarded as the most important commission of the time, he refrains from mentioning, undoubtedly because of his dislike of dwelling upon the tragic.

The Morgan monument was doomed to furnish the first of the series of fires which, from time to time, destroyed portions of

my father's work and which, in this case, brought to no purpose all the schemes of the young sculptor and his architect. From the beginning the actual creation of these nine-foot figures progressed more favorably than their best desires. So that, after their completion in the studio, they were sent to the cemetery, with the highest expectations of success, to be cut on the spot in an Italian marble imported at much pains. There, in order to further the work during the winter, a shed was built around them; and this shed, when the task had drawn to within three weeks of completion burned one night, leaving the stone so badly chipped as to be useless. It was thought that the calamity was due to an incendiary who bore my father a grudge. The blow was brutally severe. Not only, in the intense youthful effort which my father spent upon his task, had he begged and borrowed money against the final payment, in order that the result should have all the artistic strength he might impart to it, but also, through a series of misunderstandings with the stone-cutters, he had neglected to place any insurance on the monument. Consequently, in addition to his other troubles, he was faced with a financial breakdown. Here is what he wrote to my mother concerning the situation:

You have probably seen by the papers the calamity that has happened. The shed around the Morgan group was burned down and my whole work is an utter and absolute ruin. What is going to become of the matter I don't know, and I dread to think of it. *None* of my lawyer friends are in town, and I could only find a friend of George Morris' who tells me that, through a peculiarity, I can make the executors responsible and obtain the five thousand dollars still due me. But I don't know what I 'm doing. I went to Hartford yes-

terday, and none of the executors are in town. The principal one I will see on Monday. I can't write. You know all I do. Perhaps to-morrow I can be clearer.

It 's a legal quibble—the executors might make me responsible and want their three thousand dollars back.

GUS.

With such an unfortunate outlook immediately after the fire, matters went from bad to worse, until Mr. C. C. Beaman, who had grown interested in my father's sculpture, entered into the case, with the result that the executors paid to my father three thousand five hundred dollars, his bare expenses. This money consideration was the very least of what troubled him, however. For money meant nothing to him but the power to produce work. And the work that was gone was probably his strongest effort of the time, a work that would have outranked the "Farragut," a work that would have satisfied in a slight measure his desire to create some purely imaginative composition as a relief from the succession of portraits that fate thrust upon him. The only satisfaction to be gained is that the thought and time devoted to these figures was to be of use again in forming the foundation for the later Smith tomb figure which he modeled in 1886 and the ultimate "Angel with the Tablet," or "Amor Caritas" as it is most frequently called, which he completed in 1898.

For the seventeen years following my father worked in his studio at 148 West Thirty-Sixth Street, where he moved, feeling that at last his position had become assured. It is proper then to refer again to that group of men among whom he maintained that position. As in Paris it was the Society of American Artists, which remained the nucleus of those efforts to which he subscribed. This was more than fortunate because the Society was succeeding. Whereas in 1878 only twenty-

two men exhibited at the Kurtz Gallery, by 1881 the membership had grown to fifty-two, including such academicians as John La Farge, George Inness, Thomas Moran and Homer Martin, while in 1888, despite a continued lack of funds and proper galleries, over one hundred names stood on the list. Such a happy set of prosperity was due, in a large measure, to one quality so often absent in a young protesting group, a generous attitude towards the body from which they had separated. Their reason for creating a distinct organization from the Academy had been that the Academy hung work on the basis of personal friendship and was restricted by a narrow taste in art. But at the same time they made no attempt to fight the Academy. Rather they took the position that they were simply a younger and broader institution, ready to include on an equal footing both the old and the new, and even went so far as to place no limit on the size of membership, and to declare that no favors would be shown members in the hanging.

The sole regrettable consequence of such an eclectic stand was a lack of any unified aim. Especially did the organization suffer from many who regarded it as a species of short cut to distinction, in consequence of which studies and sketches were mingled with Salon pictures, open air compositions, works of minute realism, tonal schemes, and impressionism. Had the nation at that time shown itself enthusiastic towards art there is no telling into what exaggerations these branches might have spread. Those early days, however, were ones of hard traveling for budding genius. The old type of art had been worn out, it is true, but the new was crude and the public timid. So, fortunately, only after the young men had learned discretion, did increasing wealth, ease of travel, and illustrated magazines begin to develop a proper market.

In the course of these trying experiences, the Munich painters first came to their own. Frank Duveneck, Walter Shirlaw and William M. Chase were their leaders. Duveneck possessed

a brilliancy and dash hitherto lacking in his school, and although beginning with dark, rich backgrounds, developed through the years a power of handling cool gray shadows. Shirlaw, too, broke away from the rut of his fellow students with an unusual width and sweep in his frank handling of his decorative ability. But Chase, for ten years President of the Society, exerted probably the greatest influence. From the very first he became an aggressive fighter for his own canons. In rapid succession he attempted every branch of his art, and while through this process the dark Munich touches were replaced by luminous color, he never lost his vital individuality or delight in technique.

Of the French-taught group, who were rapidly succeeding in power, Sargent stood obviously at the head, despite the fact that he lived for a greater part of the time in England; while near him in those days were Wyatt Eaton, who showed his graceful sense for tone and color, whether in heads or figure, J. Alden Weir, possessed of sympathetic understanding of his subjects, coupled with marked strength and an impressionistic kinship with Childe Hassam and painters of his creed, Thomas W. Dewing, delicate before them all in his charm of color and drawing, and Will H. Low, of whom my father has spoken with such affection.

Outside of these two larger bodies followed also other figure painters of power, Edwin A. Abbey, who left America in these days to illustrate in England with such grace the conscious affectations of Robert Herrick's poetry, and Francis Lathrop, almost the only one to bring home an English training and the influence of the Preraphaelite school, besides many landscapists like Willard L. Metcalf and John H. Twachtman. While ever strong through them all rose those two markedly individual masters, Winslow Homer and John La Farge.

It might seem as though those who were chiefly important in Saint-Gaudens' development, his fellow sculptors, were being ignored in this review. Rather, however, are they held to the

last for the sake of the emphasis, since the advance in sculpture was even more marked than in painting. The Italian school had nearly vanished, together with the smug neatness or uncontrolled abandon of the amateur age. Instead the Paris-trained men had arrived to govern American feeling with a true sense of form and sculptural ideas. Three of these artists in especial, J. Q. A. Ward, Olin Warner, and Daniel Chester French, joined with my father in discovering the path that led out from the forest of petrified heroes and galvanized athletes of the early days. Ward had become unquestionably the dean of sculptors. Shortly before this time, in 1878, he had unveiled his "General Thomas," a statue which struck the American note with special accuracy because of its lack of ostentation and yet power of easy, unstinted modeling. Now in 1885, followed his "Puritan," filled with an austere force and conviction that showed an astonishing grasp of subject. Olin Warner, about 1880, returned to his art from his life on a farm to produce a bust of J. Alden Weir, and his "Dancing Nymph." Then ensued a tour through the West with a series of Indian portraits that developed his understanding of medallion modeling until he was able to produce such reliefs as those of Wyatt Eaton and W. C. Brownell. Few men in those days so well understood the power of instilling a sense of internal activity into a form outwardly serene through a marked sensitiveness to the meaning and place of detail. Finally Daniel Chester French also, though decidedly younger than these two, with his bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson showed delicacy and the force of his mind, and with his John Boyle O'Reilly group at last attacked the hitherto untouched problem of using a bust for monumental purposes and flanking it by subordinate decorative figures.

These then were the artists with whom my father labored, who, in turn, were most loyal to his interests. Let me show, in a letter to Mr. Gilder, one of the chief causes of that loyalty, Saint-Gaudens' level independence of mind. He writes:

February 21, 1881.

My dear Gilder:

There seems to be a current opinion that a thing to be good must be unfinished, and I write this as I now understand better a question you asked me in Paris. Great work has been produced in both ways, *cf.* Millet, and some of the Greeks were grand in the simple. . . . The finish or lack of finish has nothing to do in the classification of a work as good or bad—its character, regardless of that, is the thing. For sculpture is simply one of the means of expressing oneself, according to the temperament of the worker. Of course, I am defending myself in writing you, as well as defending the whole profession, but I thought you would like to know what I thought of it. Perhaps I 've told you all this before, but it keeps coming across me, and the current criticism of art in the newspapers in that direction irritates me so that I felt I had to let off steam or explode.

So far I have spoken almost wholly of those who bore, in a more or less general way, on Saint-Gaudens' development through the eighties. Now, however, I may turn to mention his more especial friends. At the outset those with whom my father became intimate were men of the caliber of Joseph Wells, Stanford White, Thomas W. Dewing, George Fletcher Babb, Charles F. McKim, Will H. Low, Joseph Evans, and Francis Lathrop. More than to any one else, however, my father exhibited his devotion to his brother Louis. He gave Louis his education as a sculptor, saw to it that he had work, and clung to him in home and studio through every possible hour of companionship. With Louis, as in younger days, my

PORTRAIT IN BAS-RELIEF OF THE SONS OF PRESCOTT HALL BUTLER

father was happiest on rambling excursions when he could best enjoy his brother's reposeful philosophy; trips to the seashore where he might add to his own luxurious contentment and the befrazzlement of his brother's nerves by swimming languidly far out into the bay.

In unusual sympathy with Louis' outlook on the world came Joseph Wells, whose early death my father felt through all his life. When Augustus Saint-Gaudens and Wells met, Wells was the leading draftsman for McKim, Mead and White, with whom he designed, among other buildings, the Villard residence and the home of the Century Association on West Forty-third Street. In his office they regarded him as a purist in art and a man of such marked ability that, shortly before his death, they had asked him to join the firm. He had a noble, kindly, sensitive nature filled with a power of keen, telling satire and high, uncompromising criticism that drew upon him the nickname of "Dean Swift." His strong taste for music eventually led to the Sunday afternoon concerts in my father's studio, of which more hereafter.

White also continued to maintain a strong influence in my father's life during the next ten years, when often he could be found in the vicinity of the studio. Undoubtedly the architect's criticism meant much to the sculptor. It held, indeed, so important a place that once, when White scored a medallion of himself which my father was modeling, the latter destroyed the work and never attempted a new one. Still, for the most part, Saint-Gaudens refused to be domineered over, for he soon discovered his friend's idiosyncrasy of foisting his emphatic assertions on every timorous soul around him. I think that the first conscious reaction against this attitude came very shortly after the incident I have mentioned, while the sculptor was completing a relief of White's wife near the time of their marriage. The architect, on discovering Saint-Gaudens at work on this one afternoon, gazed upon the relief for some moments and then cried out, "Oh, Gus, that's rotten!"

Whereupon, though first my father again smashed the medallion into bits, later, after his passion was spent, he set patiently at reconstructing the relief. The waste of time seemed unfortunate, yet Saint-Gaudens had learned his lesson, as was soon proved in an encounter over the Ames monument in which the two were interested. Among other things this scheme included a wreath carved in relief on a flat stone. It had been an endless subject for contention between them. So at last one afternoon White decided to settle the matter, and rushed into the studio with his usual effect of being shot from a landslide.

"Is Gus in?" he yelled.

"N-no," was the shaky response.

Whereupon he dashed by the door-boy in search of the unfortunate decorations.

"Awful!" he exclaimed, discovering a couple of the experimental wreaths upon the floor. "Which does Gus like?"

They pointed to the highest relief.

"Huh!" he gurgled. "You might as well paint it green!" and tore out again.

Then they hid the wreaths safe from any impatient and destroying hand and warily brought the news to my father, and silently waited the thunder-clap.

But it did not come. All my father said was, "Is n't it peculiar how opinions differ?"

Yet despite such encounters, the two men cared deeply for one another and were probably more intimate at this time than in any of the later years. For each tolerated the other's peculiarities humorously; my father, in his hearty admiration for the architect's generosity of effort and high, artistic powers, hoping to modify his drastic nature, White, on his part, most sincere in his respect for the sculptor's ability and fondly anxious to make a "club man" of him.

Then there was Thomas Dewing, the heavy man who paints delicate, ethereal pictures which my father regarded as by far

the most delightful of their sort in the land. Moreover, in the currency of friendship, Dewing's highly-colored fashion of expressing his thoughts kept Saint-Gaudens in a constant chuckle. In especial was my father fond of repeating a remark which the latter made one day, upon the sculptor's refusing a drink of water after a long hot walk.

"Saint-Gaudens drink?" Dewing queried. "Why, don't you know, Saint-Gaudens is like the Arabs. When you ask an Arab if he will take a drink he replies, 'No, I thank you, I had a drink ten days ago.' "

Another of these especial cronies, George Fletcher Babb, the architect, had then but recently erected the De Vinne Press Building, a building so clean-cut and essentially American as to win him instant respect. And what counted for as much among this group of friends was Babb's gift for quiet cynicisms and deep-laid puns that kept his company ever on the watch, especially when Dewing, also a cynic and a fighter, was in the vicinity.

Aside from these intimates, my father had friendships with many other men and women who possessed little in common with one another, for he was unusually eclectic in his likes. Their names and many of their personalities appear indirectly throughout this book. Therefore I shall speak here of only one among them, a man whose keen but gentle intelligence he always deeply admired, Richard Watson Gilder. Here are two letters to him which reflect the terms of their comradeship:

58 West Fifty-seventh Street, Nov., 1880.

Scene—

Mulligan Guard Picnic Court Room—Assault and Battery Case.

Personnel

Crowd.

Judge.

Accused—Thomas Fagan—New York tough.

Victim—Mr. Swartzmuller—Trombone player in the Mulligan Guards.

Judge: "Mr. Swartzmuller, who knocked you down?"

Mr. Swartzmuller: "That man, Mister Thomas Fagan."

Mr. Fagan: "Don't call me Mister, call me Tommy—Tommy Fagan, plain Tommy Fagan."

I have your note; why do you call me Mister? What have I done to you? All right about the medallion. Louis has already reduced it to two feet square, and in a few days will have it finished.

I ought to go down to see Mrs. Gilder. But Sunday is such a quiet working day that I hate to leave. What is your Donatello? I wish I could feel about my female as Eaton does. To me it 's Bouguereau in sculpture with a lot of soft soap and dough mixed in. I heard the Heroic Symphony the other night. Great Cæsar! . . .

ST.-G.

And again:—

My dear Gilder:

Your generous present I found when I got home, yesterday afternoon. I don't think you can realize what a pleasure it is to me to be given a book. No gift is so welcome. The pleasure is all the stronger perhaps for the faint vein of bitterness intertwined in it by the thought that my education, early associations, and

strong habits of life, have made books to me a great, faintly-opened life—

Thank you sincerely and earnestly.

Apart from an account of his work, however, and from a knowledge of the men who were working about him, an understanding of what my father was doing at this time is best gained from the following letters. The first, written to my mother, illuminates his affection for his father, Bernard Saint-Gaudens, which he shared deeply with his brothers Louis and Andrew. I was too young to notice the extent of this love during Bernard Saint-Gaudens' life-time, but I have a most vivid recollection of the blow that fell upon Augustus Saint-Gaudens when his father died. For he took me that night to the barnlike Thirty-sixth Street studio and there, lighting one feeble gas-jet, walked sobbing, back and forth, in and out of the black shadows, telling to my young, uncomprehending ears all that his father had meant to him.

He writes:

. . . Father came in to see us day before yesterday and we went there this morning. Although stronger, poor old man, he looks very badly and it sends a pang through me every time I see him. We have decided to send him back to his village. He is always talking of it. William will gladly take charge of him on the Bordeaux Line to Bordeaux, and we will get a cousin to meet him there to take him to the village where he will stay as long as he cares to, and a desire of his life will be satisfied. He proposes paying his own fare over, and they will probably go about the first of September. . . .

On other occasions as well he wrote my mother:

. . . I heard the "Heroic Symphony" by Beethoven yesterday evening at the Academy of Music. Going to hear that music is as if there were no photographs or engravings or reproductions of Michelangelo and I was making my first visit to the Sistine Chapel. . . .

. . . Started to go to bed early but did n't put out the light until very late as I got interested reading one of Daudet's novels. . . .

. . . We sat in Babb's room with Wells and George Lathrop, and we had a furious art discussion until midnight. I was up at seven, and I am at work on the Gray medallion while Foglio is working on the Schiff. My mind is made up to go next Monday. I will stop at Newport for long enough to stick up the Timothy Brookes medallion, which is finished, and then go right on. . . .

. . . Last night I went to see a darkey company play Othello seriously and it was one of the funniest performances I have ever seen. Every time Iago appeared, disappeared, moved about, or uttered a word, there was wild applause. When Othello kissed Desdemona, "Oh don't," and kisses, and "Yum! Yum!" all over the house. One fellow shouted, "Hurrah for Blaine!" There was a constant uproar. During the fencing the fencers were told not to hurt one another, and so on. I nearly burst laughing. They were almost white negroes, and the Othello would have been a good actor if he was well schooled. He was quite dark. . . .

It is lonely to-day at the studio. William is off, and Louis went to Stockbridge for a day or two by the eight A. M. train to-day. He goes to work on the Butler tablet, and is frightened out of his wits at the prospect of meeting the Butler family and the consequent social treatment of him. Last night, after supper, we went back to the studio to get an address for Louis, and walked home, eating an ice-cream on the way back. They say the day was hot here, but I did not feel it or know it, except when I went out to dinner at noon.

I expect that will be the experience to-day. The studio has been very endurable up to yesterday afternoon, when about five o'clock I commenced to feel uncomfortably warm. I quit work at six and walked down town, and it was very hot and unbearable. So I ate a salad and some oseille at a French restaurant where I tried to get Babb to go to the Battery with me, but he declined. Then I took the cars and went down most of the way and walked the rest right on to the Battery. It was cool, but there were about 40,000,000,000,000 people there trying to get air too. . . .

Saint-Gaudens was far from being a facile writer. The task of completing a long letter always remained a serious one, to be entered into only on rare occasions. But he had such a love for the charm of the style of two other of his friends, Will H. Low's in English and Paul Bion's in French, that he would make every effort, in the glad knowledge that the return of post would satisfy his labor most abundantly. For about twenty-five years or more his correspondence continued

with each of these men. At this time he was writing to Low as follows:

Dear Low:

. . . Dewing has read your letter, as well as Madame Dewing. And Dewing says "Low would make a sensation if he went into literature," or something to that effect. Although we all agree with him, we think you are good enough where you are and prefer you should remain so too. . . .

I read part of your letter yesterday in which you mention the plan of going to Italy. I am delighted. And you will be too. Don't fail to get to Rome and Naples if only for a few days. Venice, of course, goes without saying. Take Baedeker's guide, follow its suggestions, and I don't think you will regret it; I mean the practical advice, hotels, &c. If you go to Italy and don't see the Sistine Chapel you will be neglected by your real friend here on your return.

Willie MacMonnies writes me in very complimentary terms of your new book. And Garnier wrote in remarkable praise of the "Lamia." I 'm glad to hear that you feel your new work is better. Dewing and Faxon are the only ones who have read your letter as yet, but I will mail it to-morrow to the great Kenyon Cox, who will give it to Eaton.

Cox has been quite sick but has pulled through all right. I must confess that, although I think some of the things in his work are very strong (in fact they are all good, some remarkably so), there is a lack of unity

PORTRAIT IN BAS-RELIEF OF A YOUNG LADY

in them that troubles me seriously. It gives the impression of a jumbled-up work. One drawing recalls Baudry in a manner not to be ashamed of, others likewise run the gamut of most of the good men, ancient and modern. . . . I have told him so and he says he can't help it. . . . However, you know what a cross-grained critic I can be at times, and that is probably the mood I am in now. I hope he will have great success. . . .

You know, of course, how interested we all were in your report of the Salon &c., &c., and what you say of Rodin. Willie writes in the same enthusiastic praise, and Bion, I think, too, all of which makes me fret at my detention here this summer. I thank you for the photographs and the cast you propose bringing over or sending to me. . . .

Faxon is now with us. What an attractive fellow he is! He will stay about a week, and then Wells, the spitfire, will come on the scene, leave all his maliciousness off as he enters the house, as a turtle would its shell, and become one of the most companionable of men. . . .

Next I translate one of Saint-Gaudens' letters written in French to Bion:

148 West Thirty-sixth Street, December 3, 1892.

My Old Fellow:

It is said that with perseverance and faith a man can bore through a mountain with a boiled carrot. So with the perseverance of your correspondence you have ac-

complished a miracle in turning me into a correspondent. The transformation happened sometime ago; and from a task which I used to fear as the devil fears holy water, you have made this an entertainment to which I lend myself with pleasure.

The opportunity presents itself to-day, Sunday, because my negro model has given me the slip, and the quiet of the studio, the bright and cold weather outdoors, and the gentle warmth of the room, invited me to gossip with you.

The weather is so exhilarating that I find it impossible to believe or to realize what you write me about Shiff. But the *inevitable* is there, whether drowned in a flood of sunshine which intoxicates us, or recalled to our minds by the gloom of bad weather. I am waiting in anxious impatience for your next letter, in my hope that he is not as sick as he seems to be to you. We red-haired fellows make a big fuss over a small hurt, and I am counting on that to hear better news about my friend.

Life is a battle, bitter or friendly, but nevertheless a battle, and to my mind a wholesome one. In this struggle I have lost some good plays by showing my hand, but on growing older, with perspicacity and my forefinger alongside my nose, I have said to myself, "Old man, hide your devices or else others more light-fingered will carry off the fruits of Victory. You will be forced to furl the fine banner which you had prepared to fling to the breeze, and the pleasure of the fight will be lost to you." I do not mean that my treas-

ures have been stolen from me, only unconsciously others have deprived me of their luster. Rest assured I am not harboring any resentment, but this is one of the reasons I have had for not showing my work to X. . . . The other reason is that I have a very clear idea of what I want to do, and a criticism from him would distract me seriously. That is probably the true basis of my behavior. You know the high opinion I have of his genius. But he is young and a radical, violent and battling. He would let escape him some thoughtless word to which I would give an unmerited importance, in spite of myself. And even though I understood all that, I would find myself, against my will, following some direction which he had indicated. I know myself and I am afraid of myself, for which reason my chosen ones are those to whom I wish to lend my ear. And you, you species of Yankee, are just the man to whom I give the most weight. Now do you think it at all necessary for me to reply to your letter in which you express some doubt as to the wisdom of your criticism of what I am trying to do? Once for all, I say to you that your criticism is to me as the apple of my eye. What you have to tell me is of the greatest value to me. Your point of view, it seems to me, resembles my own, that of a man ripe in thought and reflection and not given to scattering fireworks of words at random, at the risk of knocking out the above mentioned apple of the eye.

Say not another word on that subject. Scold me and criticize me when you will.

Finally, in the following series of letters to my mother is beyond doubt the most detailed picture my father ever drew of his holiday frame of mind. They describe his eventful pleasure-jaunt through the southwestern portion of the United States, taken with Stanford White.

Friday, August 31st, '83.

. . . We arrived at Engle, New Mexico, at three forty-five. White's brother met us at the train, and as the coach which left for his region did not go before seven A. M., we had four hours. White and his brother were taken to one room. The proprietor, in a gruff way, opened a door and introduced me into another, a small chamber smelling of kerosene, with two beds, on one of which lay two men, one inside the sheets, one on the blankets. I lay on top of the other bed, doing as my companion did, taking off only my coat, pantaloons, and shoes.

I did n't sleep, as for two days I had seen nothing but rough men with knives and revolvers around their waists and I knew that this was an "irresponsible city" —that 's what they call them here—with its four shanties and hotel. Also the two men tossed a good deal, and I heard various noises as I half-dozed. Gradually a faint light on the window-sill showed dawn. Then I dozed a little more, dimly conscious of some kind of a shaking of chains. Then came another quiet spell, then a slight rushing sound with a little feeling that something was going on in the yard. Then out of the stillness rose a female voice: "John, the store is on fire!"

A glance at the window showed a red reflection, and

suddenly the three of us were tearing on our clothes, without saying a word, and rushing out to find the store burning furiously within thirty feet of where we were sleeping. It was a strange, weird sight, the quiet night, the grand, solemn prairies, the faint dawn, the bright stars, and this great piece of destruction going on. In the midst of it, unexpectedly, crack, crack, crack, went shots; whereupon the owner called hoarsely to the stage-driver who was approaching the fire, "Don't go near it, there are cartridges and two kegs of gunpowder in it!"

So away blazed the cartridges with occasionally louder and smaller reports, while we few men in the lurid light receded little by little until, with a loud report, the gunpowder exploded. It was a fine entrée for me into the Western country. The giant powder did not go off fortunately. It only burned. Otherwise there would have been a terrific explosion. Gradually the fire died down and we got some breakfast, a pretty tough one. I saw a couple of captured bears which explained the noise I heard of chains. At seven in the morning we were off on the four-horse stage.

Beside ourselves there were two Irish-Scotchmen, interested in some mines in the same region, other miners, and a boy. We went over the prairie into the most God-forsaken country ever seen, past Fort MacRae, the scene of Indian massacres which might have been committed yesterday, so terrible looking was the place. We crossed the Rio Grande by a ford, a dirty brown

river, drank the muddy water, and changed horses at a picturesque Mexican village, where we had dinner at one o'clock. Then we abandoned the stage and got on two horses and a mule that White's brother had led to the place two days before, from his camp, twenty-five miles away. Off we started in a broiling sun. And in those twenty-five miles all we saw was one Mexican boy, down in a gulch with two dogs and with his revolver. It was a splendid ride, such a one as I will never forget! White showed us the bones of a horse shot by the Indians two years ago. The owner and his family were murdered a small distance farther down the gulch, so you see it was sensational. Farther on appeared the mountains. We went up and down gulleys and finally struck water at the foot of the gorge where the mine is. We were late and we urged the animals through the darkness, trusting to them for the paths while toiling on.

"Hello, Dick?" called a voice from some spot we were passing.

"Yes?"

"There 's some mail for you!"

"I 'll come for it to-morrow," and on we plunged again for another hour, till finally we brought up in front of a log cabin, White's home. We lit a fire in the stove, made some bread, some tea, some Liebig soup, and, in a little while, I was rolled up in a blanket in a kind of a bunk, with White likewise over me, and Stan on the floor.

I slept like a rock. In the morning Dick White

made some breakfast, coffee, canned peas, flap-jacks, regular camp way of serving. However, we relished what there was. Some jerked venison, of a deer killed a week before, tasted like a salt mine and felt like a rawhide. We practised with a rifle from the cabin door to the hill opposite, and after a while went to the camp further up the gulch to see four fellows who are working a mine together.

They had a log and mud cabin about ten feet square. Two were at work in the mine from eight A. M. to four P. M. Then they came back and the other two went at it from four P. M. to midnight. They were typical miners. We were taken to the hole they had dug about one hundred feet into the rock, and it was very interesting. Then we visited a cave where the Indians had concealed themselves, and saw Dick White's mine, too, the same as the others. A sanguine crowd they are, hard-working, hairy-mouthed, and bony-handed.

At five o'clock, one of them, an old Tennessee Confederate Captain, good-natured, jolly, and whole-souled, decided to come with us,—that is White, his brother, and myself.

So we piled our camp necessities into a little wagon to which was hitched a donkey and an old Indian horse, and off we went over rocks and rills along what they called a road, passing through the beautiful valley, Paloma, which was a great Indian camping-ground, where we were shown the bones of horses killed in the last defeat of the Indians. Rotch, the Tennessean, had taken a short-cut on his mule, and we agreed to

meet him at the junction. Before getting there, in the dark, we suddenly saw arise in the road a dark form.

"A bear!"

Stan jumped off the back of the wagon, I seized the shotgun and got off the front, and, at the moment, we saw a big—mule—and heard Rotch shout, "Here I am!" We went on a little further and camped under a big pine tree, lit a fire, made batter-cakes, drank tea, sat 'round, and finally rolled ourselves in blankets and went to sleep. I did n't sleep much, for it was such a novelty, and at first we were rained on, though we did n't get much wet by the shower.

Dick got up before the others, after I had asked them how much longer they proposed lying there, for it was n't soft, and in a little while we had breakfast. The Tennessean went to shoot deer and I went down after quail.

I saw none, but suddenly I heard two shots in quick succession. Then, after a moment, up on the hill I saw a deer rush through the bushes, and I changed my shot to buckshot. The deer disappeared. Suddenly he appeared again and Rotch shouted, "There he comes, Saint-Gaudens!" I crouched. But, before I was satisfied with my deliberate aim, the deer saw me and rushed off in another direction, across the valley and up the hill on the other side. That 's the way I *did n't* shoot a deer.

The next morning we started at seven from Chloride, a regular mining-camp, on the same stage on which

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS MODELING A BAS-RELIEF OF MRS. CLEVELAND

In "The Studio" at Marion, Massachusetts, summer of 1887

we had come, and raced away through the country at a rapid rate. At last, when we were going up hill, I climbed on top of the stage, where I shortly found that the handsome driver was tearing drunk. Then we whirled down a hill, and several times we were within an ace of being thrown over. At that I got mad and told the driver that I wanted him to use more caution. He mumbled something and quieted down a little. I asked him several questions. But he could n't seem to grasp my meaning and gave up trying to understand after a few faint efforts. The farther we went on the drunker he appeared to get, lapsing into the same condition in regard to his brake that he was in in regard to my questions. The idea of putting on the brake when we went down a sudden hill, and letting it go so that the four poor horses might get headway to rush up the other side, was too much. His brain would arrive at the point of the putting on brakes just as the necessity for them was over. So he constantly applied the brakes with a dull vigor as the horses went up the hill. It finally mixed him up completely and he decided it was too hard work thinking about it and the best way to get over the difficulty was to keep the brake on *all of the time.* Consequently he did that, until the jolting of the stage threw his foot off it. Then he became reflective until we finally got to the plains, the horses tearing along at full gallop. Suddenly he turned to me saying, "I never was so sleepy in all my life, would n't shu like to try?" and put the reins in my hands. I took them, but returned them almost at

once, as my fingers were almost torn off without the gloves. Whereupon he gave me the gloves.

Finally we got to the relay, somehow. The fellows inside said they never had had such a ride. They were bounced all over the stage, all over one another, under the seats, half out of the window; one moment hugging one another frantically, the next disappearing in lumps in the corners. I had my jouncing, too, on the outside, several times not knowing when I was thrown from the box whether or not I was going to come down on the driver's head, on the horse's back, or out on the road. But I was comparatively fortunate, for I would land within a foot of where I started from. Of course there were iron bars and nails instead of the cushion that should have been on the seat. But my twenty-five-mile horseback-ride had prepared that portion of my body for anything that might happen. We made the first part of the trip in just half the schedule time, so you can fancy what happened.

After the next relay had been made, and as soon as we got out of sight of the village, the driver again quietly handed me the reins and gloves, saying that he "felt sick with the rheumatiz, fever, and ague," and sank into the big box under the seat. So for the next twenty miles White and two others discussed "eternity" in the inside of the coach,—the driver was sound asleep, with his head in a hole and his feet upon the mail-bags,—while I drove on that hot afternoon across the plains with the great mountains in the distance, and not a soul or a sign of life within sight. . . .

Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Sept. 3rd., 1883.

. . . I could extract nothing from the postmaster at Los Angeles yesterday, although I was certain there was something from you. I am having a good time, although I have got a burnt nose, and sore lips, a black and blue shoulder from the kicks of the shotgun trying to shoot that deer, sore thighs from trying to hang on to a ribby horse when he wanted to throw me off, a tummy-ache from too much peaches, and other things from too much medicine for the previous trouble. . . . I carry Pond's Extract for my lips as well as the rest of my person. Also that horseback ride was the cause of my drinking water, beer, lemonade, ginger ale, two bottles of soda water, one with brandy in it, sarsaparilla, beer and finally champagne and Apollinaris, four quarts, then two pints of iced tea, a big glass of water, and ice-cream, finishing the rest of the day with water at intervals, and dreaming at night. . . .

And on another day:

At half-past five the stage came along and we got into the uncomfortable vehicle, and into uncomfortable positions, at once. There was a fat Irish woman with a birdcage on one side, an escaped murderer on the other, and a man opposite with his mouth full of tobacco juice that he would squirt in quarts past our faces out of the window! It soon got so cool that we had to shut the awning, whereupon the stench was such

that in fifteen minutes we were all asphyxiated and remained so, rolling around like logs, all the night long. At daybreak we recovered from the swoon. The fat woman with the bird had disappeared in the night, and in her place sat another assassin with more tobacco juice. We had twenty minutes for breakfast and a kind of wash, and then off till dinner-time, when we reached a dirty Jew place. By then it had got very warm. After dinner we went off again, until, about an hour out, the stage broke down. Then the eleven passengers all piled out, and immediately went to work on the stage. We were more than five miles from any house, so it was do or die, fix the old stage or miss the train. After much profanity and heat it was mended and off we jounced again. In another hour it broke once more. Whereupon we repeated the piling out, the profanity, and at last made a final definite advance over a series of bumps, until at one o'clock at night we arrived at the railroad, after having traveled one of the gayest old corduroy roads ever experienced by mortal man. This same stage and driver had been robbed on this same road, making the same trip just one month before. . . .

And last of all:

TACOMA, September 14, 1883.

. . . Before I close, I must not forget one little incident that happened way back in my journey. The night we crossed the plains of Kansas we went through the gilt-edged edition of Hell. But I had one recom-

pense. The sleeping-car conductor, after hard spelling, got my name. "Why, you 're the man who made that great statue in New York? Well I declare! Allow me to congratulate you!"

Then a squeeze with his big fist. Such is fame. . . .

XI

BY-ROADS

1882-1889

The Sleight of Hand—The Sunday Concerts—Cornish, New Hampshire—The First Summer—The Improvement of Home—Dewing, Brush and Others—The "Single Tax"—A Trip to Europe.

THE Sunday afternoon concerts I have already mentioned in connection with Joseph Wells were first given in Saint-Gaudens' Thirty-sixth Street studio during the fall of 1882. Those who supported the Standard Quartette at the outset, besides Wells and Lathrop of whom my father speaks below, were Joseph Evans, Robert Blum, Stanford White, Charles F. McKim, Thomas W. Dewing, George Fletcher Babb, Charles O. Brewster, Richard Watson Gilder, Louis Saint-Gaudens, and others. Later, changes came about and a keg of beer and pipes of tobacco were introduced. The Philharmonic Quartet took up the performances, playing such favorites as Mozart's Quartet D. Minor, Schubert's D. Minor Variations and Beethoven's Quartet Op. No. 1. F. Major. It was then that these Sunday afternoons reached their greatest success and that invitations to come with a member were prized to such an extent that once, indeed, even Ellen Terry dared to break the taboo and to remain until the smoke drove her away.

As time went by, however, the literary men and artists who gathered in the early days gave way to a group of millionaires. Besides, since the studio had to be cleared for the concert, my father found that he spent his six days ordering his workshop with a view to the seventh. So the weekly meetings there were ultimately relinquished, though until my father's

departure for Europe in 1897 he continued to have performed each year a memorial concert on the first of March, the date of Wells' birthday, which was also his own.

While on this subject of music, before turning to my father's text, let me make mention of the other type of this art that he especially loved, the opera, to which he went whenever occasion offered. Faust, Carmen, Cavalleria Rusticana, Pagliacci, Don Giovanni, French and Italian scores, held his ears. Wagner and Wagner's school he failed to understand. He demanded melody in the old-fashioned sense of the word.

The reminiscences say:

A by-road significant in my New York life I entered at this time in company with Mr. Joseph M. Wells, of whom and of whose passion for music I have spoken. He, Francis Lathrop, another lover of music, and I were in the habit of going to a little beer saloon opposite Washington Place on Broadway, a very narrow and very long and sad spot, where the habitués, no matter how noisily and gaily they entered, would be oppressed by the gloom and take their refreshment in comparative silence. What enticed us was that, besides the beer, there was played, as a rule, desultory music on the violin by a bald-headed man who handled his instrument with feeling, on the clarinet by his son who blew without any, and on the piano by a third colorless banging performer; with the especial peculiarity that every now and then the selections became of a character distinctly above what could be appreciated in such a place.

Besides the music, too, there was occasionally some form of entertainment, and one evening we were put

into a state of great expectation by the announcement that Professor "So and So" would give a "Sleight-of-Hand" performance at nine o'clock. At the hour appointed, from behind a screen placed anglewise in the corner, appeared the prestidigitator. He first carried out a light table, placed it on a little platform with great affectation of daintiness of gesture, passed behind the screen three or four times, and returned at last with a birdcage containing a canary, as far as I could make out, and some other bit of paraphernalia. Then, stepping forward with a wand in his hand and with security of his power shining in his face, he described how at the word "Three," something would happen, and the canary would fly away or—I forget what. With great precision of enunciation he then raised his hand and said, "Ein,—Zwei,—Drei—"

Nothing occurred, absolutely nothing. There was a strange moment of hesitation. Then he grasped the cage, disappeared behind the screen, remained for a few moments, appeared again, replaced it all with the the same dainty, light touch shown the first time.

"Ein,—Zwei,—Drei!"

Again there was no result whatever. The cage, bird, table, and all remained immovable to his charm. Whereupon with one headlong rush he seized the cage and table, and ended his performance by vanishing himself behind the screen.

But the real value of the place lay in the music of which I first spoke. For, as the result of it, we engaged the bald-headed violinist to come and perform in

NEW YORK STUDIO IN THIRTY-SIXTH STREET DURING A SUNDAY CONCERT

my studio on Sunday. At the outset things did not work well. But through Wells' enthusiasm we soon employed the Standard Quartet composed of Bergner, Schwartz, Roebelin, and Brant, and organized a Club or Society which would defray the twenty-five dollars expense each Sunday. Thus we began the Smoking Concerts which, held in my studio twenty-four years ago, were kept up subsequently in Mr. Lathrop's studio and now continue in Dr. Knight's. They were delightful affairs. We had admirable programs, under free and easy conditions, and excellent effects, the result of the sounding-board qualities of the studio.

Now let me turn to other pleasures, and chief among them to my coming in 1885 to Cornish, New Hampshire, or Windsor, Vermont, as it is often called, since that is the town in which we obtain our mail. For this coming made the beginning of a new side of my existence. I had been a boy of the streets and sidewalks all my life. So, hitherto, although no one could have enjoyed the fields and woods more heartily than I when I was in them for a few days, I soon tired, and longed for my four walls and work. But during this first summer in the country, I was thirty-seven at the time, it dawned upon me seriously how much there was outside of my little world.

We hit upon Cornish because, while casting about for a summer residence, Mr. C. C. Beaman told me that if I would go up there with him, he had an old house which he would sell me for what he paid for it, five hun-

dred dollars. However, all this side of life was so secondary to my work at that time that I refused to assume any responsibility of the kind, insisting that I was not wealthy enough to spend that amount. Especially was this feeling active when I first caught sight of the building on a dark, rainy day in April, for then it appeared so forbidding and relentless that one might have imagined a skeleton half-hanging out of the window, shrieking and dangling in the gale, with the sound of clanking bones. I was for fleeing at once and returning to my beloved sidewalks of New York. But, as Mrs. Saint-Gaudens saw the future of sunny days that would follow, she detained me until Mr. Beaman agreed to rent the house to me at a low price for as long as I wished.

To persuade me to come, Mr. Beaman had said that there were "plenty of Lincoln-shaped men up there." He was right. So during the summer of my arrival, and in the one-hundred-year-old barn of the house, I made my sketch for the standing Lincoln, and for a seated Lincoln which was my original idea, as well as another sketch, the study for the mural monument to Dr. Bellows in All Souls' Church, New York, and completed my relief of the children of Mr. Jacob H. Schiff. I had several assistants with me, Mr. Frederick MacMonnies and Mr. Philip Martiny, besides my brother Mr. Louis Saint-Gaudens, and we worked on until November.

I have just spoken of my "Schiff" commission. Thereby hangs a tale of what almost became a tragedy.

There is a large Scotch deer-hound in the composition of the medallion. I bought one in New York for a model and brought him to Windsor to leave him there while I went down to New York. At the foot of the hill on which my house stands, Mr. Chester Pike had a horse-breeding farm, and every day at dusk his head man, Mr. Barker, was in the habit of driving a great stallion up our hill for exercise, seated in one of those wagons where the legs of the driver stretch out on each side of the horse's rump. As he drove by the house one evening, Mr. Staghound, who was but a pup, rushed out at the horse and, in one moment, horse, rider and buggy were mixed up in indeterminable confusion, the wagon a wreck, the horse rearing and plunging, Barker on the ground, and the dog dancing around in great joy and glee, leaping in the air in excitement and delight, barking, "Hurrah! Hurrah! This is life! What joy it is to come to the country!"

Mrs. Saint-Gaudens and my brother rushed out and shouted to Barker to drop the reins he was grasping so tightly. But this he would not do until at last some blow made him release them. Then as he was being carried in, covered with blood and dirt, in reply to the inquiry as to why he held to the animal, he said, "I was afraid if I let the horse go, he might kill somebody on the road." Ever since I have touched my hat to Barker, a man of the right stuff. He was a veteran of the Civil War.

As for the stallion, he tore down the road for two miles with the shafts burying themselves in his sides,

until he came to the bridge which crosses the river. There he halted, and was walking peacefully across when some one caught him. The bridge bears a sign which reads: "Walk your horses or pay two dollars fine."

In these early days, too, I recall another impression of a very different nature, made deeply upon me by the pathetic sight of the abandoned farms, of which there were so many in this part of the world. I can remember, too, a visit to Cornish Flat in order to see about a large rock which Mr. Beaman and I, upon our advice being asked, had recommended for use as a soldiers' monument in that village. This rock lay on the top of a steep hill. So, with a group of gay men, we climbed into a wagon one beautiful day and set out to look at the stone. We formed a conglomerate crew, garrulous and joyful during the five or six mile drive to this place. We appeared all the more noisy in contrast to the taciturn, swarthy driver who guided the team. At the foot of the hill, we arrived at the entrance to what we noticed was a deserted farm. We climbed by it over gateways and fences and tramped across a field filled with flowers. Thence we struck up the hill to the summit, where, in a kind of a hollow in the ground, we found the great boulder.

There we sat and chatted and discussed how many men's lives had been sacrificed from this part of the country to the event which this stone was to commemorate. One guessed a certain number, one another. At the end, after we had exhausted all our conjectures, our

silent driver, who was perched on the top of the rock, said,

"There were twenty-eight men died from this here town."

"What do you know about it?" we asked.

"I was one of the volunteers," he said.

We turned down the hill and entered the empty house. The doors were all open, everything gone, a picture of desolation in strange contrast with the glory of the fields and sun and skies of the day. Over the fireplace in what evidently had been the sitting-room, some one had scratched with a piece of charcoal, "Good-by, old home." We came out and went away.

So much for the first summer. But as the experiment had proved so successful, I had done such a lot of work, and I was so enchanted with the life and scenery, I told Mr. Beaman that, if his offer was still open, I would purchase the place under the conditions he originally stated. He replied that he preferred not, as it had developed in a way far beyond his expectations, and as he thought it his duty to reserve it for his children. Instead he proposed that I rent it for as long as I wished on the conditions first named, which were most liberal. But the house and the life attracted me until I soon found that I expended on this place, which was not mine, every dollar I earned, and many I had not yet earned, whereas all of my friends who had followed had bought their homes and surrounding land. So I explained to Mr. Beaman that I could not continue in this way, and that he must

sell to me, or I should look elsewhere for green fields and pastures new. The result was that, for a certain amount and a bronze portrait of Mr. Beaman, the property came to me.

As I have said, despite its reputation, my dwelling first looked more as if it had been abandoned for the murders and other crimes therein committed than as a home wherein to live, move, and have one's being. For it stood out bleak, gaunt, austere, and forbidding, without a trace of charm. And the longer I stayed in it, the more its Puritanical austerity irritated me, until at last I begged my friend Mr. George Fletcher Babb, the architect: "For mercy's sake, make this house smile, or I shall clear out and go elsewhere!"

This he did beautifully, to my great delight. Inside he held to the ornament of one or two modest mantels, which seemed pathetic in their subdued and gentle attempt at beauty in the grim surroundings, while outside, as our idea was to lower and spread the building, holding it down to the ground, so to speak, I devised the wide terrace that I know was a serious help for, before its construction, you stepped straight from the barren field into the house. As it is now, my friend, Mr. Edward Simmons, of multitudinous and witty speeches, declares that it looks like an austere, upright New England farmer with a new set of false teeth, while a friend of his has said: "No, it strikes me as being more like some austere and recalcitrant New England old maid struggling in the arms of a Greek faun."

Later, to keep up this standard in the case of the old barn, where I had made the sketch for the Lincoln, and which had become so dilapidated that it threatened some day to engulf my masterpieces and me in ruin, I returned to Mr. Babb once more and he kindly designed it over. Again he made me happy in the fashion in which he held to the lines of the original barn with the development of the pergola, which had grown from supports of rustic pine poles, to more pretentious columns of Portland cement.

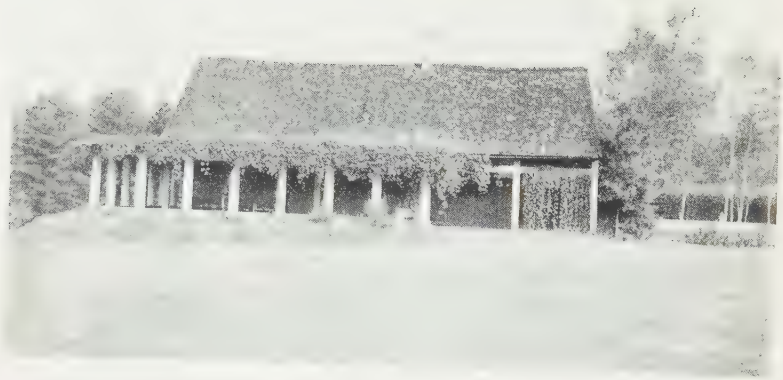
In the serious light that things take as I grow older, the pell-mell character of incidents of even ten or fifteen years ago strikes me as strange and bewildering. It was not long after our coming up here that Mr. George de Forest Brush, the painter, decided to pass the summer near us. He lived with Mrs. Brush in an Indian tepee he built on the edge of our woods, near a ravine, about five hundred yards from the house; for he had camped with the Indians for years and knew their habits.

Also, the spring following my arrival, my friend, Mr. T. W. Dewing, the painter, was casting about for a place to pass the summer, when I told him of a cottage that could be rented from Mr. Beaman about twenty minutes' walk from my habitation. Mr. Dewing came. He saw. He remained. And from that event the colony developed, it being far more from Mr. Dewing's statements of the surrounding beauty than from mine that others joined us. The year after Mr. Dewing's appearance, his intimate, Mr. Henry

Oliver Walker, bought land; and the year after that Mr. Walker's friend, Mr. Charles A. Platt, joined him. Mr. Platt brought Mr. Stephen Parrish, and so on, until now there are many families. The circle has extended beyond the range even of my acquaintance, to say nothing of friendship. The country still retains its beauty, though its secluded charm is being swept away before the rushing automobile, the uniformed flunky, the butler, and the accompanying dress-coat.

But to return to this early time, one cause of ever-recurring excitement to us was Henry George and his single tax theories which had come so much to the front; and in the group of artists and litterateurs to whom I belonged, discussions were violent *pro* and *con*. Mr. Brush stood as a strong Henry George man. Mr. Dewing became violent in the other direction. Mr. Brush was so fond of Mr. George he had a large electioneering portrait of him stuck up in his tent. Mr. Dewing was so taken by the romantic quality of the tent that he could not refrain from visiting Mr. Brush and enjoying its strange mixture of coziness, indulgence, and wild charm, that love of the reversion back to primitive things that we all seem to have. But the devil of it, the thorn to the rose, so to speak, was that Dewing could not enjoy the tepee without being forced at the same time to face the infernal portrait of Henry George, which poisoned what would otherwise have been a halcyon summer.

The following year Brush did not come to Cornish,



ORIGINAL BARN USED AS FIRST STUDIO

HOUSE IN CORNISH, THE FIRST SUMMER

Louis Saint Gaudens, Frederick MacMonnies, Homer Saint-Gaudens,
Mrs. Saint-Gaudens, Augustus Saint-Gaudens

but the tepee still remained, as he had left it, for the enjoyment of my son Homer. So it was arranged one day by a group of seven or eight of us that we should have a picnic at the tepee, cook our own meal in the tent and eat, drink, and be merry to our hearts' content. It turned out to be dismal, gray weather, but, nevertheless, we went down and lit the fire, whereupon I believe Dewing's deep design showed itself. The unhappiness of the previous summer had so embittered his mind that the destruction of the object that caused it was the only thing that could counterbalance the experience. As he could not in ordinary cold blood come up and annihilate this place, he reasoned, unconsciously, "If I can get all these chaps, as well as myself, full of fire-water, nature will do the rest."

He was right, for after having eaten all that was proper and drunk much more than was necessary, we danced in glee around the tent in which blazed the bivouac fire. Presently one demon threw some object through the open flap on the fire, which increased the conflagration inside. Then another fiend added a part of the tent, and then the portrait of Henry George, and the tepee went the way of all things. Dewing was satisfied, and we were all happy.

But the end was still to come. The following year Mr. Babb, while visiting us, one day picked up among the leaves a bit of the canvas which had escaped the fire. He put it in his pocket in what we thought a rather mysterious way, though we said nothing, as his ways are dark nine-tenths of the time. That night

he asked for a needle and thread, and for the next two or three afternoons shut himself in his room, locking the door so that we could make out nothing as to the goings on behind it. The single-tax discussions meanwhile raged violently every time we met with Dewing. Finally Babb appeared at lunch with several little rosettes in his hand, most carefully fashioned about an inch in diameter, with a solitary tack hanging by a string from their centers.

"Shall we go see Dewing this afternoon?" he asked.

"Of course," we said, and the single-tax badges were put on our lapels and we pranced over to Dewing's, to his great consternation.

He attributed this deep-laid scheme to me, but I have not the extraordinary ingenuity of my architect friend, nor the patience to execute for three days such an elaborate piece of mechanism for a joke.

Elsewhere I have spoken of how Saint-Gaudens' point of view regarding early days was occasionally glossed by time. Here, however, the situation is quite different. Both in detail and sentiment, his account of Cornish in the "eighties" remains astonishingly accurate. And as I was able to show where his memory was somewhat astray in earlier instances, at this point I can confirm its accuracy with one of his characteristic letters written at the time to his friend Low:

Windsor, Vermont, Sept. 16, /85.

Dear Low:

We are very cozy and happy here. I expect to remain until November first, and I am very contented to

do so. Wells will give you an incoherent idea of how I am situated, and I wish others of you fellers could be up here, not that I 'm lonely but that I think it would be so bully for you. I 'm feeling as if I ought to have a little pot belly, that I shall become interested in horses and potatoes, and shall *ratisse mon petit navet regulairement tout les mois content de moimême et de tout le monde,* and have aspirations, if I was in France, to be *conseiller municipal ou maire.* This is really a very beautiful country and I certainly do not tire of it. The only difficulty is that I don't enjoy it enough. I stick to the studio too much. However, 'nuff said on that score.

Dewing is doing very little up here. It 's amusing to see him on the spot, though, for he is blood of the blood and bone of the bone of the country. He falls right into everything like a duck into water. Very much as I fancy I would be in the South of France or Ireland. . . . He has a charming little place, much more cozy than mine, and he has bought it by making a portrait of Mrs. Beaman in payment. . . .

In my father's text he writes of the brief trip which he took to Paris in 1889. This was the only occasion on which he left this country between the day he landed here in 1880 and his departure for his long stay in Europe in 1897. Throughout all that time, however, he yearly talked of Paris, of his desire to be there, of his deeply felt need of seeing what was being done abroad and thereby widening his artistic horizon. So nothing shows in a more striking manner the demands of his work and his conscientious efforts to meet them

than this fact, that in the period of seventeen years he could only snatch these few weeks for his vacation. He says:

So much for the country, but since I have wandered from my New York pavements, let me speak of another experience that I had away from them before I return to their limits; an experience I met with during my 1889 short visit to Paris.

I was there but two weeks and was desirous of returning in what measure I could to my student life and environment, and, for that reason, occupied a little box of a room that MacMonnies offered to me, fronting on a charming court where he had his studio. The first day, on awakening, I turned to the tiny window overlooking the little garden in the cool gray of the morning. Presently, from one of the studio doors which opened on the court, an old chap appeared in his dressing-gown, peacefully smoking a pipe. He trudged along in among the paths over to one particular flower-bed which was evidently his little property, and with great care watered the flowers with a diminutive watering-pot. Soon another codger appeared from another door, in trousers and slippers. He also fussed and shuffled quietly in his little plot. And then a third came from the other end of the garden, with a skull-cap on. This one, with the greatest caution, mounted a little step-ladder, tying here and cutting away there, among his plants, while the others raked away in the earth below among the flowers, and murmured and chatted about this little plant, that little flower, this bit of earth and so on, with apparently no

other thought than that of the Greek in "Candide" to "Cultivate your garden," the blue smoke from their pipes of peace rising philosophically among the greenery in harmony with it all. These were the Satanic comrades of my youth at the Beaux Arts, the Devils who made me bawl the Marseillaise for months, and it was all so far away from the Hell's Kitchen of Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway that it gave me much to reflect on.

To my father's mention of his trip, let me add this illuminating letter to Mrs. Van Rensselaer, which he wrote to her soon after his return. The reader cannot help but notice how strikingly similar is the picture which my father drew of the simple withdrawn neighborliness of a certain type of Frenchman to the description in the reminiscences, written about twenty years later. The resemblance shows well the consistent manner in which he enjoyed philosophizing upon this point of view. For he had so vivid an understanding of his own intense nervous energy that he enjoyed satirizing both attitudes by comparing them with one another. He writes:

148 West Thirty-sixth Street,
Sept. 21, 1889.

Dear Mrs. Van Rensselaer:

. . . If I remember well, you are about leaving Paris, and I 'm curious to know your impression. The impressions of my trip abroad were the Homeric, Greek character that there was in the way the steamer first rose on the waves in the bright sun on leaving Sandy Hook; my enjoyment of the ocean for the first time; the glorious Cornwall Coast with the sun rising

on it; my discoveries of the charm of English scenery between Southampton and London; the impression of strength in London; the great City of Paris, its extraordinary monumental largeness; the Frenchman with his little garden; the man of fifty who contents himself with shuffling in his slippers into his garden in the morning, cutting off the dead leaves of the geranium and showing to another bald-headed philosophic artist the *gentil petit* plant; the welcome of my friends; the wonderful fête success of the exposition. About the art, my impressions are too complex and result in so much vanity that I 'll modestly refrain. . . .

XII

THE SHAW

1881-1897

Richardson's Respect for Saint-Gaudens—Richardson's Personality—The Shaw Commission—Negro Models—Bohutinsky and the Negro—Studio Rages—Technical Difficulties—Concentrated Work—A Letter from Bion—A Letter to Gilder.

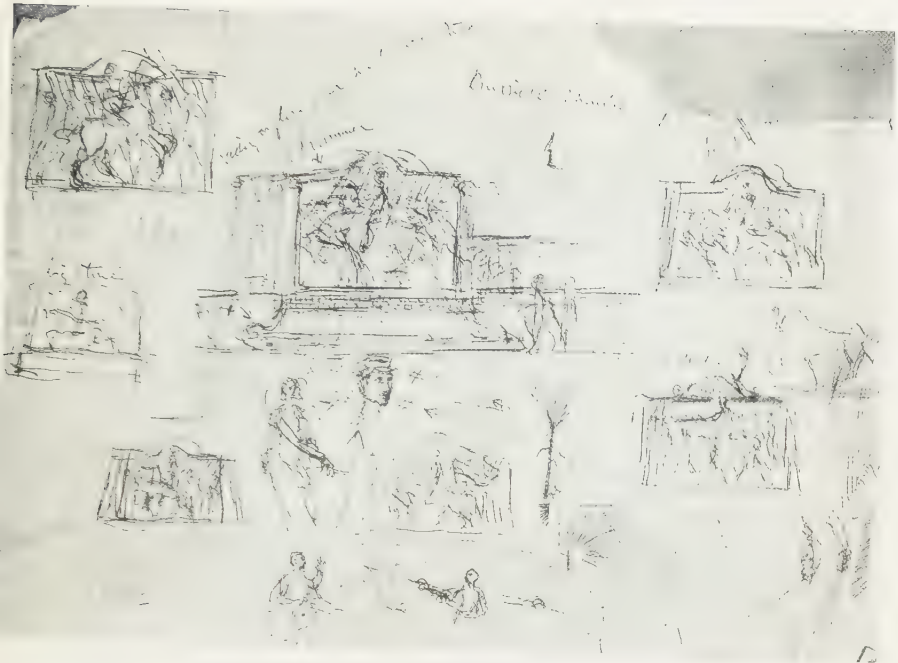
NOW from an attempt to picture my father's habits of life during the long New York period, I turn to the work which he produced at the time. It is strange that the most important of all the commissions, the one to which he clung until virtually the end of his stay in the city, came to him almost at the outset. Also it would seem strange that a man of the reputation of the architect, H. H. Richardson, should suggest giving such a serious task as the Shaw to so young a sculptor as Saint-Gaudens, were it not for the reputation my father had already made with the Farragut as well as for another reason well explained by the architect, Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, who has written me:

"When H. H. Richardson, the architect, was designing the Alleghany County Court House he had made a large number of sketches of the great tower. Being uncertain which of them would be best to adopt, he wired your father to come to Brookline, Massachusetts, to give his opinion. This your father did, and, as I remember, his decision was adopted by the architect. Mr. Richardson related the incident to me, saying that he had more confidence in your father's opinion regarding mass and outline than that of any other man. Your father seemed to be able to pick out the best instinctively."

My father says of his meeting with Mr. Richardson and of the Shaw:

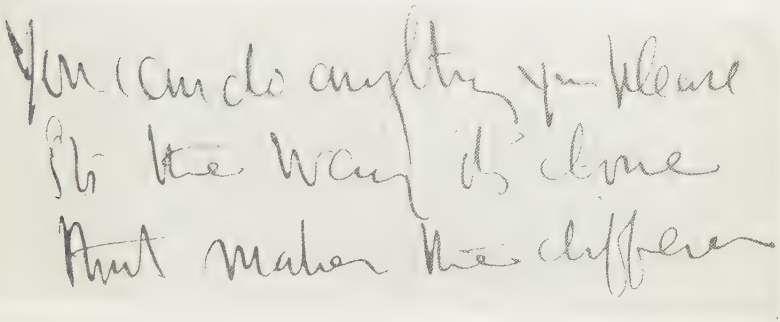
To go back to my work, after a short stay at the Sherwood, I took the studio at 148 West Thirty-sixth Street which I have already mentioned. This building I originally hired for five years, though I was destined to remain there for fifteen. It was a low, painter's supply-shed, which I virtually filled out and rebuilt. Strangely enough, I had scarcely moved into it when, during a visit to Boston, I renewed my acquaintance with the man who was largely instrumental in my obtaining the one piece of work which remained in that studio through almost my whole stay. The man was the architect, Mr. H. H. Richardson, the work the Shaw relief.

Richardson was an extraordinary man, and it would require a Rabelais to do justice to his unusual power and character. He had an enormous girth, and a halt in his speech, which made the words that followed come out like a series of explosions. The walls of his dining-room he had painted blood-red. It had a low ceiling and a magnificent oval, black-oak table. To dine with him, with his round-faced, expectant children sitting about the table, and charming Mrs. Richardson opposite, furnished the guest with a picture and an honor not to be forgotten. Richardson wore a brilliant yellow waistcoat, and his appetite was in full harmony with his proportions. I have been told that, although afflicted with a trouble for which he was absolutely prohibited stimulants, he once drank a quart of black coffee when on his way to Pittsburgh, in order to be in good condition when he met the committee to ar-



VARIOUS SKETCHES FOR THE SHAW MEMORIAL

Copr. Augusta H. Saint-Gaudens



Copr. Augusta H. Saint-Gaudens

FACSIMILE OF A MANUSCRIPT SENTIMENT THAT AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS SET AS HIS STANDARD

This scrap of his writing was found among other papers upon his desk not long after his death

range for the building of that masterpiece, the jail and court house. At any rate, whenever I visited Brookline, where he lived, he would say before dinner:

"S-S-Saint-Gaudens, ordinarily I lead a life of a-abstinence, but to-night I am going to break my rule to celebrate your visit, you come so rarely."

He would thereupon order a magnum of champagne, which, as none of the family drank it, had to be finished by him and me. Unfortunately, I am very moderate in such matters, and the result was the consumption of virtually the whole magnum by my good friend. This had to be accompanied by cheese, which was also proscribed by the doctor, and of this he ate enormous quantities. The proceeding doubtless occurred every night, as he always arranged to bring home a guest.

Then, after a little, I began to see the architect from time to time in my studio. For as he passed to and fro in his Pittsburgh work he invariably stopped over night in New York to talk with La Farge. He was frequently accompanied by Phillips Brooks or Mr. Edward Hooper, or both. So in this way I saw Brooks on some eight or ten occasions, and subsequently now and then during my visits to Boston, though at that time never dreaming of the monument to him I was to model so long after. I was told the other day that he related with much enjoyment a story of a visit he made to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where he found me absorbed before the cast of a Greek seat in the theater at Athens. He passed me by without my noticing him, and after having been around the Museum he

came back and found me in the same place and still as oblivious to his passage as before. I was studying material for the chair that is back of the figure of Lincoln.

Mr. Richardson was also a great friend of Messrs. Atkinson, Lee and Higginson. Consequently it was at his suggestion, if my memory serves me aright, that they determined to see whether it was not possible to have me execute the monument to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, which had been proposed but abandoned. They had about fifteen thousand dollars, and I was engaged to complete it for that sum, since I, like most sculptors at the beginning of their careers, felt that by hook or crook I must do an equestrian statue, and that here I had found my opportunity. Therefore I proceeded with this theory until the Shaw family objected on the ground that, although Shaw was of a noble type, as noble as any, still he had not been a great commander, and only men of the highest rank should be so honored. In fact, it seemed pretentious. Accordingly, in casting about for some manner of reconciling my desire with their ideas, I fell upon a plan of associating him directly with his troops in a bas-relief, and thereby reducing his importance. I made a sketch showing this scheme, which was consumed in the fire, and the monument as it now stands is virtually what I indicated. I began work on it at once, and soon it took up the entire width of the studio, as it stood about two-thirds of the way back from the street, with behind it a platform about eight feet high, on which I placed what-

ever statue I had to do that would ultimately be on a pedestal.

In justice to myself I must say here that from the low-relief I proposed making when I undertook the Shaw commission, a relief that reasonably could be finished for the limited sum at the command of the committee, I, through my extreme interest in it and its opportunity, increased the conception until the rider grew almost to a statue in the round and the negroes assumed far more importance than I had originally intended. Hence the monument, developing in this way infinitely beyond what could be paid for, became a labor of love, and lessened my hesitation in setting it aside at times to make way for more lucrative commissions, commissions that would reimburse me for the pleasure and time I was devoting to this.

The models I used for my task, a horse and countless negroes, all furnished me with the greatest amusement. The horse was a gray animal which I bought especially for this relief. I used to keep him in an adjoining stable and, at the end of the day, ride him in the park for exercise, thereby accomplishing a double purpose. He died ultimately of pneumonia contracted from a cast I made of him, and I finished my work with a beautiful sorrel I hired at the New York Riding Club.

The darkeys were more exciting in the entertainment they furnished. In the beginning, when I met a colored man of whom I thought well, I would approach him politely, with evident signs of embarrassment, and,

after hemming and hawing, I would explain that I was a picture-maker who wanted to take his picture and that if he would come along with me I would do it for nothing. Any one who knows the negro of that class can readily understand what followed. They would look at me suspiciously. Some would accompany me part of the way and suddenly go off. Others would refuse altogether. A few would follow me as far as the door and then leave. One I remember saying as we reached my threshold: "You don't kotch me in dat place!" while those that I did succeed in trapping, trembled and perspired in utter terror as I stood them up with guns over their shoulders and caps on their heads. At last an intelligent chap told me that no doubt they feared I was a physician trying to lure them to their death and to cut them up for anatomical purposes, and that their terror was augmented by seeing plaster heads, painted a brown color, lying about. So, following his advice after that when I desired a man, I obtained better results by simply saying: "Do you want a job?" And upon his affirmative reply, by adding: "Well, come along with me. I will give you one." But I had little real success until I found a colored man to whom I promised twenty-five cents for every negro he would bring me that I could use. The following day the place was packed with them, and I had not only a great choice, but endless trouble in getting rid of them and stopping their besieging the studio.

There were some amusing liars among them. Several, born since the war, who did not know how to hold

a gun, described to me in detail the battle of Fort Wagner and their part in it. They ranged in character from a gentle Bahama Islander to a drummer-boy who, while posing for the figure in the foreground, told me how he had just been released from prison, where he had gone for cutting his brother with a razor. On the whole, however, they are very likable, with their soft voices and imaginative, though simple, minds. I modeled about forty heads from them, of which I selected the sixteen that are visible on the relief. Some heads that were very good I rejected, because for one reason or another they did not look well in the place.

My struggles with these models always brings intimately to my mind a studio man I employed at the time, a Pole, Bohutinsky by name. He was of flabby construction, but came to me with a letter of recommendation from Judge Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand." He did the work fairly well, though troubling me with his extraordinary diffidence. He must have been most abominably treated while abroad, for he never spoke to me without showing signs of terror, as if the next moment might see his head cut off for his presumption.

At that time the Shaw monument extended from wall to wall across the center of the studio, so the only means of communication with the scaffolding in the rear of the building was by bending under the relief and climbing up a step-ladder. One miserable day I was working on the platform there at Mr. Henry Adams' Rock Creek Cemetery figure, with Mr. T. W.

Dewing seated quietly smoking beside the posing model and chatting with me, when there developed the crisis of all Bohutinsky's fears. Previously I had been so much bothered by the interruptions of the door-bell that I had warned him that under no condition was anybody to be let in. Therefore, when, after one of the rings, I heard a prolonged whispering at the other end of the studio, and presently saw Bohutinsky duck down under the "Shaw" and appear below, I was ready for him.

"Did n't I explain to you that I was to see nobody?" I shouted. "I will be left in peace! You go back and tell that man I am not in, or anything you please, but leave me alone!"

He ducked, disappeared, and after time enough for him to go to the street door, one hundred feet away, the muttering was repeated.

Then again he bobbed up and said: "Mr. S-S-Saint-Gaudens, this p-person says he absolutely m-must see you. That it is necessary and that he cannot leave without doing so."

I shouted: "You tell that man to get out of here! I will see no one! Go away from me! Don't return. Can I have no peace in this blasted place?"

Once more, after the scarcely breathed conversation, came the third appearance of Bohutinsky.

"Mr. S-S-Saint-Gaudens, he says—"

"Is he still there?" I roared.

"Y-Y-Yes, sir."

Bohutinsky was trembling like a leaf and ready to

fall, while I, my wrath growing as I swore, hurled profanity through the three-foot space over the top of the Shaw at the intruder by the entrance.

"I 'll kick him out!" I cried, looking around for something to annihilate him with. Dewing and the model caught hold of me, begging me to stop and do nothing rash. But I tore down, bobbed under the Shaw monument, and rushed over to the corridor.

There I found a magnificent big black negro, who, notwithstanding my blasphemy, was grinning from ear to ear.

"What do you want?" I bellowed.

"Mr. Saint-Gaudens," he said in his soft negro accent, "you told me, sah, when I came here, if anybody wanted to put me out, to just stick and say, sah, that you wanted to see me, no matter what happened, sah."

Let me add one other word to my father's account of his adventures with his models. I take it from a letter he sent at the time to his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas J. Homer. It shows with even more emphasis how combinedly earnest and humorous was this search for men to pose.

148 West Thirty-sixth Street,
New York City, Jan. 1, /93.

Dear Tom:

At Young's Café, in your great City of Boston, there are two gorgeous darkeys, so gorgeous that I wish to put them in the Shaw monument. . . . When they are here I shall select the one that best

suits my purpose, send the other right back, and the one that I keep will have from two weeks to a month's work with me at three dollars a day. Their names are John Lee and Riley Lee. In order that I may have them, permission must be obtained from E. McDuffie, the darkey headwaiter at that establishment, a most intelligent man, who does not imagine that I wish them in order to cut their livers out as the average darkey suspects. I 've already spoken to him. He knows it all, and if you will step in there and get him to ship me these two beauties at once you will be eternally blessed. Don't let him ship me any others. I 've lots of others here, lots, but none such busters. . . .

. . . It is possible that when I have them here in the cold light of my studio, and without the enthusiasm that the atmosphere of *l'Athène moderne* always throws me in, I may find that it was all in my eye, that they are no better than hundreds of Seventh Avenue darkeys, and I may send 'em both back. That should be understood. . . .

Also the Bohutinsky story, as my father gives it, suggests a most emphatic memory of the period, that of my father's studio rages, bred by the nervousness which was engendered in turn by his concentration upon his work. Ninety-nine per cent. of these explosions were due to variations of the studio temperature, for he was a cold-blooded man. I believe he could detect a change of two degrees from his favorite amount of heat, when woe betide the darkey who tended stoves.

Noise, next after cold, was the prime irritant, especially noise of an unusual nature. Mr. Adolph Weinman, the sculptor who also was at one time my father's pupil, has written

TWO EARLY SKETCHES FOR THE MONUMENT TO ROBERT GOULD SHAW

me of a case in this last category. It is most characteristic of my father both in the manner in which his fury was aroused and in the humor of his remedy. Mr. Weinman writes:

"Here is an anecdote told me by a friend, Herman Parker, who worked for your father in the Thirty-sixth Street studio. This young man was then courting a girl, and, as he wished to appear at his best when he met her crossing on the ferry each night, he took great care to brush up and put a gorgeous polish on his shoes before leaving the studio. The lengthy process of cleaning seemed to get on your father's nerves. So one evening, when Herman dropped the shoe-brush accidentally, making a great racket, your father, at the time working on the elevated platform and standing on a lot of piled up boxes, suddenly took box after box and threw or kicked them to the floor below, shouting and swearing. Then all was quiet. Herman, from the little office in front, ran back with shaky knees, expecting to find the whole Shaw monument on the floor in pieces. When he regained his speech and asked what had happened, your father calmly replied, 'That was the echo of the brush.'"

Yet though upset by such petty annoyances, my father had, besides this half-jocose fashion of recovering himself, a wholly generous and sweeping manner of remedying things at the end of these storms; so that the results, for the most part, commanded respect rather than discontent. As a final illustration, especially of the second quality, I remember how, during the early days in Cornish, after the work had been stopped for the thirty-fifth time while some one looked for a lost hammer, my father in his excitement ordered a gross of them. Then at last the implements were on hand when wanted. Indeed the one hundred and forty-four were even said to have dulled the lawnmowers.

I should dwell now upon the more serious aspects of the Shaw as it emerged from one of my father's favorite low-reliefs to that extremely "high" development, which he felt sure

would be more effective in the open air. During the process he struggled with difficulty after difficulty, both technical and artistic. In one direction, for example, the constant wetting of the clay and the covering of the Shaw with damp rags became such a nuisance that he began to look about for a substitute. French plastoline in the quantities he needed was quite out of the question because of its expense. So he talked the matter over with Mr. Philip Martiny, who had been working for him, with the result that there was evolved the present American plastoline now in common use. A great to-do also arose over such endless questions as those concerning the historical accuracy of the dress. For instance, when it came to the flag, he sent to have the original carefully sketched in the Boston State House.

For the larger issues, the negro troops, to begin with, gave him an immense amount of trouble. For one thing the countless legs and feet of the infantry seemed to bewilder him, until slowly from the chaos he learned his lesson of dealing with repeated accents; a lesson suggested to him by the effect of the troops passing beneath his window in the days of his cameo-cutting, by a French military funeral which he often spoke of as impressing him a few years later, and by the use of the spears and vertical lines in such compositions as Velasquez's "Surrender of Breda." For another thing, the problem of accoutrements, of the spotty effects made by the canteens, developed in him a sensitive regard for the rounding-off of mechanically hard lines, until the final and uninteresting became always slightly hidden and suggestive. The process took definite shape on a day when he complained to Frederick MacMonnies, then pressing out these canteens, that he hated them, as he did all things completely analyzed and shown. Whereupon MacMonnies replied, "Hide part of them under the drapery." At which my father tested his suggestion with such relish at the resulting mystery and charm, that he not only adopted it permanently, but instituted a system of what he

later called "fluing," a general term including many devices, from the breaking up of lines to the filling of those black holes, which, if he placed logically in his desired folds of drapery, he would model to unsightly depths.

In a different way also my father had a desperate time with a "kink" in Shaw's trousers which he explained had caught a "kink" in his brain, as well as with Shaw's right sleeve, since he never could succeed in making the folds of the model's coat fall correctly during two successive periods. Accordingly one Sunday an assistant, Lyndon Smith, posed for him, remaining in the saddle without a movement on his right side from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon when they lifted him from his seat. The trousers and sleeve were modeled.

But, most of all, the flying figure drove my father nearly frantic in his efforts to combine the ideal with the real. For the face he tried first the beautiful head of Miss Annie Page. But that, like the features of any model, always became much too personal. So he relied wholly upon his imagination to produce a result which his friends and pupils have said somewhat recalled his mother and somewhat an old model in Paris; though, for my part, I believe that every woman of beauty who was near him impressed his work. For the body and the legs of the figure, the drapery, the palms, laurels, and whatever else she carried in her right hand, he shifted the proportions, varied the "color" of the relief and rearranged the folds, until he became mentally blind to the result and to the aspect of the composition.

Indeed, so great was his hesitation in this direction that he returned to the charge even in later years, having by that time come to the conclusion that the flying figure was not mysterious enough. Therefore he remodeled her once more during the last part of his life, changing the position of the feet, and covering up the "holes" so as to take the color from the drapery and thus contrast it with the troops. The altered compo-

sition was placed in the plaster cast of the entire bas-relief in the Paris Salon of 1900, as well as in the relief now erected in the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo. Had my father lived a year or so longer, I am certain he would have asked permission to cut his old figure from the bronze and to insert that made so much later.

Of course a variety of causes led to this hesitation. But one reason in especial for this nervousness was because Bion, upon whose judgment Saint-Gaudens placed such confidence, insisted that the figure was as needless as "Simplicity" would have been floating over Millet's "Gleaners." Here is a portion of a letter Bion wrote upon the subject shortly before his death:—

"I had no need of your 'nom de Dieu' allegory on the ceiling. Your negroes marching in step and your Colonel leading them told me enough. Your priestess merely bores me as she tries to impress upon me the beauty of their action."

And here is what my father wrote concerning it to Miss Rose Nichols, in his effort to maintain his own convictions:

. . . I am not disturbed by his dislike of my figure. It is because it does not look well in the photograph. If the figure in itself looked well, he would have liked it I know. And notwithstanding his admirable comparison with the Millet, I still think that a figure, if well done in that relation to the rest of the scheme, is a fine thing to do. The Greeks and Romans did it finely in their sculpture. After all, it 's the way the thing 's done that makes it right or wrong, that 's about the only creed I have in art. However, his letter is interesting, although very sad, dear old boy.

Through fourteen years of such endeavor, then, the Shaw relief remained in the studio, while other commissions came and

went; fourteen years, during which my father returned to this work winter and summer with an unflagging persistence. Even the hottest of August days would find him high up on a ladder under the baking skylight, as he developed and eliminated these details of his task; for the details, as has been seen, he changed and changed, though the original conception, according to his almost consistent practice, he never altered. Early morning would grow to noon, scarcely marked by more than a hasty munching of an apple. Noon would fade to dusk without a falter in the steady toil. And then, after the evening meal, he would take his place again beneath the flaring gas jets when the special task was of a sort to permit night work.

Naturally such intensity of application wore on my father's nerves and permanently undermined his health, until his friends became afraid the evil effects would show in his results, and finally even Bion took up the cudgels from across the Atlantic, calling him to account for the years he devoted to his statues. To no purpose. My father would only reply that the Greek and Renaissance sculptors spent even more time on their commissions than did he. Here are portions of characteristic letters that explain his thoughts on the subject. The first two he sent at the time the work was in the studio to a lady whom he deeply admired, Mrs. Van Rensselaer. The third was written long after, yet, though dealing primarily with another subject, shows indirectly how these same feelings remained with my father throughout his life. The fourth, also a comparatively recent letter, sent to Mr. Gilder, presents better than anything else a hint of that intense affection for his work which my father always possessed. He writes first to Mrs. Van Rensselaer:

I will go to Marion on Saturday, the eighteenth, and remain Sunday and Monday, leaving Monday evening to return. Nothing would please me more than to re-

main longer, but I 'm in the midst of my work, in the best of spirits, and in the mood. Too much vacation would demoralize me.

I have a "hossy" at the studio, and it is such a work to break him in to posing and to keep him in trim that I fear a long absence would demoralize him too.

Again to Mrs. Van Rensselaer:

. . . I 've done nothing but model, model, model furiously for the last month. I 've been putting negroes of all types in the Shaw, and it 's been great fun. I 'm as happy as a clam over it, and consequently beautifully negligent of every friend, no matter how much they may have passed before my vision as I was driving away at my darkeys.

Much later:

Dear Mr. W:

I am not supervising the monument to Mr. W. that Miss Sherman is doing, and Miss Sherman assures me that she has never said I was. Nevertheless I have seen her work on several occasions and, although virtually unnecessary, have gladly given my opinion as to various ideas she had in mind. The result is admirable and much farther along than any one not a sculptor would suppose from the view of the models. Nevertheless too much time cannot be spent on a task that is to endure for centuries, and it is a great mistake to hurry or hamper any artist in the production of work they have so much at heart. Time passed on it is certainly not money gained, and results from a conscien-

tious endeavor to avoid the execution of an unworthy thing. You should consider yourself fortunate not to have fallen into the hands of a sculptor who would rush the commission through on time, regardless of the future, in order to get and make quickly the most money possible. A bad statue is an impertinence and an offense. I should therefore bear with Miss Sherman. Your displeasure will be transient and turn to pleasure in the thought that when the work is completed you have a worthy memorial. Two years is a very short time for such a work. It could be done in one year, but ten years would not be too much. Paul Dubois, the great Frenchman, spent fifteen years on his "Joan of Arc." I had the Shaw monument fourteen years, the "Sherman" ten.

And last of all to Mr. Gilder:-

That anything I have done should have suggested the inspired and inspiring ode of Moody's, as well as what you say in your splendid address, makes all the great strain and love gone to the making of the "Shaw" worth while, and I have not lived entirely in vain. . . .

XIII

EARLY THIRTY-SIXTH STREET WORK

1881-1892

Commissions out of Confusion—The Vanderbilt Work—The Smith Tomb—The Lincoln—The Puritan—The Adams Monument.

THE last chapter dealt mostly with the Shaw monument. Yet it must not be imagined that during the stay of the relief in the studio it occupied my father's thoughts to the exclusion of other work. Quite on the contrary, there were periods of months when he would refuse to look at this task, in order that upon seeing it once more he might have a fresh eye and unconsciously matured thoughts. At such times many other commissions came and went, together with the turmoil of new assistants and mechanics, tardy and none too conscientious bronze-founders, obstinate landlords, captious clients, dull pupils, evasive models, male, female, and animal, negro, horse, and eagle—not to mention a mud-turtle and some fish—clubs, committees, over-due and endless correspondence, scanty funds, fat debts, and an incessantly jingling doorbell. For besides the work mentioned here and in the following chapter, he completed, in the course of the first ten years he occupied the Thirty-sixth Street studio, nearly forty other works, which varied in importance from large plaques like the Bellows tablet for All Souls' Church in New York to such smaller portraits as that of Miss Violet Sargent, modeled in exchange for John Sargent's painting of myself, or more regular orders of the fashion of those for the Hollingsworth Memorial or the Oakes "Ames." Let me turn then to a portion of what my father says of all this. It is to be regretted that he did not have opportunity to develop the theme to a fair length. He writes:

The years that the Shaw remained with me were filled with the multitudinous complexities of a large number of tasks. In fact, the production of my work was much confused, and dragged in most cases to lengths which would have taxed the patience of angels. Each new commission attracted me. And in the desire to execute it, I hoped to be able to do it while modeling those already on hand. Governor Morgan, in complaining one day of the slow progress of his work when I promised I would push something through, said:

"Oh, no, you can't. You delay just as your father did before you."

Soon after taking the Thirty-sixth Street studio, Mr. George B. Post gave me an order to make all the models for the great entrance-hall in the residence of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, which the architect was just about to erect on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue. The undertaking required not only the two caryatids for the monumental mantelpiece and the mosaic that surmounted it, but as well the superintendence of the models for all the wood-carving in the hall, which was enormous, beside the creating of medallion family-portraits to be introduced in certain of the panels. For some reason these were not entirely completed. Those that I did do were the portraits of young Cornelius and George Vanderbilt, Gertrude Vanderbilt, now Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, William H. Vanderbilt, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, the first of the family. Beside these, I, with my

brother, Louis Saint-Gaudens, was associated with Mr. La Farge in composing the models for the superb ceiling that he designed for the main dining-room. Mr. Post evidently had the same confidence in me that I had in myself. Wherefore I undertook the task in the belief that here again I was going to reform things in matters of that kind in this country, and worked with great earnestness at my commissions, particularly at the two caryatids, despite the fact that the absolute necessity for the completion of this work before a given date, its extent and its complexity, added perhaps more than anything else to the distressing confusion of my affairs that prevailed during these years.

At about this time, 1886, I also began the figure for the tomb of Mrs. Anna Maria Smith, to go in the cemetery at Newport, Rhode Island. This, except for minor modifications, was the original of the bronze figure of "Amor Caritas" in the Museum of the Luxembourg, in Paris.

Then, in the ensuing year, to add fat to the fire, a committee in Chicago wrote me asking if I would compete for a monument to Lincoln for that city, to be erected from a fund provided under the will of Mr. Eli Bates. I refused. Some time later they inquired if I would not undertake the commission directly, as well as a fountain. Of course I accepted, naming a day for finishing it, which still further decreased the chance of completing the "Shaw" in the time I hoped. I began the statue on the platform behind the relief and these works progressed together, though of course the Lin-

MISS VIOLET SARGENT

coln was set up long before the Shaw was finished. Here again I asked Mr. White to design the surroundings. The monument was duly unveiled in 1887, but unfortunately on a rainy day and without the ceremonies that might have lent consequence to the occasion.

After the "Lincoln," on the scaffolding behind the "Shaw," came the statue of Deacon Samuel Chapin, for Mr. Chester W. Chapin, at that time President of the Boston and Albany Railroad. The elder Mr. Chapin was the father of my friend Chester Chapin, Jr., and I assume that this work was intrusted to me at his suggestion. It formed part of a scheme some gentlemen of Springfield, Massachusetts, had in mind for erecting three statues of the three founders of that city: Pynchon, which was made by Mr. Jonathan Hartley, Chapin which I modeled, and a third which has not yet been carried out.

Although my statue is now placed close to the Public Library, it was originally erected near the station lower down in the city, at one end of a long square rearranged and laid out to harmonize with the statue. This design, also one of Mr. White's was admirable in every respect. At the opposite end of the little park from the statue, and balancing it, stood a fountain, and between the two, in the center, a stone bench. Along each side of the open space we planted white birches, and the whole we inclosed by a pine hedge. If this could have remained, and the buildings around the square have been carried out as Mr. Chapin expected,

the result would have been unusually effective. At the time we placed it there, however, the quarter of the city was poor, and in a few weeks the boys had destroyed everything in the way of vegetation.

The statue, as I have said, was to represent Deacon Samuel Chapin, but I developed it into an embodiment, such as it is, of the "Puritan." And so it came about that, in 1903, the New England Society of Pennsylvania commissioned me to make a replica of it. This I did as far as the general figure and arrangement went, though I made several changes in details. For the head in the original statue, I used as a model the head of Mr. Chapin himself, assuming that there would be some family resemblance with the Deacon, who was his direct ancestor. But Mr. Chapin's face is round and Gaelic in character, so in the Philadelphia work I changed the features completely, giving them the long, New England type, beside altering the folds of the cloak in many respects, the legs, the left hand, and the Bible.

Following the "Chapin" on the scaffolding was the figure in Rock Creek Cemetery which I modeled for Mr. Henry Adams.

To speak at greater length of these commissions which my father has mentioned, I will begin with the Smith tomb, which, while a step on the way to the ultimate "Amor Caritas," in turn emanated from the angels for the tomb of Governor Morgan. That is, though the Morgan tomb figures stood almost in the round, their drapery possessed much the same quality that my father used in the Smith relief; a drapery perhaps

finding its suggestion in the English Burne-Jones School, which he admired, though he developed their ideas to more conscientious limits. Also, at about this time, he made a number of other changes in this theme. For instance, the Smith angel held in her raised hands a tablet with a long inscription beginning: "Blessed are the dead." So on another occasion, he lowered her hands and reduced the size of the tablet, that it might present only the words, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," while somewhat later he designed the two figures in the round for the Hamilton Fish tomb, at Garrison-on-the-Hudson, with much the same feeling, though adding thereto a slight sentiment of early Christian art of which he was an admirer.

The Lincoln that came next in order, while a monument of great popularity, developed so consistently and so apart from all the other influences that were seething around my father that there is little to record concerning it. This portion of a letter sent me by Mr. Gilder is of the greatest interest. He writes:

"One night I saw at Wyatt Eaton's, who was living on the south side of Washington Square, a life-mask of Lincoln of which I had never heard. I got your father and one or two others to form a committee, and we purchased the original cast of that and of the two hands, from Douglas Volk, his father having taken them and given them to him. And we presented these originals, with bronze copies, to the National Museum at Washington. For those who subscribed for the bronze copies of the set, at seventy-five dollars, your father had made in his studio inscriptions with the name of the subscriber. This wonderful life-mask was, of course, of use to him in the Lincoln. I afterwards found another one, taken during his Presidency, and told Colonel Hay about it. He bought the original."

It is also pertinent to add that, even late in life, my father had no detailed changes which he would have cared to make in the Lincoln other than to reduce the height of the statue

by about two feet, as he always had a horror of over-large monuments. Regarding the conception as a whole, he was from the beginning in two minds as to whether or not to make Lincoln seated, and this latter desire he satisfied in one of his final commissions, when he completed his second Lincoln that is to be erected in another part of Chicago; a Lincoln, the Head of the State, in contrast with the Lincoln, the Man, which now stands on the northern edge of the city.

The final commission my father alludes to in this chapter, the one about which he makes his briefest mention, the Rock Creek Cemetery figure, however, demands a larger share of attention, since on the margin of his text concerning it he placed the word "Amplify." This I know he would have done had he lived. For he looked back with fondness to the time spent upon this monument, curtained off in a studio corner. Here was one of the few opportunities offered him to break from the limitations of portraiture, limitations from which all his life he longed to be free, in order to create imaginative compositions, such as those which he began for the Boston Public Library. Moreover, he constantly spoke to me and to others of his pleasure in suggesting the half-concealed, and, because of this pleasure, the veiled face of this figure gave him infinite delight to dwell upon. But an even stronger need for amplification arises from the fact that the monument has been the subject of an endless amount of printed talk, for the most part obviously inaccurate, but now and then having a false semblance of truth.

At the date Mr. Adams gave Saint-Gaudens the commission he felt in sympathy with the religious attitudes of the East. Yet he did not cast his desires for the figure in any definite mold. Rather, when he first discussed the matter, he explained that Mr. La Farge understood his ideas on this subject and that, accordingly, my father would do well, in his work, not to seek in any books for inspiration, but to talk with the painter and to have about him such objects as photographs of Michel-

THREE SKETCHES OF THE ADAMS MONUMENT, SHOWING THE ORIGINAL IDEA OF SOCRATES

angelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. As the result of this advice, in the beginning of his attempt to grasp Mr. Adams' wishes, my father first sought to embody a philosophic calm, a peaceful acceptance of death and whatever lay in the future. Therefore he turned his attention to a number of large photographs and drawings of Buddhas. Of course he himself could not model a Buddha. But from the conception of "Nirvana" so produced, his thought broadened out in sympathy with Mr. Adams', becoming more inclusive and universal, until he conceived the present figure which he occasionally explained as both sexless and passionless, a figure for which there posed sometimes a man, sometimes a woman.

Here are portions of letters from him to Mr. Adams which explain his frame of mind during the work:

. . . Do you remember setting aside some photographs of Chinese statues, Buddha, etc., for me to take away from Washington? I forgot them. I should like to have them now. Is there any book *not long* that you think might assist me in grasping the situation? If so, please let me know so that I might get it. I propose soon to talk with La Farge on the subject, although I dread it a little. . . .

. . . If you catch me in, I will show you the result of Michelangelo, Buddha, and St. Gaudens. I think what I will do may not be quite as idiotic as if I had not had all these months to "chew the cud."

. . . The question now with me is, rock or no rock; which, when I have another sketch indicated, I will show La Farge. White holds that the rock requires a different treatment from the seat, and to prove it has made a stunning scheme. I 'm half inclined

to give in to him, but that also La Farge must pass on.

If the figure is cast in bronze in several pieces it can be set up in Washington about July first. This I consider inadvisable, as the statue can be cast in virtually one piece which is seldom done in these days; for this, however, twelve weeks are necessary. Should this be decided on and you be away when the figure is cast, I propose to bronze the plaster cast and set it up at once in the place that the bronze will occupy in the monument in Washington, so that you can judge of its effect in metal. In any event, I should like to have you see the face of the figure in the clay. If it were not for that part of the work I would not trouble you. But the face is an instrument on which different strains can be played, and I may have struck a key in a direction quite different from your feeling in the matter. With a word from you I could strike another tone with as much interest and fervor as I have had in the present one.

My relations with you in this matter have been so unusually agreeable that you can appreciate how much I am troubled at the prospect of not having the bronze itself in place on July first. . . .

My dear Adams:

I meant that my first communication to you should be a word asking you to come and see the figure. However I have to give that up. You asked that, in whatever was placed back of the figure, the architec-

ture should have nothing to say, and above all that it should not be classic. White and I have mulled over this a great deal, with the enclosed results. I do not object to the architecture or its classicism as indicated in Number One, whereas Number Two would, we both fear, be rather unpleasant. This matter must be settled immediately, and I cannot do that without asking you. I do not think the small classical cornice and base can affect the figure and, to my thinking, the monument would be better as a whole.*

If, however, the plain stone at the back of Number One, marked "front," is much preferable to you, we will carry it out.

In about ten days you will hear from me, asking you to run on. I've demolished the figure several times, and now it's all going at once.

. . . The monument is finished and all that remains to be done is the grading and the planting of some trees in the rear of the seat. White's work appears to me to be very fine, sober, and strong. As to my work, you must judge for yourself. The rock on which the figure is seated needs to be rubbed in order to get it darker. This will be done at once. I did not do it before setting up the work as I was uncertain as to the effect of the stone. That, however, is a small matter. . . .

I am sure that in ultimate technique the figure expressed my father's desires. For once, in the spring of 1903, he said to

* This was the design chosen.

my mother and me, who were standing with him before the monument, "I wish I could remodel that fold between the knees. It makes too strong a line." Then, after a pause, he added, "I believe that would be all I would do."

Also I am certain that my father never of his own volition stamped the monument with that absolute definition so often demanded. He meant to ask a question, not to give an answer. Therefore, lest some foolish man or scholar hereafter shall paste his label on the monument, falsely claiming authority for so doing, I wish to quote the fashion in which both sculptor and owner avoided the issue. The first extract I take from the leaf of one of my father's scrap-books, which survived the studio fire of 1904. It shows how the original thought germinated in his mind. Here around a faint ink sketch of the figure is written:

Adams.

Buddha.

Mental repose.

Calm reflection in contrast with the violence or force in nature.

The second extract comes from a letter sent to me by Mrs. Barrett Wendell.

". . . On Thursday, May 5, 1904, I was in the Rock Creek Cemetery looking at the wonderful monument by Mr. St.-Gaudens in memory of Mrs. Henry Adams, when Mr. St.-Gaudens and Mr. John Hay entered the little enclosure. I was deeply impressed and asked Mr. St.-Gaudens what he called the figure. He hesitated and then said, 'I call it the Mystery of the Hereafter.' Then I said, 'It is not happiness?' 'No,' he said, 'it is beyond pain, and beyond joy.' Mr. Hay turned to me and said, 'Thank you for asking. I have always wished to know.' "

The third quotation is from a poem upon the figure by Hildegarde Hawthorne, which he greatly admired.

NIRVANA

Yea, I have lived! Pass on
And trouble me with questions nevermore.
I suffered. I have won
A solemn peace—my peace forevermore.
Leave me in silence here.
I have no hope, no care,
I know no fear:
For I have borne—but now no longer bear.

Deep-hid Sorrow calls me kin,
But my calm she cannot break.
I know not good—I know not sin—
Nor love, nor hate can me awake.

Though I have sought, I care not now to find.
If I have asked, I wait for no reply.
My eyes, from too much seeing, are grown blind.
I am not dead, yet do not need to die.
Pass on. Ye cannot reach me any more.
Pass on—for all is past!
Hush—Silence settled ever more and more,
Silence and night at last!

Mr. Adams' attitude is similar to the sculptor's, naturally enough, since he was the man who inspired the work. From what he has said I have two quotations. The first I have taken out of a letter he wrote to Mr. Gilder on October 14, 1896.

". . . The whole meaning and feeling of the figure is in its universality and anonymity. My own name for it is 'The Peace of God.' La Farge would call it 'Kwannon.' Petrarch would say: 'Siccome eterna vita è veder Dio,' and a real artist would be very careful to give it no name that the public could turn into a limitation of its nature. With the understanding

that there shall be no such attempt at making it intelligible to the average mind, and no hint at ownership or personal relation, I hand it over to St.-Gaudens."

The second extract comes from his autobiography, entitled "The Education of Henry Adams," which Mr. Adams has had privately printed. He says of the work, speaking of himself in the third person:

". . . His first step, on returning to Washington, took him out to the cemetery known as Rock Creek, to see the bronze figure which St. Gaudens had made for him in his absence. Naturally every detail interested him, every line, every touch of the artist, every change of light and shade, every point of relation, every possible doubt of St.-Gaudens' correctness of taste or feeling; so that, as the Spring approached, he was apt to stop there often to see what the figure had to tell him that was new, but, in all that it had to say, he never once thought of questioning what it meant. He supposed its meaning to be the one commonplace about it—the oldest idea known to human thought. He knew that if he asked an Asiatic its meaning, not a man, woman, or child from Cairo to Kamchatka would have needed more than a glance to reply. From the Egyptian Sphinx to the Kamakura Diabuts, from Prometheus to Christ, from Michelangelo to Shelley, art had wrought on this eternal figure almost as though it had nothing else to say. The interest of the figure was not in its meaning, but in the response of the observer! As Adams sat there, numbers of people came, for the figure seemed to have become a tourist fashion, and all wanted to know its meaning. Most took it for a portrait-statue, and the remnant were vacant-minded in the absence of a personal guide. None felt what would have been a nursery instinct to a Hindu baby or a Japanese jinrikisha-runner. The only exceptions were the clergy, who taught a lesson even deeper. One after another brought companions there, and, apparently fascinated by their own reflection, broke out passionately against the expression they felt

in the figure of despair, of atheism, of denial. Like the others, the priest saw only what he brought. Like all great artists, St.-Gaudens held up the mirror and no more. The American layman had lost sight of ideals, the American priest had lost sight of faith. Both were more American than the old, half-witted soldiers who denounced the wasting, on a mere grave, of money which should have been given for drink."

For a last word in regard to the connection between my father and Mr. Adams at the time, here is a most characteristic anecdote: It is said that when Saint-Gaudens learned that Mr. Adams and Mr. La Farge were soon to take a trip around the world together, he worked hard to complete the figure in the clay for Mr. Adams to see before his departure. Therefore on sending word that it was ready, the sculptor naturally felt surprised to receive an answer from Mr. Adams that he would not look at it, since if he should not like it, he would carry the disappointment through his trip, whereas otherwise he would have only pleasure to anticipate.

All was well. From the South Seas, some months later, Mr. Adams wrote to the sculptor the following letter with its quotation:

Siwa, Fiji, June 23, 1891.

My dear St.-Gaudens:

. . . As far as the photographs go, they are satisfactory, but I trust much more to the impression produced on John Hay, who writes me that he has been to Rock Creek to see the figure. "The work is indescribably noble and imposing. It is to my mind St.-Gaudens' masterpiece. It is full of poetry and suggestion, infinite wisdom, a past without beginning, and a future without end, a repose after limitless experience, a peace to which nothing matters—all are embodied in this austere and beautiful face and form."

Certainly I could not have expressed my own wishes so exactly, and, if your work approaches Hay's description, you cannot fear criticism from me.

Let me close the chapter by inserting a translation of what is probably one of the best estimates of the work; that written in Paris, in 1899, by Gaston Migeon, and published in *Art et Décoration:*

"A woman is seated upon a block of stone, with her back against the monolith. She is covered from head to foot by an ample cloak which falls about her in simple, dignified folds. Her head alone is visible, a stern and forbidding profile. Her chin is resting upon her hand; her eyes are cast down. She is not sleeping, she is musing; and that reverie will last as long as the stone itself. Silent, dead as the world knows her, wholly absorbed in her reverie, she is the image of Eternity and Meditation. Profound assuagement emanates from her; upon this earth of multiferous activities, and among that people of frantic energy, she tells of the nothingness into which life is at last resolved. I know of no analogous work so profound in sentiment, so exalted in its art, and executed by methods so simple and broad, since the most telling sculpture of the Middle Ages. In me personally it awakens a deeper emotion than any other modern work of art."

XIV

STEVENSON AND OTHERS

1881-1892

McCosh in the Studio—Meeting with Stevenson—The Visit to Manasquan—The Sherman Bust—Soldier and Author—Variations in the Relief—Letters from Stevenson—Love of Personality and Literature—The Washington Medal—The Diana.

AT this point Saint-Gaudens takes up his narrative with an anecdote of his father and Dr. McCosh. Let me say in advance that, in accordance with his custom of experimenting with many designs, the sculptor made thirty-six two-foot sketches for the McCosh relief, before arriving at the final form. After the mention of the "McCosh," he dwells upon his other two most interesting efforts of the time, the bas-relief of Robert Louis Stevenson and the bust of William Tecumseh Sherman. Neither of these was a commission. Both he took up through his intense interest in the personalities of his sitters. These two portraits were modeled at almost the same time when, as will be seen, the sitters met one another through Saint-Gaudens, and the study of their characters so strongly etched, so sympathetic to the sculptor, yet so contrasted to each other, formed a memory in his life to which he was ever fond of returning. On the one hand Stevenson instilled into Saint-Gaudens his first real taste for literature. On the other, though my father had a deep-rooted horror of the futility of war, he always set so high a premium on virility and nervous energy that the personification of this in the General stirred his enthusiasm as few things outside his art had ever inspired it. He writes:

About this time I was commissioned to execute a memorial tablet to the Rev. Dr. McCosh of Princeton, in the development of which some amusing incidents occurred. Father, then an invalid, was in the habit of coming to the studio and lying upon a couch, where he generally fell asleep while watching me work. He was in the studio at the time Dr. McCosh first entered. When I introduced them to each other the contrast was striking between the short, sturdy physique of father, and the tall, handsome, refined figure of Dr. McCosh in the robe in which he posed as he stood upon a high table a few feet from father.

Shortly after I had begun modeling, father asked in his energetic way:

"How old are you?"

Dr. McCosh, with his Scotch accent, gently replied, "Guess."

"Eighty-six?" was the query.

"Ah, not quite so old as that. Guess again."

Then after a moment, Dr. McCosh questioned father about his native place. Father delightedly and effusively told of the charm of the South, the blue sky, the oranges, the figs, the sea, the gentle weather, and all that was luscious in southern life. Dr. McCosh listened quietly, and after a pause, as if to show that he fully grasped father's colored description, added softly:

"Ah, well, well, well, that 's all verrry well, verrry well, yourrr figs and yourrr grapes, and yourrr blue sky, yourrr mountains, and all that. It 's no doubt

SKETCH FOR THE HIGH RELIEF OF DR. McCOSH

Five positions of the left hand indicated

verrry delightful, verrry delightful. But I prefer the gooseberry."

At that time I was working also on the Shaw, and as the McCosh model stood directly in front of it, each day I had to move the portrait away. This required much bother of preparation. My appointments with Dr. McCosh came in the morning. He wanted to pose early, and I wanted him to pose late so that I could have a good three or four hours on the Shaw before I began with him. As a result there remained an underlying conflict between us as to the time, until we compromised and he agreed to arrive an hour or so later than had been his habit.

On the first morning of the new order of things, therefore, without making any preparations for Dr. McCosh's coming, I proceeded with my work upon my horse, the gray one referred to before. He stood on one side, next to the wall, and as the studio re-echoed like a sounding-board, keeping him there was much like hitching him in your parlor, while the pawing and kicking of the resentful animal, tied about with all kinds of straps to hold him in position, resembled the violent tumbling and hurling around of great rocks on the floor. Besides, I had an arrangement of boxes on which I climbed to my work, so that between the stamping of the horse, the shouting and curses of the man who held him, and my own rushing up and down from the horse to the model and the model to the horse, the studio was far from a place of rest. Notwithstanding the agreement, however, Dr. McCosh appeared an hour

and a half earlier than the appointed time. I was excessively displeased at his coming and stopping my work in this way. I said:

"Dr. McCosh, you are early and I am afraid I shall have to keep on as I have made arrangements for the horse."

"Go ahead, go ahead," he replied. "I 'll sit down here and wait."

"Very well, Dr. McCosh."

Accordingly Dr. McCosh sat down in one corner without seeing my father, who already slept in another. Nor was it long before he fell asleep too, and the snores of my father, vigorous and strong, contrasting with the gentle, academic ones of Dr. McCosh, lent singularity to the occasion. Nevertheless, I proceeded with my work and they with their sleeping until, at the hour agreed upon, I stepped from my scaffolding, the man removed the boxes of which there were twenty or thirty, making a great commotion, the horse was led out of the stall, saddled, bridled—it can be fancied how peaceful this operation was, with the restless animal stamping around in impatience—the big double doors leading to the street were unbolted and opened, the man mounted, and with a final multitudinous pounding and standing on hind-legs within two feet of Dr. McCosh, the anxious horse rumbled out of the studio, noisy enough to wake the dead, leaped into the street, and rushed off to his oats. Yet Dr. McCosh and my father slept on as peacefully as children, while the studio fell into a great quiet, broken only by the rhythmic sound of their slumbers, until pres-

ently, as I was afraid of losing too much of Dr. McCosh's time for my sitting, I stood close by and made noise loud enough to waken even him. As he opened his eyes, I said gently and amiably:

"Dr. McCosh, you have been having a nap."

"Oh, no, not at all," he said. "Not at all, not at all. I have been waiting for you."

It is singular how one will forget important things. I was about to overlook my experience with Robert Louis Stevenson, which took place in the autumn of 1887. Shortly before this time my friend, Mr. Wells, a man of infinite taste and judgment, great learning and delightful conversation, as well as a keen lover and appreciator of music, drew my attention to the New Arabian Nights, by a young author just making himself known. I am, unfortunately, very little of a reader, but my introduction to these stories set me aflame as have few things in literature. So when I subsequently found that my friend, Mr. Low, knew Stevenson quite well, I told him that, if Stevenson ever crossed to this side of the water, I should consider it an honor if he would allow me to make his portrait. It was but a few weeks after this that Stevenson arrived in America on his way to the Adirondacks. He accepted my offer at once, and I began the medallion at his rooms in the Hotel Albert in Eleventh Street, not far from where I lived in Washington Place. All I had the time to do from him then was the head, which I modeled in five sittings of two or three hours each. These were given me in the morning, while he,

as was his custom, lay in bed propped up with pillows, and either read or was read to by Mrs. Stevenson.

I can remember some few things as to my personal impressions of him. He said that he believed "Olala" to be his best story, or that he fancied it the best, and that George Meredith was the greatest English *littérateur* of the time. Also he told me of his pet-liking for his own study of Robert Burns. He gave me a complete set of his own works, in some of which he placed a line or two. In "Virginibus Puerisque," he wrote, "Read the essay on Burns. I think it is a good thing." Thus the modest man!

Again at the end of one of the sittings, as I was about to go out, he rose from his bed and we chatted concerning some commercial arrangement he had his mind on. He asked my advice. I gave it, such as it was, parenthetically observing, "Oh, well, everything is right and everything is wrong."

While I was speaking, he had entered a little closet to wash his hands. He came out wiping them.

"Yes, yes, that is true, that is true," he said continuing to rub his fingers. "Yes, everything is right and everything is wrong."

I also recall his saying, "The man who has not seen the dawn every day of his life has not lived." And again, in speaking of crossing the ocean and traveling by sea, he referred to its charm and danger and added, "The man who has not taken his life in his hands at some time or other, has not lived."

In connection with this vein in his personality, I re-

member visiting him one evening when he lay on his bed in the half-gloom, the lamp being in another room. I sat on the bed's edge, barely able to discern his figure in the dimness. He talked in the monotonous tone one frequently assumes when in the twilight, speaking of his keen admiration for Lawrence, Governor of India. Then I first realized his reverence for men of action, men of affairs, soldiers, and administrators. Moreover, he said with great feeling that his chief desire in the world was the power to knock down a man who might insult him, and that perhaps the most trying episode in his life was one in which he had a conversation with a man which, had it taken a certain direction, would have left no alternative but one of personal altercation in which he himself could present but a pitiable figure. This impressed me as being the most feeling thing he ever said to me.

Shortly after that he went to Saranac, and the following Spring he came south and took a little house at Manasquan, New Jersey, near his friend Mr. Low.

Here occurred a delightful episode. After having modeled the head, I had determined to make Stevenson's medallion large enough to include the hands, and for that purpose, in order not to disturb him, I had begun them from those of Mrs. Saint-Gaudens', whose long, slender fingers I had noticed resembled his. But the result would not come out successfully; so, on his arrival at Manasquan, I begged for a sitting, that I might make a drawing and some casts. He assented and a day was appointed. I took with me my son

Homer, a child of eight, and on the way down on the boat endeavored to impress on the boy the fact that he was about to see a man whom he must remember all his life. It was a lovely day, and as I entered the room about eleven o'clock in the morning, Stevenson lay as usual on rather a high monumental bed. I presented Homer to him with mock formality, as one does with a child. But since my son's interest, notwithstanding my injunctions, was, to say the least, far from enthusiastic, I sent him out to play.

I then asked Stevenson to pose, but that was not successful, all the gestures being forced and affected. Therefore I suggested to him that if he would try to write, some natural attitude might result. He assented, and taking a sheet of paper, of which he always had a lot lying around on the bed, pulled his knees up and began. Immediately his attitude was such that I was enabled to create something of use and to continue drawing, while he wrote with an occasional smile. Presently I finished, and told him there was no necessity for his writing any more. He did not reply but proceeded for quite a while. Then he folded the paper with deliberation, placed it in an envelope, addressed it, and handed it to me. It was to "Master Homer Saint-Gaudens."

"I asked him: 'Do you wish me to give this to the boy?'

"Yes."

"When? Now?"

"Oh, no, in five or ten years, or when I am dead."

I put it in a safe and here it is!

Manasquan, New Jersey, 27th May, 1888.

Dear Homer St.-Gaudens:

Your father has brought you this day to see me, and he tells me it is his hope you may remember the occasion. I am going to do what I can to carry out his wish; and it may amuse you, years after, to see this little scrap of paper and to read what I write. I must begin by testifying that you yourself took no interest whatever in the introduction, and in the most proper spirit displayed a single-minded ambition to get back to play, and this I thought an excellent and admirable point in your character. You were also, I use the past tense, with a view to the time when you shall read, rather than to that when I am writing, a very pretty boy, and, to my European views, startlingly self-possessed. My time of observation was so limited that you must pardon me if I can say no more: what else I marked, what restlessness of foot and hand, what graceful clumsiness, what experimental designs upon the furniture, was but the common inheritance of human youth. But you may perhaps like to know that the lean flushed man in bed, who interested you so little, was in a state of mind extremely mingled and unpleasant; harassed with work which he thought he was not doing well, troubled with difficulties to which you will in time succeed, and yet looking

forward to no less a matter than a voyage to the South Seas and the visitation of savage and desert islands.

Your father's friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I believe I made another visit to Manasquan, for, as well as the drawing, I possessed casts of Stevenson's hands which I used in modeling. But I cannot recollect the trip. He shortly after went to Samoa, where I had a little correspondence with him, as he was desirous of putting on the walls of his home there in bronze letters the names of his friends and visitors, and so wished me to find out at how reasonable a rate they could be cast and supplied to him. It was too expensive, and as he wrote me: "Another gable of Abbotsford has gone down." I also had two or three letters from him on the receipt of the medallion, which took an unconscionable time in reaching him.* There, with the exception of an episode which I shall presently tell, my relations with him ended.

While modeling the relief of the Stevenson I had in my studio another absorbing portrait, a bust of General Sherman, the chance to make which Whitelaw Reid had been instrumental in obtaining for me. This task was also a labor of love, for the General had remained in my eye as the typical American soldier ever since I had formed that idea of him during the Civil War. The bust I made in about eighteen periods of

* See pages 385 ff. for these letters.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, MODELED IN BAS-RELIEF IN 1887,
DURING STEVENSON'S ILLNESS IN NEW YORK

two hours each. It was a memorable experience, and I regret nothing more than that I did not write down a daily record of his conversation, for he talked freely and most delightfully of the war, men and things. I can only recall the pride with which he spoke, the force of his language and the clear picture he presented as he described the appearance of his army in the great review at Washington when the final campaign was over. He explained how the other divisions, or armies, cleaned themselves up, so to speak, for this grand event, and of replying to some one who asked him if he was not going to do the same: "By no means. Let them be seen as they fought." The General was an excellent sitter, except when I passed to his side to study the profile. Then he seemed uneasy. His eyes followed me alertly. And if I went too far around, his head turned too, very much, some one observed, as if he was watching out for his "communications from the rear."

As I have said, at the same time that I was at work upon Sherman I was modeling the relief of Stevenson. The author admired the General intensely and asked me if I could have them meet.

So one day I said to Sherman, "Robert Louis Stevenson, whose portrait I am making, is very desirous of seeing you, and asked if you would grant an appointment for that purpose."

"Who is Robert Louis Stevenson?" questioned the General. "Is he one of my boys?"

The fact was the General came into such constant contact with his old soldiers that he supposed the av-

erage man desirous of meeting him likely to be one of his "boys," as he called them. I told him that Stevenson was the writer of the New Arabian Nights and a man of great distinction. He shook his head. He did not know him. Recalling that the General loved the theater, I explained that Stevenson was the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," then creating a sensation in New York.

He answered, "The man who wrote that is no fool," and said he would be glad to meet Stevenson.

Accordingly it was arranged that Mrs. Stevenson should come in advance to break the way and to set a definite appointment, as Stevenson's delicate health made it difficult for him to arrange beforehand what he could do. When she called the following day, the General as usual sat on the platform from which I was modeling him. She said,

"Mr. Stevenson is a great admirer of yours, General."

"Ah, is that so? Is he one of my boys?"

I must say here that we were approaching the end of the General's life.

"No, but Mr. Saint-Gaudens has told you of the play Mr. Stevenson wrote which interested you."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes."

Meanwhile Mrs. Stevenson had seated herself on the corner of his platform, and soon Sherman began talking to her with his delightful freedom, until at last in describing the much greater danger of the insignificant

looking wound of a musket-ball than that of the ugly slash of a saber cut, he demonstrated the cut by a sweep of his hand in the air, and the musket shot, by a thrust of his forefinger in Mrs. Stevenson's side.

At last, however, it was agreed that Stevenson should visit the General on a certain afternoon at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. So at the time appointed I took the author in a cab from his home to Twenty-third Street where we were ushered into an ante-room of Sherman's apartment. There, probably through some misunderstanding, we were kept waiting quite a while to the evident irritation of Stevenson who began to pace up and down the carpet. Presently, however, they asked us into another room and the General entered. After the usual introduction General Sherman repeated his former question, asking if Stevenson was one of his "boys," and upon being told that he was not, seemed to lose interest in the interview. The conversation remained conventional and perfunctory, and the meeting looked like a failure until Stevenson questioned Sherman about some point in his campaigns. Immediately the General brightened. He saw by the inquiry that Stevenson knew what he was talking about, and it was not many moments before they were both busily engaged fighting his battles over, with a map stretched out on the round table in the center of the room. There my recollection ceases and I can only remember driving back in the cab with Mr. Stevenson through the mist, a real Scotch one.

The medallion of Stevenson was probably one of the most popular works my father created, and as the demand for it continued without interruption, Saint-Gaudens remodeled it in a number of forms, culminating in the large relief placed, in memory of the author, on the wall of St. Giles Church, Edinburgh, Scotland. First my father made the original head, slightly smaller than life-size. Then he designed an oblong composition which showed Stevenson propped up in bed, his manuscript before him, a cigarette in his hand, and which bore some of his verses beginning, "Youth now flees on feathered foot." Next followed a round variation, three feet in diameter, representing the whole bed, with the poem composed in a different form, and a winged Pegasus added. After that appeared other small replicas of the round and the oblong forms, with the drapery and verses once more altered. And finally two arrangements of the big relief were created in which the bed gave place to a couch, the blanket to a rug, and, in deference to the site in a church, the cigarette to a quill pen, and the poem to a prayer.

Extensive popularity or the size of financial returns, however, had so little influence upon my father's attitude towards any of his work that he never would have troubled to carry this development so far had it not been for that tremendous admiration for the author which he has mentioned. To further emphasize this point here is an extract from a letter he wrote concerning Stevenson to their mutual friend, Mr. Low:

. . . My episode with Stevenson has been one of the events of my life, and I now understand the condition of mind Gilder gets into about people. I 'm in that beatific state. It makes me very happy, and as the pursuit of happiness is an inalienable right, "God-given," "one and indivisible," *vide* constitution of the United States, I 'm damned if I don't think I 've a right to be so, provided I don't injure any one.

Indeed, at one time, my father went so far that he found himself taking Stevenson's part rather critically against his own friends. But such was his devotion to the author that even this situation did not disturb him, for he said, "I don't care, I am Irish and willing to pitch in and fight for any feller I 'm fond of, no matter on what side. . . ."

It is pleasant to remember that my father's admiration for Stevenson was reciprocated, and to insert four of Stevenson's letters which I have been kindly permitted to use. The first was written to Sidney Colvin in September, 1887, the last three to my father.

My dear S. C.:

Your delightful letter has just come, and finds me in a New York hotel, waiting the arrival of a sculptor (St.-Gaudens), who is making a medallion of yours truly, and who is (to boot), one of the handsomest and nicest fellows I have seen.

Vailima, Samoa, May 29th, 1893.

My dear God-like Sculptor:

I wish in the most delicate manner in the world to insinuate a few commissions:

No. 1.—Is for a couple of copies of my medallion, as gilt-edged and high-toned as it is possible to make them. One is for our house here, and should be addressed as above. The other is for my friend, Sidney Colvin, and should be addressed—Sidney Colvin, Esq., Keeper of the Print Room, British Museum, London.

No. 2.—This is a rather large order, and demands some explanation. Our house is lined with varnished wood of a dark ruddy color, very beautiful to see; at the same time, it calls very much for gold; there is a limit to picture frames, and really you know there has to be a limit to the pictures you put inside of them. Accordingly, we have had an idea of a certain kind of decoration, which, I think, you might help us to make

practical. What we want is an alphabet of gilt letters (very much such as people play with), and all mounted on spikes like drawing-pins; say two spikes to each letter, one at top, and one at bottom. Say that they were this height, and that you chose a model of some really exquisitely fine, clear type from some Roman monument, and that they were made either of metal or some composition gilt—the point is, could not you, in your land of wooden houses, get a manufacturer to take the idea and manufacture them at a venture, so that I could get two or three hundred pieces or so at a moderate figure? You see, suppose you entertain an honored guest, when he goes he leaves his name in gilt letters on your walls; an infinity of fun and decoration can be got out of hospitable and festive mottoes; and the doors of every room can be beautified by the legend of their names. I really think there is something in the idea, and you might be able to push it with the brutal and licentious manufacturer, using my name if necessary, though I should think the name of the god-like sculptor would be more germane. In case you should get it started, I should tell you that we should require commas in order to write the Samoan language, which is full of words written thus: la'u, ti'e ti'e. As the Samoan language uses but a very small proportion of the consonants, we should require a double or treble stock of all vowels and of F, G, L, U, N, P, S, T, and V.

The other day in Sydney, I think you might be interested to hear, I was sculpt a second time by a man called X——, as well as I can remember and read. I must n't criticize a present, and he had very little time to do it in. It is thought by my family to be an excellent likeness of Mark Twain. This poor fellow, by the bye, met with the devil of an accident. A model of a statue which he had just finished with a desperate effort was smashed to smithereens on its way to an exhibition.

Please be sure and let me know if anything is likely to come

of this letter business, and the exact cost of each letter, so that I may count the cost before ordering. Yours sincerely,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Again:

Vailima, September, 1899.

My dear St.-Gaudens:

I had determined not to write to you till I had seen the medallion, but it looks as if that might mean the Greek Kalends or the day after to-morrow. Reassure yourself, your part is done, it is ours that halts—the consideration of conveyance over our sweet little road on boys' backs, for we cannot very well apply the horses to this work; there is only one; you cannot put it in a pannier; to put it on the horse's back we have not the heart. Beneath the beauty of R. L. S., to say nothing of his verses, which the publishers find heavy enough, and the genius of the god-like sculptor, the spine would snap and the well-knit limbs of the (ahem) cart-horse would be loosed by death. So you are to conceive me, sitting in my house, dubitative, and the medallion chuckling in the warehouse of the German firm for some days longer; and hear me meanwhile on the golden letters.

Alas! they are all my fancy painted, but the price is prohibitive. I cannot do it. It is another day-dream burst. Another gable of Abbotsford has gone down, fortunately before it was builded, so there 's nobody injured—except me. I had a strong conviction that I was a great hand at writing inscriptions, and meant to exhibit and test my genius on the walls of my house; and now I see I can't. It is generally thus. The Battle of the Golden Letters will never be delivered. On making preparation to open the campaign, the King found himself face to face with invincible difficulties, in which the rapacity of a mercenary soldiery and the complaints of an impoverished treasury played an equal part. Ever yours.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

I enclose a bill for the medallion; have been trying to find your letter, quite in vain, and therefore must request you to pay for the bronze letters yourself and let me know the damage.

R. L. S.

And finally:

VAILIMA, SAMOA, July 8, 1894.

My dear St.-Gaudens:

This is to tell you that the medallion has been at last triumphantly transported up the hill and placed over my smoking-room mantelpiece. It is considered by everybody a first-rate but flattering portrait. We have it in a very good light, which brings out the artistic merits of the god-like sculptor to great advantage. As for my own opinion, I believe it to be a speaking likeness and not flattering at all; possibly a little the reverse. The verses (curse the rhyme) look remarkably well.

Please do not longer delay, but send me an account for the expense of the gilt letters. I was sorry indeed that they proved beyond the means of a small farmer.

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

My father's reverence for the virility of Sherman and for the charm of Stevenson was of great value in the pleasure it gave him. Yet more than that, it brought to a focus in him two new and vital developments to which I have already alluded, his appreciation of character in those around him, and his admiration of the art of letters.

Regarding his understanding of character, hitherto he had shown little interest in men or women except as they bore upon his work, and his sitters had never consciously been anything but visible, tangible objects to interpret. With such an attitude he had approached Stevenson. But after each visit there grew in the sculptor a desire to comprehend the mental signif-

icance of the man before him and to bring it to light through his physical expression and gesture, even if the process was made at the sacrifice of "smart" modeling. So it came about that, from the time of the Stevenson medallion and the Sherman bust, Saint-Gaudens applied this attitude to every other work, beginning each portrait by reading all possible biographies of the subject, or, if the person he planned to model was alive, keeping him in a constant state of conversation.

In a similar way, too, there was developed Saint-Gaudens' deep regard for the English language. Before his meeting with Stevenson he knew very little of modern writing. He had enjoyed occasional novels by Anatole France and had read Maupassant, though finding him depressing. Now, however, caught by Stevenson's charm, he followed that author from stories to essays and departed thence to essays by other pens until he became a steady and appreciative reader, with a strong liking for what he called "aroma" or "perfume" in literary effort. Here are some passages from letters he wrote me, reflecting in a slight way his attitude:

. . . I have passed a most enjoyable hour reading Bradford Torrey's paper on Anatole France in the March *Atlantic.* Read it by all means if you can get a moment. Then again get Maeterlinck's "The Life of the Bee." There is a bully English translation by Alfred Sutro, Dodd, Mead & Company. It is really a great thing, wonderful, and easily read.

Again, in regard to some art criticism I had written:

I think it is quite "stylish," with almost an entire disappearance of the jerkiness that troubled me. You have also got away from the Henry James manner that you seemed to be inclined to. But there is a bit of it,

that I have marked, which is picked right out of Henry James. You have to hold your hands and your feet, stand upside down, take a bath, and everything, to understand it.

I do not think I should call it over-brilliant. I think that the brilliant writers are very rare, men like Shaw and so on. . . . But you have succeeded in getting a certain charm, a certain perfume, which is rare. It is something like that poem "Hey-Dey" of Bynner's. It is a thing that Schubert has and that lies in Mozart's songs, and I think that is more precious than anything else. I would stick to that for all I was worth, stick to it like grim death to a dead nigger.

And again, concerning an idea for a play:—

If you deal with the other fundamental emotions of mankind as well as love you are doing wisely. Perhaps with satire. I feel that the ambitions, artistic, monetary, or any old thing, the jealousies, generosities, are hopelessly mixed up with one another, and are affected by *vanity*. *Everything is vanity,* complicated with affairs of the heart. The good that goes with the bad and makes us accept in life what we would not otherwise dream of tolerating. And *habit,* habit of every kind, dominates our lives. Patriotism, to my thinking, is *habit;* it 's the habit of one's country. Of course it 's all right as it 's *our* country, the country we have the habit of; and that 's vanity. Patriotism is vanity. . . . I am writing while in pain, and this is the first I 've written in a week. I am in de-

spair and in one of those periods when I feel that the truth is everything, but that when the truth is told in any way there is such an absence of Charity in every direction that often more harm than good is done.

The reminiscences now digress from work and sitters, and when they return it is to quite a later portion of the period. Therefore, before closing this chapter, I am anxious to speak of two other important efforts that should be included in the time now dwelt upon, the Washington Medal and the "Diana." Of the medal Mr. William A. Coffin has written me this most lucid account:—

"In 1899, when I was manager of 'The Loan Exhibition of Historical Portraits and Relics' and a member of the committee on Art for the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as first president of the United States, we issued a commemorative medal. Saint-Gaudens had told us that, while he had not time to execute the medal himself, he would, without compensation, design it and supervise its actual modeling by his pupil, Philip Martiny, an excellent young sculptor. The story of the making of that medal might fill many pages, but I will relate only a small part of it, because it illustrates Saint-Gaudens' tendency to change and change in a work if he thought that bettered it, and his conscientiousness in striving to do the very best that was in him at whatever task he had to accomplish.

"Martiny had a studio on Fourth Avenue at the corner of one of the Twentieth Streets, and I went there from time to time to see how the medal was coming on. I saw it in various stages and then, on a later visit, found all the plaster casts thrown aside and a new wax model 'in progress' on the easel. Martiny explained that every time he went to show his work (after Saint-Gaudens' design) to his master, Saint-Gaudens made such radical changes that he had to begin all

over again. This went on for weeks and months. Finally it came to a time when Tiffany and Company were compelled to have a model of the medal from which they were to make medal badges in gold, silver, and bronze for the members of the committees, certain distinguished guests invited to the celebration, including President Harrison and others connected with the great celebration. They must have it or there would be no badges, at least no Saint-Gaudens medal badges. I took a cab one afternoon and went to Martiny's studio. The weather happened to be mild and a window on the side street was open. When I came in and looked about I found that nothing remained of the famous medal but a new wax model (which I thought very good), while Martiny, who had just brought the wax model back after he had carried it to Thirty-sixth Street to show to Saint-Gaudens, was pacing up and down 'mad all through.'

"Martiny was exasperated, and the more he talked the more exasperated he became. Monsieur Saint-Gaudens became Saint-Gaudens, and Saint-Gaudens became 'le sacré patron.' The medal was to be changed again, and it would n't be changed again, or if so it would be changed yet another time. He was 'done out'; the medal would go 'out of the window.' That was a fine prospect for the badges and the medal that everybody was going to be so proud of.

"My sympathies were with Martiny. 'Voyons, mon ami,' said I. 'Will you smoke a cigar?' and I closed the window. 'Let us think about it a little.' I was standing with my back close to the easel. By and by I sat down and so did Martiny.

" 'You must leave this to me for the present,' I said after a while. 'This evening or to-morrow morning make a couple of casts of the medal as it is, and I will call for them at noon. From here I am going to see Saint-Gaudens, and everything will be all right.' (Just how I did n't know, but I was confident.) 'To-morrow at noon I will be here to take away the two casts.'

"I went down stairs and drove to Thirty-sixth Street. After a long half hour with Saint-Gaudens I drove up town for home and dinner but I was too worried to eat and too worried that night to sleep. The next day I went to Martiny's, got the casts, and took them to Tiffany's. They made very good small medal badges from them. Afterward some few alterations were made in the medal, matters of detail. It turned out very well and when the time came in the Spring and the Celebration began, it was cast and ready."

My father's remaining task which I will mention, the Diana for the Tower of the Madison Square Garden in New York, was purely a labor of love. Stanford White originally suggested to him that he consent to give his work upon it, provided White pay the expenses; and Saint-Gaudens eagerly grasped the opportunity, since, as I have said, all his life he was anxious to create ideal figures, with scarcely an occasion to gratify his desires, this indeed being the only nude he ever completed. Unwittingly, however, the two men drew upon themselves a more expensive effort than they were prepared to bear. The Diana was first modeled eighteen feet high, according to White's estimate, and finished in hammered sheet copper, only to be found too large when hoisted into place. So, in order to replace her with the present figure, thirteen feet high, both sculptor and architect were forced to empty their pocket-books, calling heaven to witness all the while that they would never undertake another commission without beginning their task by erecting a dummy, a resolve which they kept.

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